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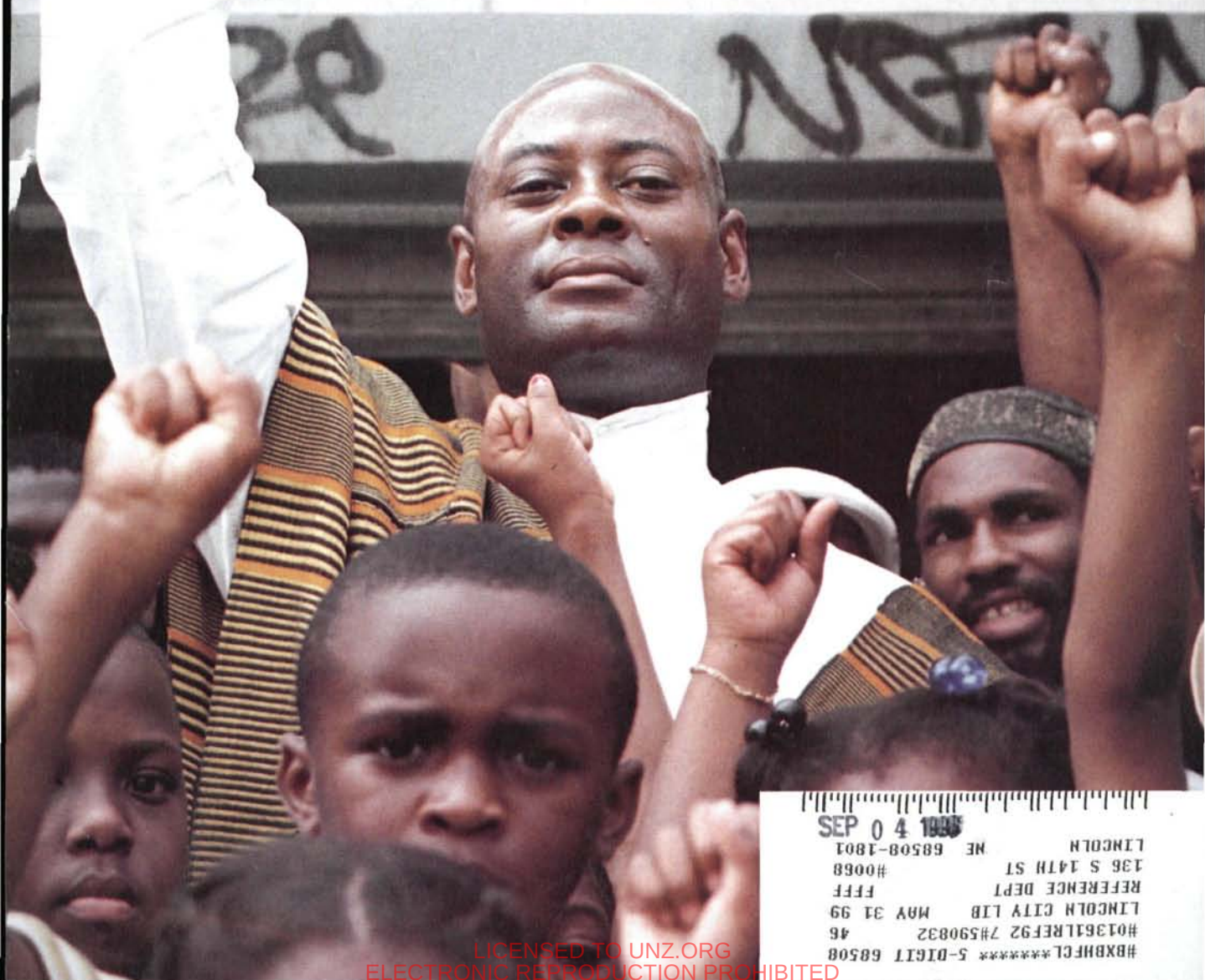
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SEPTEMBER 7, 1998

NEW YORK

Minister of War

With his Million Youth March (and his anti-Semitic, race-baiting rhetoric), Khallid Abdul Muhammad is pushing the city toward a racial showdown. Can the march be separated from his message? By Peter Noel



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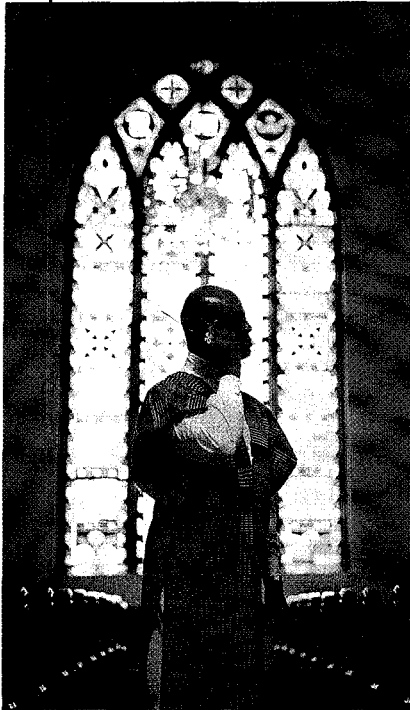
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Contents Sept. 7, 1998

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KHALLID ABDUL MUHAMMAD, PAGE 20



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Taking tactics borrowed from the Reverend Al Sharpton and Minister Louis Farrakhan to a new level, and using anti-Semitic and race-baiting rhetoric so vicious it caused Farrakhan to disavow him, former flame-throwing Nation of Islam spokesman Khalid Abdul Muhammad has now pushed the city to the brink of what could be its most serious racial confrontation in years with his Million Youth March, planned for September 5. What kind of man could make the mayor and the minister agree on *anything*? The exclusive story of the man behind the march.

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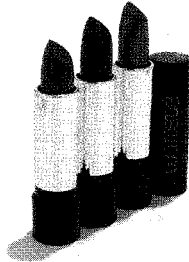
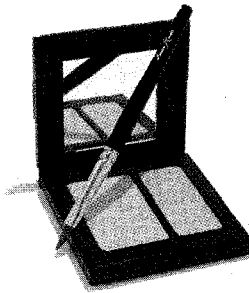
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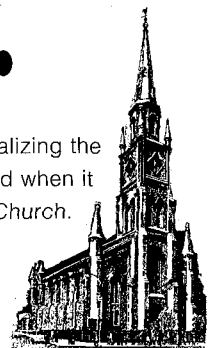


*April 1998, pg. 106

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Good Works?

Gratitude and groans for Charles King's leadership of Housing Works; southern support for the new Whitney director; dirty tricks in the Hamptons.

IF CHARLES KING IS MANHATTAN'S Mother Theresa, he is our Dorothy Day, our Oscar Romero, and our Harvey Milk too ["Charles King's Holy War," by Douglas S. Barasch, August 17]. Whether or not the parallels to other modern-day saints apply, however, King is one of my own personal heroes. In my encounters with him as a Housing Works volunteer and as a colleague in ministry, he has been cocky, arrogant, and rude. But no one has been more willing to speak the truth to me about justice or to make an example of himself than King. Rudy Giuliani might learn to practice what he preaches by paying more attention to King than to his ego. Against all odds, and all likely temptations to seek professional advancement, King has remained a courageous and unswerving defender of disenfranchised and forgotten people in this city. I am grateful for Mr. Barasch's honest and inspiring profile of him.

*The Reverend John E. Denaro
Interim Pastor, Christ and
St. Stephen's Episcopal Church
MANHATTAN*

I APPLAUD MAYOR GIULIANI FOR STANDING up to Charles King. King is the sad zenith of the self-congratulatory liberal parasites who enjoy the worship of celebrities for their talent in dramatizing "compassion" with other people's money as if promoting the hottest new dance club or restaurant. AIDS and drug abuse, his patients' problems, are by definition self-inflicted and therefore deserve not one penny of public funds. His efforts encourage these undesirables to live in New York, degrading our quality of life and furthering Manhattan's status as the new Calcutta.

*Joel Fritzscher
MANHATTAN*

Art Smart

LEE SMITH'S PIECE ON NEW WHITNEY DIRECTOR Maxwell Anderson ["Gotham: To Whit," August 10] failed to mention the place where Max really cut his teeth—the Michael C. Carlos Museum at Emory University. Max came to Atlanta in the early nineties. Emory had a small but interesting collection of classical pieces on-

ly recently moved from a dusty basement into the old law-school building, a Henry Hornbostel design redone completely on the interior by Michael Graves. From that modest beginning, Max led the development of a beautiful gem of a museum that has become one of the more important institutions in the South. He more than doubled the size of the facility with another Graves building, acquired substantial collections in African and African-American art, organized a series of excellent exhibitions, energized the local arts community, and opened up large new sources of private benefaction for the Carlos Museum and for Emory. Admittedly, he had little direct experience here with the avant-garde, but his energy, his talent for working with people, his success at fund-raising, and his sharp eye for quality should benefit the Whitney and its patrons.

*Howard O. Hunter
Dean, Emory University School of Law
ATLANTA, GA.*

Bad Behavior

MISOGYNY, NARCISSISM, DISHONESTY, SELFISHNESS, and arrogance are traits that die hard in a person who has become accustomed to them. "The Power and the Glossy," by Vanessa Grigoriadis [August 3], shows that Randy Schindler may have cleaned up his substance abuse but has yet to clean up his act.

In 1985, *Hamptons* magazine ran a "Face of the Hamptons" contest. The contest promised celebrity judges, a modeling contract, the cover of an issue of *Hamptons*, a windsurfer, and an award ceremony at the (then-popular) Limelight. I encouraged my 19-year-old girlfriend to enter the contest. She did, and she won. The contest took place at Conscience Point Inn, but there were no celebrity judges, just Schindler and a few of his cronies. More important, there was no contract, no windsurfer, and no award ceremony. She did get the cover.

The real contest was among Schindler and his sleazy friends to see which one of them could bed my girlfriend. When I dropped her off at a beach house for the cover shoot, we were met at the door by a group of topless girls. I was asked to leave. A few weeks later we went to the

Limelight for the "award ceremony." No ceremony ensued, but late in the evening one of Schindler's cronies, in full view of his wife, grabbed my girlfriend, pushed her down onto a bench, and jumped on top of her. He refused three of my requests to get off her so I helped him off with a well-placed blow to his head. Humiliated and ashamed, my girlfriend cried for a week.

It would take Schindler only a few minutes to read the twelve steps of Alcoholics Anonymous. The eighth step reads, "Make a list of all persons that I have harmed and become willing to make amends to them all."

*John Norwood Jr.
MANHATTAN*

Stylish Students

THE GROSS MISCHARACTERIZATION OF THE Pratt student body that appeared in the August 24 "Gotham Style" ["Wine, Roses, and the B.Q.E."], sent shock waves throughout the campus. To dismiss Pratt students as "drug-addicted [and] tattooed," as neighborhood resident Sydney Mack does, is inaccurate and insensitive. Individually and collectively, Pratt students are furious about Mack's glib quote, and rightfully so. After all, Pratt students have over the years designed some of the items you feature in your "Best Bets" and "Gotham Style" columns.

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*Janet Fisher
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PLAYING WITH A FULL RACK AGAIN?

When the Spice Girls finish up their immense tour at Wembley Stadium later this month, there may be more surprises than those the stork is sending. According to a band insider, **Ginger** (Retired Spice) plans to join the prefab-five turned prefab-four for a reunion performance. Says the source, "Touring the United States is such a big deal. It's exhausting, and Ginger just didn't want to do it. But playing a date in England is something she's interested in." A U.S. spokesperson for the group says she has no knowledge of any reunion. Still... **David Lee Roth**, take heart.



moving bill, she blew up. According to a knowledgeable local source, she shrieked, "I'm tired of getting ripped off by people in this town"—and paid only \$700. The story got back to the writer

Michael Thomas, who promptly fired off a scathing letter to Richardson. "I am identified with you in this town," he wrote, adding that the local worker provides "good service for fair pay. It offends me to see him mistreated. You should pay his bill. Now." She didn't, according to the local source. Richardson admits that she's living above the Paradise—"I've always wanted to live over a restaurant"—but had her lawyer, **Raoul Felder**, call to explain the billing discrepancy. "Her accountant wants an itemized bill," says Felder, "and if it checks out, she'll pay it."

HAMPTONS MOVING VIOLATION

Nancy Richardson has found paradise at last—but she has a little problem with the bill. The ex-wife of financier **Frank Richardson** recently broke up with her latest inamorato, former National Gallery chief **J. Carter Brown**, leading to her reappearance in Sag Harbor, according to one of her friends. The wealthy divorcee moved into a small apartment above the Paradise, a restaurant on Main Street. But when a local worker presented her with an \$850

DRUDGE GOES TO THE MATT FOR FREEDOM

"You believe everything you read on the Internet?" asked **Matt Drudge**, with more than a touch of irony, after *New York* called about "Inside Matt Drudge's Closet." The story, written by "The Masher" and posted on the *Media Culture Review* Website last Wednesday, says, "Drudge is gay and very much uptight about it," and goes on to critique the cybergossip's sexual technique ("He may have loose lips in the gossip arena; but when it comes to smooching, he is very closed mouth"). Drudge insists that he doesn't mind getting the same treatment that he dishes out. "I've chosen to let them say what they want, because I believe in the First Amendment," says the Internet star. Dare we ask about his own no-longer-totally-private life? "The last person I had sex with was last summer, and it happened to be someone with two tits," Drudge says—and that's all he'll say. "I don't want to hurt my demographics in any direction."



ONE IF BY LAND, TWO IF BY SEA

With a house priced in the millions, you want as many potential buyers to see it as possible, right? Guess again. In these privacy-challenged days, even a tell-all star like **Carrie Fisher** had her Realtor sign a confidentiality clause. Fisher (pictured), who paid \$2.5 million five years ago for the Spanish colonial Hollywood Hills home once owned by Edith Head, has quietly put it up for sale for around \$5.75 million while she shops for something more practical, says a source. (Fisher's publicist and the office of Realtor-to-the-stars **Fred Sands** refused comment.) Meanwhile, in Larchmont: **Gene** and **Bonnie Pressman** have also put their house on the market unofficially. The former Barneys first couple, now separated, supplied their broker with a list of people who are *not* allowed to see their 24-room home on prime Westchester waterfront. One prospective buyer well acquainted with the power ex-couple was denied a tour by Pressman agent **Alix** ("I don't know anything about it") **Prince**. The blacklisted was doubly miffed by the \$10 million asking price, when comparable properties fetched under \$3 million recently. But those probably didn't include a spa with prizefighting equipment just off the master bathroom.



A LEG UP ON THE COMPETITION

You really can't keep a good man down. **Helmut Newton's** ad campaign for Wolford's upscale line of hosiery was recently giv-

en the thumbs-down by the MTA. Already featured on a billboard above Times Square, the campaign nevertheless hit a snag when the MTA decided that, on buses, it looked a little too provocative. "It only showed one twenty-second of a breast," said a Wolford spokesman. But a source close to the MTA claimed that, viewed up close, it in fact showed "a lot" of breast, not to mention "the crack"—the possible deal-breaker. So the company came up with another way to reach pent-up Manhattan pedestrians. With the October opening of Wolford's Greene Street store, people can judge for themselves: Newton's entire ad series—including the controversial photo—will be on prominent display.

Additional reporting by Hunter Kennedy.

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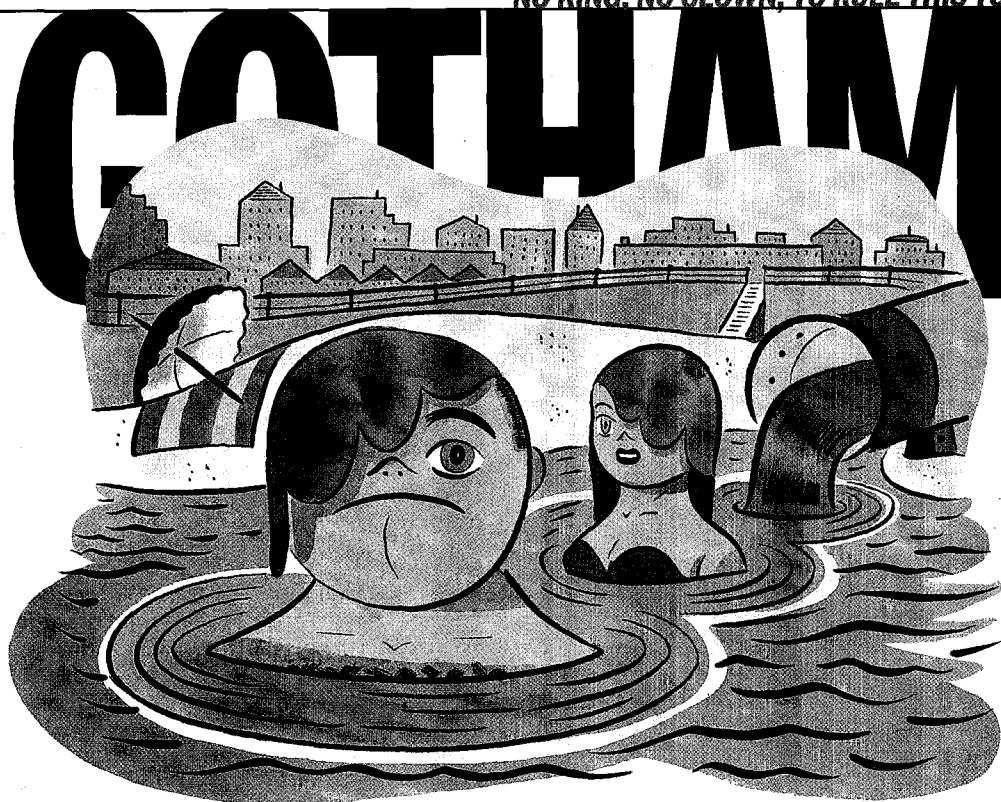
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BROADWAY & SPRING, MANHATTAN



A Sewer Runs Through It

How badly do you want to swim in the Hudson River?

THE DREAM OF A BEAUTIFUL green park running along a sparklingly clean Hudson River—for many years the paradigm of the sort of dignified pleasure that New York would never be able to enjoy—came one step closer to reality last month when a new plan for the West Side waterfront was released. The plan has received a great deal of attention for its ambitious inclusion of two genuine sandy beaches, including one at what is now the sanitation-truck lot on Gansevoort Peninsula, at which people may frolic and swim. “Someday,” muses Vincent McGowan, vice-president of the Hudson River Park Conservancy, the state authority in charge of overhauling the waterfront, “the Gansevoort could rival the Monterey Peninsula.”

In all the excitement, one essential issue has failed to receive any attention at all: The proposed beach sites are just a few hundred feet from active sewage outflow pipes. That means that after any heavy rainfall, when

runoff from the street combines with household sewage to overtax the city system, bathers could be swimming in putrid water teeming with dangerous bacteria.

Officials are hardly unaware of this problem, but over the years, as waterfront schemes have come and gone, they’ve lacked the resources and, critics charge, the inclination to do much about it. “The city tends to act on environmental problems only under duress,” says Frank Eadie, a Sierra Club official who

deals with local water issues. “They haven’t upgraded the West Side infrastructure because there haven’t been lawsuits.”

Cathy Drew, director of the River Project, a nonprofit that monitors the health of the Hudson, met several years ago with a Department of Environmental Protection official who, she says, discussed diverting sewage into large pipes or a tank under the highway. But in her most recent discussion with the DEP, Drew

(continued on page 12)

SUBPLOT

Drug Star

● Rudy Giuliani hadn’t seemed as primed for a challenge since he’d threatened to ban taxis from Manhattan. Standing in a banquet room in Iowa before a crowd eager for a glimpse of New York’s savior, he reached for a message from back home that would translate to the prairie. “We have a Drug Czar in Washington who talks about *doubling* the number of people on methadone,” he harrumphed.

● It was a curious message for a state with fewer than 400 methadone users, but the audience responded warmly all the same. Fortune seemed even brighter when the mayor was greeted at his next stop by a trailer bearing a huge banner that read DON’T METH WITH DRUGS.

● Had Middle America embraced an idea that cynics back home had scorned? Stepping inside, Rudy encountered a house of horrors designed to scare kids away from methamphetamines—crystal meth. Giuliani smiled politely. Methadone, crystal meth, it all sounded the same this happy day. “The crime-busting mayor of New York,” as the Cedar Rapids *Gazette* would call him, was a hit.

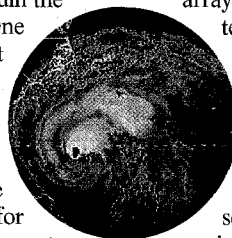
ANDREW KIRTZMAN

CAMEO

Hint: She Lies Over the Ocean

WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT A GIRL WHO DOES everything in her power to ruin the last days of summer? One hates to use the b-word, but that’s our Bonnie. As hurricanes go, she isn’t *all that*, more notable for her staying power than for her actual power. But the same could long be said about Boris Yeltsin, and if the evening news gives him top billing for weeks, why not Bonnie? Indeed, the net-

coverage and on-the-scene reports from a wide array of correspondents. Accustomed to team coverage of scandals and intrigue, these dogged scouts fanned out along the Carolina shoreline—as if they might pick up some obscure scoop, or cultivate some highly placed source. But there was only Bonnie. So they stood in their hooded slickers, squinting against the winds, and, framed against a slate-gray sky, announced what all the viewers could plainly see: It was raining.



Sewer continued from page 11

was told that these plans have been abandoned in favor of the sanitation needs of poorer communities—or what she describes as “environmental-justice issues. Many neighborhoods have a much worse overflow problem.”

The two West Side beaches fall within segments of the waterfront park that are not slated to be built for at least three years. Segment 4, however, which covers the Village just below Gansevoort, will break ground this fall; it calls for a “get-down”—HRPC’s pet name for river-access sites—that sits on top of a sewer-outfall pipe.

City and state officials maintain that by vigorously cleaning the various catch basins and regulators, they’ve been able to cut considerably the amount of sewage that gets dumped in the Hudson. Further, they say, plans are under way to install “gates” in the system that would help contain up to 75 million gallons of waste water until the treatment plants could handle more. They contend this work can be done cheaply and quickly, with little or no street excavation.

But it won’t entirely stop sewage from ending up in the Hudson, says Richard Herschlag, an engineer who formerly worked in the Manhattan borough president’s office. “If you get an inch of rainfall in Manhattan, that translates into roughly 300 million gallons of runoff. I don’t see how storing 75 million gallons would make a significant difference.” Herschlag believes the only solution is to build a 300 million-gallon tank, which would cost a prohibitive \$100 million, or as much as the entire amount that the city has so far promised to spend on the park.

So where does that leave the beaches? Officials continue to celebrate the prospect, but quickly offer disclaimers. “Nobody is going to be swimming tomorrow,” says William Hewitt of the Department of Environmental Conservation. The HRPC agrees, but it has no intention of presenting its plans to the public in a more realistic light. “We could still build beaches,” says McGowan, “but we may not look at them as a method of getting in the water.” JUDY RICHHEIMER

SPORTS

One For the Gifford

How squeaky-clean is Boomer Esiason?

IT’S A MUGGY AUGUST MORNING, but Boomer Esiason isn’t sweating, even in his XXL sweatshirt. In fact, as he strides into ABC Sports’s climate-controlled offices, he smells like laundry detergent.

A fresh scent is just what the Disney-owned network was looking for when it hired the former Jets quarterback to replace Frank Gifford in the *Monday Night Football* broadcasting booth. And Esiason’s public image is so squeaky-clean that he’s even co-hosting the eternally wholesome Miss America Pageant. But behind that image lies a gritty surprise: He’s about to publish a graphic pulp novel called *Toss*, about a team of pill-popping, law-breaking, womanizing football players.

Following the misadventures of a young quarterback who gets drafted by the corrupt New York Stars, the thriller isn’t exactly family-style enter-



Boomer: Broadcaster, novelist, Miss America host.

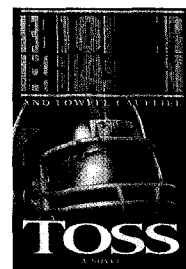
tainment. The first chapter starts with a ghetto-slang argument between a hooker and the pimp who’s just smoked her last crack rock. When she hitches a ride home, she winds up at the Stars’ training camp—where she is gang-raped and murdered. “It’s a little rough,” Esiason concedes. “I’ll catch some heat on it. But that’s what you’re supposed to do.”

“Boomer wanted to give people a glimpse into the league without doing a kiss-and-tell,” says his co-author, true-crime writer Lowell Cauffiel. “He’s got too much class to sit there and name names.”

on the recommendation of their network, ABC—are looking forward to letting him talk. They were a bit taken back, however, by his request for courtesy tickets. “It was a much larger number of good seats than we’ve ever been confronted with,” says pageant president Leonard Horn. “It was not easy to do.”

Despite his various new endeavors, Esiason admits that nothing can replace the feeling of playing football. Not that that’s all bad. “I left the game I broadcast on Saturday and I was like, *God, nothing hurts!*” he says. “This is a pretty good life.”

PATRICIA FALVO



DRUGS

We Do Need Some Education

THUNDERDOME, DOVE, E-MAIL, KILLERS: These are not names for pets. They’re among the dozens of types of ecstasy found throughout the city. Each has a different ratio of MDMA (which makes one feel floaty), ketamine (which makes one feel paranoid), and caffeine (which—well, you know). And there’s no way to tell a pill’s composition by sight. On the theory that better-informed users will have fewer bad experiences, two British companies called E-Z

Test and Green Party Drugs Group have started marketing ecstasy-testing kits. Just scrape a bit of the pill into one of the small vials and dip in a strip of litmus paper. The results are easy to read.

Not everyone views the \$35 kits as a victory for consumer rights, however. The British government decried them as an “illegal moneymaking venture.” And Jane Rinzler Buckingham, a trend consultant who’s noted their popularity in New York and Los Angeles, says, “It’s a hypocritical idea, safe drugs. Kids want to live on the edge but not so on the edge that they die.”

The kids may have a more practical explanation. “This is the way people use the kits,” says one 23-year-old clubgoer. “You’re out at night and some fool dealer approaches you in a baseball cap and elephant pants—bottom line, you don’t want to throw away \$30.”

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Hot (Chick) Zone

Poultry inspectors search for killer virus.

SHEATHED IN A WHITE BIO-hazard jumpsuit, Michelle Gaeta wraps her fingers around a chicken's neck, flips back its rubbery maid's kerchief, and thumbs a rheumy eye. "It's sick," she says tenderly as the enfeebled hen settles in her arms. Then she turns her attention to the owner of Brooklyn's sweltering Al-Noor livestock market. "Do me a favor?" she yells over the racket of 700 caged birds. "Kill it."

Working for the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets, Gaeta and her fellow inspector Annette Gonzalez tour the city's markets. Today, they're chasing avian virus H7N2, a rampant strain that kills birds but does not endanger humans, and which surfaced this past March in 54 of the city's 78 markets.

Gaeta and Gonzalez are also keeping an eye out for the virulent H5N1 strain, however. That's the one that killed six peo-

ple in Hong Kong last year when it jumped from chickens to humans. It hasn't appeared in North America, but everyone is on alert. "Anytime a strain jumps species, we pay attention," says Dr. Cynthia Whitman of the city's Health Department. "It means it has pandemic potential." And the growing number of city livestock retailers—twice as many now as five years ago, largely because of an influx of immigrant customers—significantly increases that potential while making the field that much harder to inspect.

For Gaeta and Gonzalez, the front line of germ warfare means poking Q-tips into bloody floor drains and feces-filled cages and down the throats of reluctant fowl. They can find flu in five minutes, using a color-sensitive petri dish that operates like a home pregnancy test. And they insist that market owners keep their records of recent cleanings



Michelle Gaeta and Annette Gonzalez inspecting chickens for avian virus H7N2.

up-to-date. Above all, these inspectors are trying to prevent contaminated transport crates from being shipped back to farms and spreading infection there. It happened a couple of years ago, and 200,000 infected birds had to be slaughtered upstate as a result.

Inside the Al-Noor market, a woman with a Mickey Mouse watch buys a pigeon as Gonzalez lectures a butcher about the heat, filth, and overcrowding. "They should take care of the farms—that's where the trouble is," says owner Mohammed Elkaza. "We don't raise the chickens. We just sell them."

At another stop, outside Delancey Live Poultry, beneath the

Williamsburg Bridge, Gaeta finds ten crates holding 60 sick birds panting in the noon heat. "Who'd you get your chickens from this morning?" Gaeta asks George Sal, an employee standing in a stifling office beneath streamers of clotted flypaper. Sal doesn't know. "*No infermos*," he says. "*Muy viejos*." "Old, not sick," repeats Gaeta. "Don't let them in here," she warns.

After declaring a bloody table "clean," Gaeta escapes the stench and takes a deep breath on the sidewalk. She peels off a scum-coated bootie and tosses it into a corner trash basket. "It doesn't really faze me anymore," she says of the smell and the killing. "I still eat chickens." KEVIN GRAY

THE SCENE

TV Party Tonight

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Charles Gargano, Phyllis George, and Joe Armstrong celebrate Hachette's new show, *Woman's Day Television*, at the home of Michael Berman and Victoria Hagan.



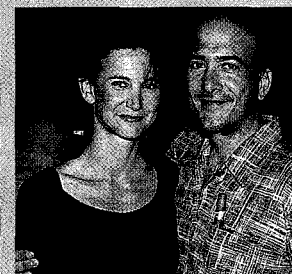
Guest of honor Rick Hilton with Laura Hunt and Adnan Khashoggi, celebrating Hilton's birthday in Southampton.



Faye Resnick and Aaron Hecht at the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge in Bridgehampton.



Alva Chin, Ken Page, and Lola Faturoti at the opening of the restaurant La Fourchette.



Toni Ross and Jeff Salaway at Nick & Toni's tenth anniversary.



Designers Pixie Yates and Susan Lazar at Cafeteria to launch the new Miss Clairol collection.

GOTHAMSTYLE



Fashion 101

Do the words *aigrette*, *barathea*, and *box pleat* mean nothing to you? Do you think Alexander McQueen is Steve's younger brother? If so, prep for the fall collections with *The Fashion Book*, a 500-page guide to the past 150 years of sartorial history, published by Phaidon Press (which also

brought you the best-selling *The Art Book*). The A-to-Z entries on everyone from Coco Chanel to Vidal Sassoon to Patrick Demarchelier make for some unlikely juxtapositions, like the spread that features Kurt Cobain and Francis Bean on one side and a 1937 Jean Cocteau illustration on the other. There's a glossary of technical terms at the back and extensive cross-indexing to get readers from Kate Moss to Calvin Klein in one easy jump.

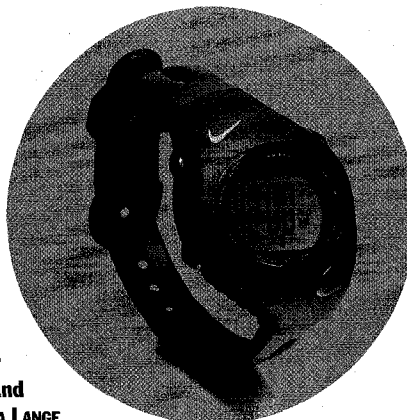
SARAH BERNARD



Ahead of the Curve

They've migrated from waistcoat to wrist, gone from mechanical to digital, and even acquired e-mail capability, but despite such design innovations, watches still tend to bump up against that knobby wrist. Two new models, however, are designed with the arm's contours in mind. Nike's Triax (right) has a sinuous curve that hugs the wrist without pressing the bone, angling the oversize digital read-out for quick checks. A similarly pivoted Pulsar Spoon is easy to read—and to spot, on Björk and the Hanson boys too.

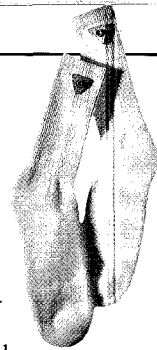
ALEXANDRA LANGE



Put a Sock in It

Finally, a simple solution to the lost-sock syndrome that forever plagues laundry-doers and delights stand-up comics. The tiny bit of leather-backed hardware at the top of Socksnap allows them to hook together for safekeeping during the rinse cycle. Which means that while these may not be the prettiest socks in the drawer, at least you can be sure they'll match.

ANTHONY LAPPÉ



Whither the Coke Spoons of Yesteryear?

Francesco Clemente managed to salvage his ceiling mural, but the wrecking balls currently crashing through the former Palladium have demolished Kenny Scharf's spray-painted telephone booths. Many famous structures from bygone New York nightclubs have met equally unglamorous fates. A sampling:

- **The Lone Star Cafe's 40-foot-iguana:** It's enjoying a perch high above Pier 25, but not for long. "It's taking a little trip to Texas in October," says owner Bob Wade. "I'm betting that it ends up in a zoo in Fort Worth."
- **Studio 54's hanging crescent moon with coke spoon:** New Jersey factory owner Richard Powers bought them at a 1989 auction. In 1997, he placed a classified ad announcing their availability for the sum of \$150,000. No sale.
- **Area's shark tanks:** Housing descendants of the original sharks, the giant tanks now decorate Mark Rose's basement in Ojai, California—along with the Dobermans from MK.
- **The Saint's fixtures:** The star machine, planetarium ceiling, lights, and dance floor were bought by a patron, who keeps them in a Pennsylvania storage facility.
- **Club USA's slide:** It's sitting up in the storage attic of the Tunnel, in many pieces. "Yeah," says Peter Gatien, owner of both clubs, "that thing's done with."



POLO SPORT

RALPH LAUREN

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Party Poopers

As the primary looms, Betsy McCaughey Ross is absent without loot, her competition barely awake. Why won't anybody give George Pataki a run for his money?

JUST TWO WEEKS NOW, DEMOCRATS will choose a nominee for governor. Four candidates are out there, swinging away, traversing the state in the time-honored fashion. One hears a lot of chatter like "I can't believe the party that nominated Franklin Roosevelt and Averell Harriman . . ." True, it's safe to say there is not a Roosevelt in the bunch (Harriman, considered a disinterested governor at best, is another matter). All the same, juicy things have been happening while few have been watching. Most notably, the early conventional wisdom was proved wrong as usual, turned on its ear not by a great shift in public opinion but by the resolutely sealed wallet of Wilbur Ross, who has declined to release his wife's campaign funds.

But Democrats face a more important problem here than the fact that their candidates lack world-historical stature or access to money. In truth, state party leaders pretty much decided back in January that they weren't going to beat George Pataki—that they probably couldn't and therefore wouldn't even try.

This gubernatorial election is the natural outgrowth of the logic of power in Albany, whereby the two parties always conspire to make sure the executive and legislative chambers are divided along partisan lines. That way, nobody really has to carry forward too much of an agenda, and each side can always blame the other when reforms fail to move. The arrangement has preserved and even increased over time the power of party regulars and hacks. The pact is rarely violated—the Republicans did it in 1994, when Mario Cuomo was looking touchable and Al D'Amato plucked the obscure Pataki out of Peekskill to do the job. But usually, it's a nice live-and-let-live arrangement, if you happen to be one of about

twelve people. That doesn't include the four candidates (or us, for that matter).

Well, voters still have to choose someone. City Council Speaker Peter Vallone came out of the blocks bumbling and stumbling. He tried to get the party bosses to nominate him by acclamation. Three times. Which is how many times he failed. Then it was off to the state Democratic convention, where his supporters spread the confident word that Vallone would win 60 percent of the vote. He was lucky to scrape together 40 percent.

But ever since, Vallone has quietly run

low state of the local left than it does about Vallone).

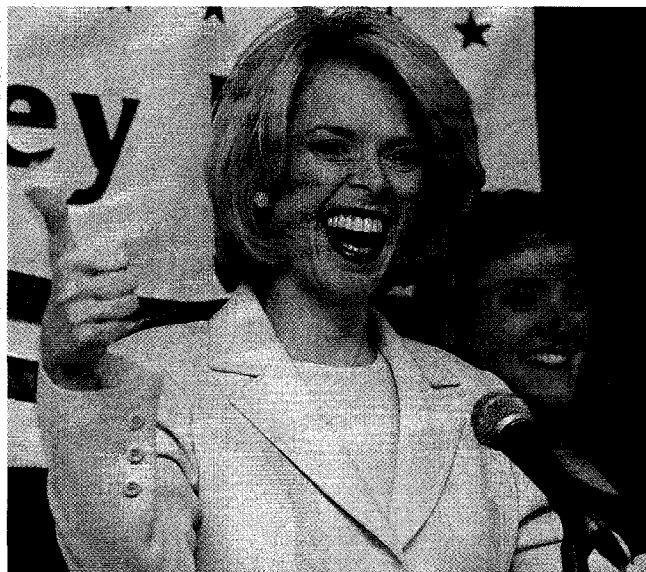
And then there is Betsy. The *Times* ruminated last week over the question of the month: What happened to Wilbur's millions? Hubby Wilbur Ross lent his wife's campaign around \$2.6 million. McCaughey Ross bragged repeatedly earlier in the year that this dowry would go straight onto the airwaves. Hence, the conventional wisdom: As she was already the best-known candidate, her summer-long ad blitz would presumably have assured her the nomination. Just to be safe, she wrangled the Liberal Party

nomination from Ray Harding, and promised him that even if she should somehow lose the Democratic nomination, she would zestfully (yeah, right) pursue victory on the Liberal line (a party needs its gubernatorial nominee to win 50,000 votes to stay on the ballot).

Some ads ran in Rochester and Syracuse for a week, and not much else. Not exactly blanket coverage. Today, says spokesman Kevin Davitt, the scripts are written, airtime is being eyed, the consultants are waiting by the phone, but no fresh ads have even been shot. "All other areas of the campaign go forward," Davitt says. "All the other pieces are in place."

That's nice, but it's kind of

like Napoleon saying he's taken care of every detail for his Russia-bound troops except the blankets. McCaughey Ross probably could have finished Vallone off with a month's worth of decent commercials in July or August. Instead, her non-presence on the tube has made room for him to pull even with her, even ahead of her by some observers' lights. It's a state of affairs that has given birth to gossip not so much about the state of her campaign as about the state of her marriage. Wilbur lent the money to the campaign, but only Wilbur can approve spending it (interesting loan, eh?). One



Did Wilbur Ross cut his wife's purse strings to save money on a doomed run?

a very successful and focused campaign. "He got lucky," says consultant Hank Sheinkopf. "And it was George Steinbrenner who gave him his luck." He refers, of course, to Vallone's keep-the-Yankees-in-the-Bronx rallying cry, which put Vallone on the people's side of a visible issue. That was in the spring. Ever since, Vallone—who ten years ago was a pretty conservative, time-marking outer-borough council member—has remolded himself into a virtual Bob La Follette, breathing populist fire and winning over the local left that once disdained him (which probably says more about the

informed source insists she has begged him "repeatedly" to give the green light; he hasn't, and hasn't explained why. You might think this insider stuff shouldn't matter, but when people talk about her today, it's not to debate her HMO-reform strategy but to speculate on her husband's belief in her. Wilbur could easily have prevented this.

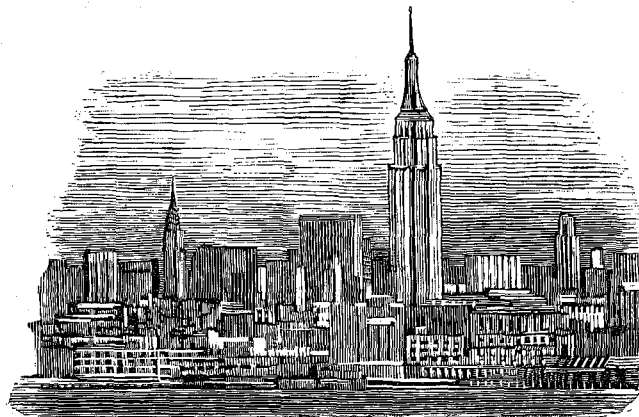
Brooklyn D.A. Joe Hynes promises he's got a surprise in store. "I'm going to win this thing," he insists. "There are sixteen primaries in Brooklyn, all of them bloodbaths. That'll get out the vote, and Brooklyn's my base. Schumer will pull a big Brooklyn Jewish vote for the Senate primary, and they'll vote for me for governor. In Manhattan, my opposition to the death penalty helps. In Queens, I get the Irish. In Staten Island, I blow them away. Upstate, I have the Eric, Onondaga, Monroe, and Rockland organizations. I tell you, there are going to be a lot of surprised people September 16." You can hear in Hynes's voice that he truly believes what he's saying.

Finally, the fate of Jim Larocca proves best what condition this party is in: The Democrats' only first-rate candidate, the only one who's shown a potential to hold the party's base and reach swing voters at the same time, is the one with the slimmest chance. He has flaws, too, of course—he really should have been able to put together more money. But he needed some courage from the party's leaders, who could have rallied behind him as the party's best hope.

The party leaders didn't rally to Larocca because they don't really want to win the governorship. Pataki has good approval ratings and \$12 million or more, while the Democrats have no obvious strong candidate. Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver, the state's most powerful Democrat, and Comptroller Carl McCall really should have gotten behind Larocca, or maybe Vallone, at the beginning of the year and pushed others into line. Instead, they decided there was no point in disturbing the balance of power in which they figure prominently. "Anybody who can read a poll knows Pataki was going to be tough to beat," Sheinkopf says. "Why make an enemy you don't need?"

Well, because you stand for something? Because in speeches you yammer on about how important it is to elect Democrats? Because there's honor even in losing if you've stated your case with clarity and passion? I'm being silly now, I guess. ■

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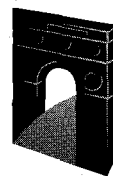
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Wolff's Brill's Content

*When Steve Brill decided to investigate me, I decided to investigate him back—
and therein discovered the “true” nature (more or less) of his overreaching crusade.*

AM BEING INVESTIGATED BY BRILL'S *Content*.

“There are serious questions being raised about your new book,” a young reporter from the magazine charges.

“Who’s raising these questions?”

“I’m not free to tell you that.”

“It’s a funny book,” I say lightly. “I hope the questions aren’t too serious.” The book, *Burn Rate*, is a memoir about the birth of the Internet industry and the tragicomic (more farce than tragedy) failure of my own Internet business.

“I don’t think it would be funny if you distorted the truth.”

“It’s my story. It’s the way I saw it,” I sputter defensively, feeling unpleasantly compared to the disgraced reporter Stephen Glass.

A few days later, Brill’s reporter, Noah Robischon, calls back and asks for the notes and other materials I’ve used to write the book. He seems genuinely put out, affronted even, when I decline to surrender my notes.

“I think you should seriously think about turning them over,” he says ominously.

The editorial proposition of the magazine is that we all want to know about how the media works. The subtext is that journalists are such a despised class that large numbers of people will buy a magazine that rebukes them. “Journalists are probably the only people on the planet who make lawyers look good,” says the magazine’s chairman, CEO, publisher, and editor, Steven Brill, whose earlier entrepreneurial effort was a magazine about lawyers.

The business proposition is aggressive, too. The magazine is not just for people in the media business. *Brill’s Content* wants to achieve a circulation of 500,000 and attract big brand-name consumer advertisers—a formidable, expensive, and wildly unlikely undertaking. Brill himself

says it will cost \$25 million. In an introduction to the first issue, editor Brill speaks of a search for truth—Brill’s reporters will be an independent truth squad (“We see this as the one black line in everything we are going to write about: Is it true?”). Putting aside questions of whose truth it will be, it’s hard to imagine that a seasoned entrepreneur would spend \$25 million only for the truth.

BRILL’S MISSION IS TO COVER THE MEDIA, and so is mine; therefore, I reason with some insouciance, I should cover Brill



covering me. Sort of Wolff’s *Brill’s Content*.

I e-mail Brill’s twentysomething reporter that I would like to question him about his questioning of me.

In short order, Caroline Miller, *New York’s* editor-in-chief, receives a call from Brill complaining that I am trying to intimidate his “young reporter.” Partly, no doubt, because Brill himself is changing the assumptions of how to report who said what to whom, Ms. Miller prepares what lawyers call contemporaneous notes of her conversation with

Brill. From Miller’s report of her conversation, it’s clear that Brill is not amused by the double reversal I’m proposing—writing about Brill writing about me writing about other people. His mission, he obviously believes, is righteous, and mine dubious.

“The tenor of Michael’s proposal,” Miller says to Brill, “as it was conveyed to me, was quite . . . sportsmanlike.”

“Well,” says Brill, “this was a young reporter, and when he came to talk to me about it, I have to tell you, he was scared to death. . . .”

This seems to be, if not an invitation, at least a reason to call Brill himself. Brill says: “I do not discuss stories we’re working on . . .” and hangs up on me. There’s wrath in his voice, and some other note: fervor. (Minutes later, however, his assistant calls back to get my address, title, and other specifics for the office Rolodex.)

I find myself asking the question the investigated always asks about the investigator: Who is this guy, anyway?

In fact, it’s hard to have hung around the media business and not know Brill. He’s one of the business’s unique creations. Many people have their Brill story: He’s made them cry, or kept them waiting for hours, or upbraided them publicly. The stories of his financial ups and downs,

his deals, his battles, his chutzpa, are legion. His passionate admirers are outnumbered only by his passionate detractors. He is what my father used to call “an operator.” So his new role, necessarily holier than thou, seems an unlikely one.

But maybe not.

His first venture, *American Lawyer*, launched in 1978, was dedicated to arbitrating the professional behavior of lawyers. As the bête noire of the legal community, Brill cut a vivid figure: a bouncerlike, cigar-smoking, bullying, crass-comic character in a Saul Bellow

novel; part journalist, part wheeler-dealer, part power broker. It wasn't just lawyers whom he antagonized, either. The magazine *New York Woman* ran a story about the worst places for women to work, flatly stating that the story did not include jobs "inherently loathsome for men and for women, such as working in a subway booth, scrubbing floors or working for Steven Brill, the notoriously bullying editor of *American Lawyer*."

Brill's bid to build a legal-publishing empire foundered on his expansion plans (he spent \$30 million to \$40 million on local legal newspapers), and in 1988, Warner's Steve Ross agreed to bail him out. What Brill sold Ross was a new idea: the law as tabloid television. Under the auspices of Time Warner (after Ross agreed to buy *American Lawyer*, the Time Warner deal happened), Brill launched Court TV, which, post-O.J., found itself at the bottom of the cable ratings.

The mantra inside Time Warner whenever Brill's name came up was "Has this guy ever made money?"

A year ago, having decided it did not want his legal publications and did not want him to run Court TV, Time Warner ousted Brill with a reported \$20 million payoff for his remaining stake—in media-mogul terms, a relative pittance. Certainly not enough to buy yourself another company.

With the help of Howard Milstein, of the real-estate Milsteins, investment banker Lester Pollack, and Barry Diller (can you run a media-watchdog magazine when your partner is a media mogul?), Brill began *Brill's Content*.

"Once you come up with a couple of ideas that work, people will usually finance the next one no matter how dumb it is," Brill told the *New York Times*.

And certainly on its magazine-business basics, *Brill's Content* is dumb. Try finding 500,000 subscribers to a magazine about ethical conduct. In fact, the idea is so dumb that you have to assume there is another strategy here beyond circulation and advertising.

His choosing to call the magazine *Content* (Brill says the magazine changed the name to *Brill's Content* because of trademark issues), that awkward word that technologists use to describe the non-code stuff that augments software, is noteworthy. I think it's fair to assume *Brill's Content*'s business model works like an Internet business model. The proposed \$25 million investment in the magazine seems clearly designed to grab "mindshare," to build brand. And the brand is Brill.

My guess is that Brill is trying to create an official seal of approval—to become the independent prosecutor of information. (Indeed, I received a written set of interrogatories from Brill's reporter. Example: "Dinner in SF—it's midnight for you and you stay up most of the night—how did you get the right quotes from the people at the table?") Information's independent prosecutor is a very frightening thought, but it could also be an incredibly valuable one.

In its most benign form, it could be a sort of Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. *We in the Brill Labs have tested this nonfiction and find that its sourcing methods and general probity conform to our standards.* It is easy to imagine that Yahoo, for instance, could "partner" with Brill or "co-brand" with Brill. Brill would provide the editorial "brand" on the vast streams of content running

*Brill, of course, is
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a spectacle of himself
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**Brill is shocked,
shocked; I am shocked,
shocked that he is
shocked, shocked.**

through the global network. **FEATURING ONLY BRILL'S CONTENT** would flash across participating Websites.

I have seen this business plan many times—numerous entrepreneurs believe that the market demands a way to regulate the anarchy of content. We need a global editor (editor-in-chief of the world) to tell us what information we can trust. What this plan has always lacked is someone with the certainty and aggressiveness to say, I can tell you what's true and what isn't! *Brill's Content*, Brill says, "is about all that purports to be nonfiction. So it should be no surprise that our first principle is that anything selling itself to you as nonfiction should be true."

Still, Brill has overreached before. If I were making suggestions about his business plan, I'd say the whole of nonfiction is a grab. Apparently, Brill doesn't want just television news or newspaper reporting. Brill wants everything that is not a novel or a poem to fall under his stamp of approval—that is, news, essays, magazine features, memoirs, documentaries, history, criticism, speeches, polls, news-

group postings, editorial cartoons, and the Bible, as well as a good deal of humor, satire, and parody. All this turned over to Brill's young reporters.

"Our approach," Brill says, "is to look at nonfiction media as a consumer product."

For me, having written a book that is both true and satirical, one that, in the venerable tradition of satire, shamelessly settles many scores, it is something of a literary comedy or nightmare to be dogged by a young reporter calling up the various people I have savaged to get them to say, *Yes, Michael Wolff is a person of questionable morals.*

Indeed. Alan Patricof, the New York venture capitalist and Clinton host and contributor who is a figure of some derision in my book (and who is or is not an acquaintance of Brill's), and who is represented by the noted First Amendment lawyer Marty Garbus (who is or is not an acquaintance of Brill's), is soliciting me to change certain passages about him in future editions of my book. Part of the inducement is that if I agree to make such changes, Patricof, Garbus suggests, will not talk to the Brill reporter who has contacted him regarding the story about me.

And then: Brill's young reporter seems to believe I've made up the figure in my book of the smarmy AOL executive (I wish) who seduced me with deals that never got done. Though I decided for various soft-hearted reasons to spare this person public disclosure, now, according to Brill, in order to preserve my own reputation, I should name him.

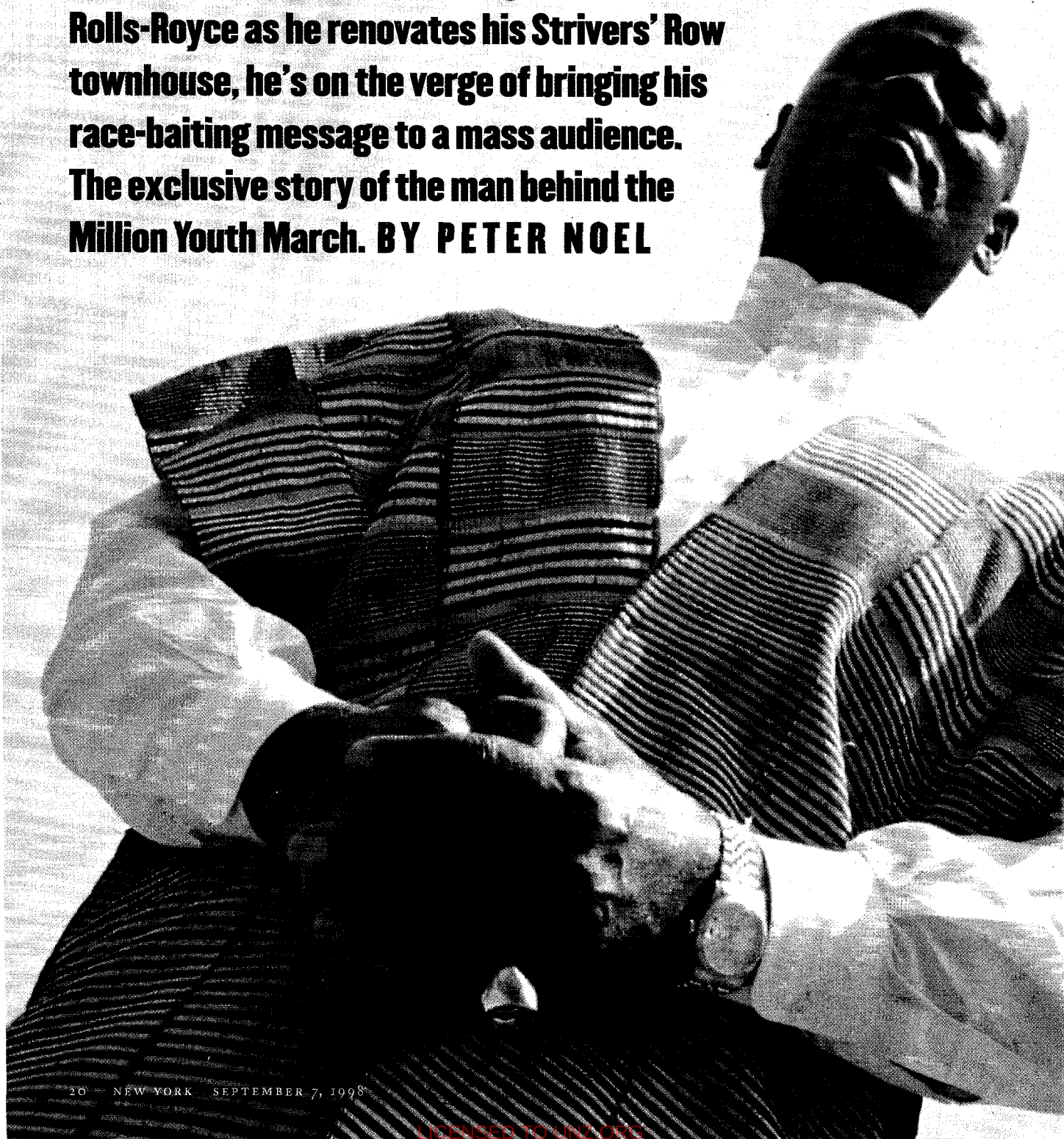
"Why didn't you name names?" Brill's young reporter asked, oblivious to the echo.

The reversals, inversions, and conflicts are breathtaking. The level of full disclosure that's required is Jesuitical. I suppose I should disclose that the more Brill criticizes my book the more books I sell; likewise, the more I rail against him, the more Brill Brill becomes. Brill, of course, is using the media to make a spectacle of himself covering the media. Brill is shocked, shocked; I am shocked, shocked that he is shocked, shocked. What Brill is showing us is not the backstage view of how the media really works, but the levers and cranks by which almost everyone, most of all Brill himself, gets hoisted by his own petard.

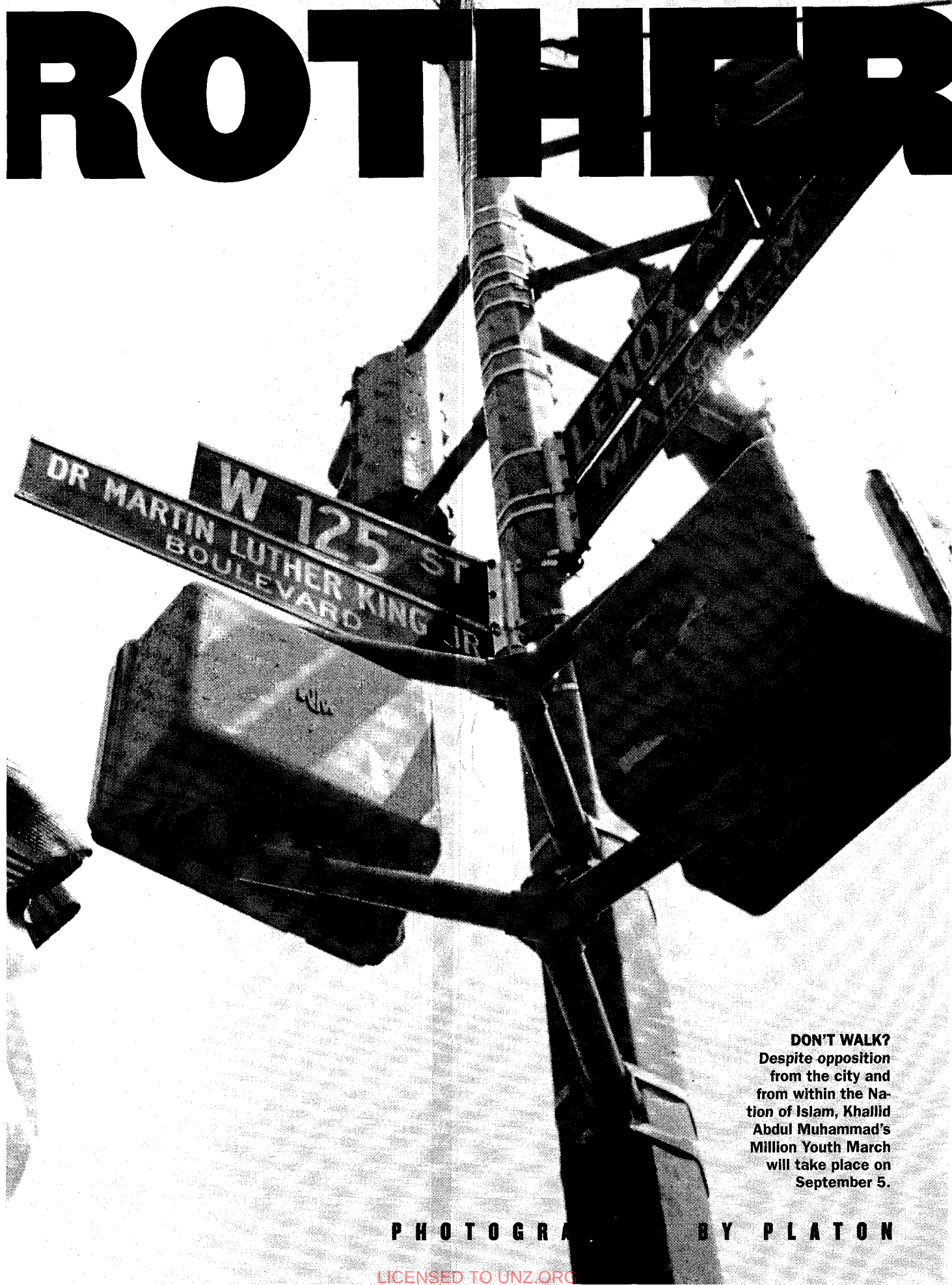
Building brand, or making a name for yourself, is largely a function of aligning yourself with the Zeitgeist. As the Zeitgeist turns, Brill chose to go with Starr, not Clinton—with the prosecutor, not the rogue. Maybe he's picked right, although I hope not. ■

BLOOD

When Khalid Muhammad called Jews “bloodsuckers,” even Farrakhan had to disown him. But now, operating out of his Rolls-Royce as he renovates his Strivers’ Row townhouse, he’s on the verge of bringing his race-baiting message to a mass audience. The exclusive story of the man behind the Million Youth March. BY PETER NOEL



ROTHER



DON'T WALK?
Despite opposition
from the city and
from within the Na-
tion of Islam, Khalid
Abdul Muhammad's
Million Youth March
will take place on
September 5.

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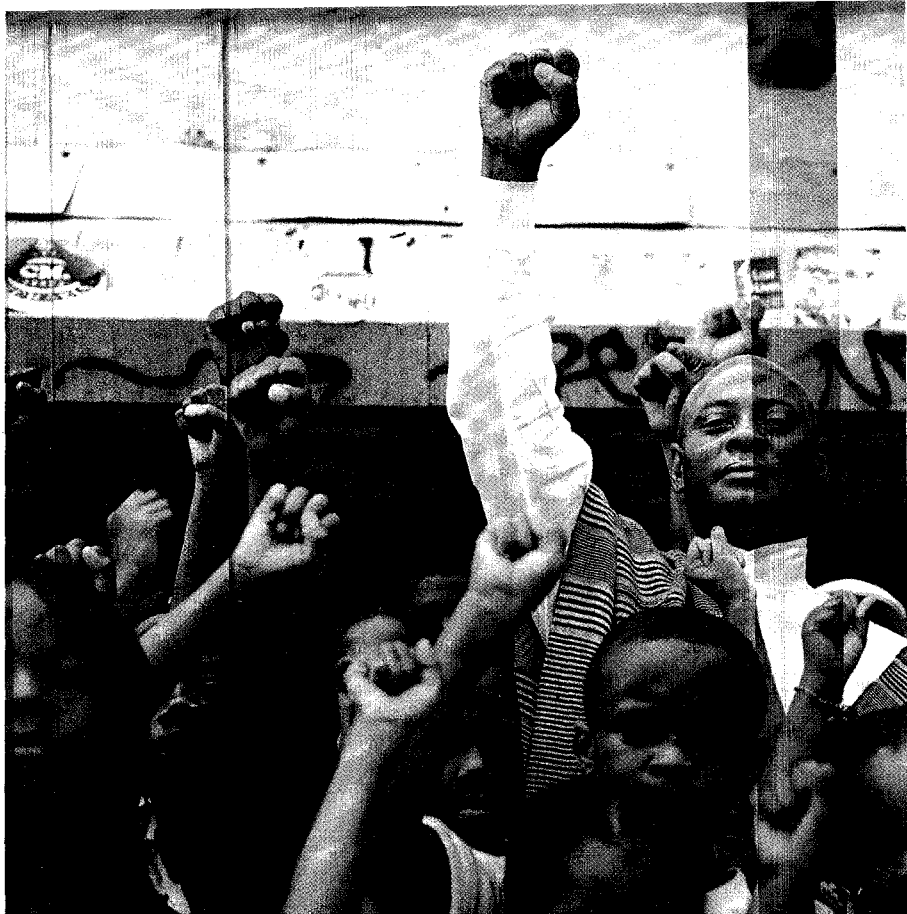
ON A STEAMY MORNING IN JULY, Khallid Abdul Muhammad knelt on the pavement outside Sylvia's restaurant on Malcolm X Boulevard and began frantically rifling through the contents of a bulging black leather bag—dumping out a ream of private correspondences with city lawyers, maps, confidential memos, surveys, and other strategic plans regarding his controversial Million Youth March.

For months, Khallid's National Black Power Organizing Committee had been working on a day of outrage meant to draw a million young blacks to Harlem to protest police brutality, black-on-black crime, and joblessness. The march had provoked heated opposition from the Giuliani administration, but that morning, Khallid was preoccupied with resistance from a very different quarter: The day before, he had been informed that Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan—his onetime mentor and sometime antagonist—had sent him an “urgent correspondence” by Federal Express, and at the moment, Khallid was ripping through the city's considerable correspondence in a frustrated attempt to locate the FedEx tracking number for Farrakhan's letter.

As a small group gathered on the sidewalk to watch him, Khallid finally pulled out the missing number. But while we rode the A train to 42nd Street to pick up the letter, his anxiety mounted; beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. By the time we pulled into the 42nd Street station, he was shaking and tears were welling in his eyes. “All that time on the train, I was trying to fight back tears,” he confessed later. “I didn't want you to see the softness and tenderness that came out of me over my anticipation of what the minister would say in his letter. I wanted to hide its emotional impact on me. I wanted to hide that.”

At the FedEx terminal near Eleventh Avenue, a clerk handed over the letter. Farrakhan began by praising Khallid as a first-rate “warrior,” then proceeded to scold him for his rush to destroy the enemy. “‘You can only kill just a few of them,’” Khallid read. “‘But your God can kill more than that. Haven't you noticed the irregular rains, snow, hail and earthquakes, the fires that are raging around the country? I know you are angry at this enemy who has oppressed our people. But if you will be patient, our God can offer much more punishment than you.’”

The letter lectured Khallid about the dangers of his impatience, not only to himself but also to the black youth Farrakhan feared Khallid was pitting against the city's “racist” police force. Farrakhan ended by reiterating his stern warning about the violence that could be incited by the march.



YOUNG GUNS: “The youth chose me by a mandate,” says Muhammad.

Khallid read and reread the letter. But if it was intended to persuade him to call off the march, at no time did he consider doing so. He couldn't do that even if he wanted to, he confided. Black pride was at stake. His own reputation hung in the balance. With all due respect to the minister, said Khallid, *no one* was going to stop his march.

SO FAR, HE HAS KEPT HIS WORD. BY LAST week, his brinkmanship had pushed the city toward its most serious racial conflict in years, pitting blacks against the mayor, black leaders against one another, and Khallid Muhammad against everybody else. On September 5, if Khallid's plan is realized, upwards of 100,000 black youth will gather on Malcolm X Boulevard. Arrangements have been made to bus in Crips and Bloods from Los Angeles and Vice Lords from Chicago as well as other gang members from around the country. Gangsta rappers and other entertainers are also expected, and the numbers will be swelled by children and teenagers from the five boroughs.

To Rudy Giuliani, who has been crisscrossing the country touting his accomplishments in bringing order to New York City (and who has also been trying to persuade the GOP to choose New York as the site for its millennial convention), a huge, angry march by young blacks in the

heart of the city is something to be avoided by any means necessary.

Giuliani quickly vetoed Khallid's initial request to hold the march in Harlem on September 5, claiming that the event would stretch an already taxed police force and shutter area businesses on one of the busiest shopping days of the year. Khallid firmly rejected the city's counteroffer of Van Cortlandt Park or Randalls Island. With negotiations at a standstill, both sides agreed to meet personally on May 20 to discuss the issue. Two days before the meeting, Malik Zulu Shabazz, the 31-year-old Washington attorney who is the national youth director of the march, wrote a strongly worded letter to Gabriel Taussig, chief of the city's administrative-law division. Shabazz insisted that the only acceptable site for staging the Million Youth March was Harlem's Malcolm X Boulevard, calling the neighborhood “sacred ground from which our greatest ancestors have loved us [and] labored to uplift us.”

Khallid's proposed rallying ground stretched from 118th Street to 147th Street. In an attempt to appease the city on the issue of public safety, he suggested that an emergency lane could be kept open along the entire route to Harlem Hospital. Other major thoroughfares, such as 125th, 135th, and 145th Streets, would remain open to emergency vehicles and other traffic. Despite their public pro-



nouncements, as early as May, organizers had privately reduced estimates of the anticipated crowd to "more than 100,000."

If Harlem was unacceptable, Khallid said, organizers would accept only two other venues: the plaza outside the United Nations or Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway. The last choice—a neighborhood that is home to 10,000 Orthodox Jews—was Khallid's trump card. "We wanted to scare all the yarmulkes and rabbis to death," he says.

In 1991, the neighborhood was the site of three days of rioting after a car driven by an associate of the Lubavitcher rebbe careened off the road, killing a 7-year-old black child named Gavin Cato. During the riots, an Australian rabbinical student

Parkway and just kick it to these crackers."

At a news conference in Harlem on July 30, an unrepentant Khallid repeated his threat to move the march to Brooklyn for "a direct confrontation with the Jews . . . who have misused and abused our people in . . . Crown Heights for so long." His threat prompted an equally combative response from Mordechai Levy, leader of the militant Jewish Defense Organization, who warned that if "one Jew is touched by the Farrakhan-led Black Nazi of the Nation of Islam there will be serious reprisals. No Jew must allow the black-skinned storm troopers to make a pogrom."

On August 5, Giuliani fought back in kind, branding the event a "hate march" and Khallid a "hatemonger." With both sides holding firm, the issue ended up in the courtroom of Judge Lewis Kaplan, who ruled last Wednesday that the city's refusal to grant a permit was unconstitutional. With Khallid by his side, Shabazz crowed that the city's blacks had won a crucial victory over "Adolph Giuliani."

A GRANDSTANDING EX-CON who has survived an attempt on his life by a fallen Black Muslim and death threats from white extremists, Khallid Muhammad has styled himself a "truth terrorist." His violently racist, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, and anti-gay vitriol has played to an inner-city audience of disaffected, jobless youth, gang members, and Afrocentrists.

At a time when there appears to be a black-leadership vacuum, Khallid's rise has put mainstream blacks in a vexing position: Privately, they disdain much of his message, but publicly they often hold their tongues for fear of alienating his growing constituency. Khallid learned his political tactics from Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan, whom he served as national spokesman from 1991 to 1994. But Farrakhan eventually expelled

quarterback, he is a fastidious dresser, given to curious moments of vanity. He refuses, for example, to divulge his exact age, saying only that he is "somewhere in my forties." His head is a cue ball perpetually brilliantined with baby oil and buffed to a shoe-shine gloss. On the day we met, the Ray Ban sunglasses, black SWAT-team uniform, and combat boots he'd recently donned for his televised showdown with the Ku Klux Klan in Jasper, Texas, were gone—replaced by gold crocodile-skin shoes and a matching \$2,000 single-breasted, custom-tailored suit that made him look more Edwardian than Mac Daddy.

But Khallid insists he is "no GQ revolutionary." It's just that "brothers and sisters around the country got tired of seeing me wearing the same old shoes and jackets and suits." Khallid says the gifts poured in at a time when "I kept on trying to survive. I was down. Bookings for my lectures were down, plans for a CD of my speeches and raps fell through. Allies stopped working with me for one reason or another. So people who love me began sending things. Alligator shoes, Rolex watches, and suits and stuff. No money, just nice things."

Khallid has no office. Instead, he has been conducting business out of the trunk of his \$140,000 ocean-blue Rolls-Royce. An unabashed materialist ("The Honorable Elijah Muhammad says that the black man . . . should have the best of everything"), he uses a second Rolls, a 1954 Classic, to cruise the city. He says he derives the lion's share of his income from speaking engagements at campuses like Brown University and Spelman College, where he reportedly commands up to \$10,000 a speech. For the past three years, workers have been painstakingly refurbishing the landmark nineteenth-century brownstone he purchased on Harlem's historic Strivers' Row. The house, which he estimates will be worth \$1 million when it is completed, has five bedrooms, six bathrooms, and a private master-bedroom suite that overlooks a rear yard where horse car-

Khallid threatened to lead his troops to Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway, home to 10,000

Orthodox Jews. "We wanted to scare all the yarmulkes and rabbis to death," he says.

was fatally stabbed by 17-year-old Lemrick Nelson.

Given the lingering bitterness, Khallid's venomous diatribes were the equivalent of throwing acid on a burn. "We wanted to take this right to the area that had slapped us in the face by killing our little baby, Gavin Cato," he told me. "We would love to have had this march on Malcolm X Boulevard. But we would equally love to take a million black people to Eastern

Khallid because his "vile" rhetoric proved too much for even the minister to tolerate. Today, by co-opting the radical wing of the Nation of Islam, Khallid has become a threat to the minister's power. His supporters view him as a reincarnation of Malcolm X, expressing their rage in ways that traditional black leaders cannot.

The details of his private life belie his carefully crafted image as a pious roughneck. A six-foot-tall former high-school

riages once parked. Khallid has selected Kente cloth and other African fabrics for the curtains, drapes, and upholstery; sculptures and paintings by African-American artists will adorn each room.

C. Virginia Fields, Manhattan's borough president, recently bought a house across the street. In recent years, a procession of whites have moved in as well. "They need to remember," Khallid growls, "we got there first."

KHALLID ABDUL MUHAMMAD was born Harold Moore Jr. in Houston sometime in the late forties. When he was 2 years old, his teenage mother, Lottie, moved to Livingston, Texas, and left young Harold in the care of an aunt, Carey Vann, who eventually legally adopted him. He grew up with Vann in a tiny house in downtown Houston that abutted the interstate, and while he maintained contact with his biological parents, Khallid grows emotional when he talks about his "second mother." "My mama Carey took in sewing, sacrificed for me, nurtured me, and nourished me," he says. "I never saw her with another man but my uncle." Both his father and his uncle were alcoholics, he says, "but they were very good people."

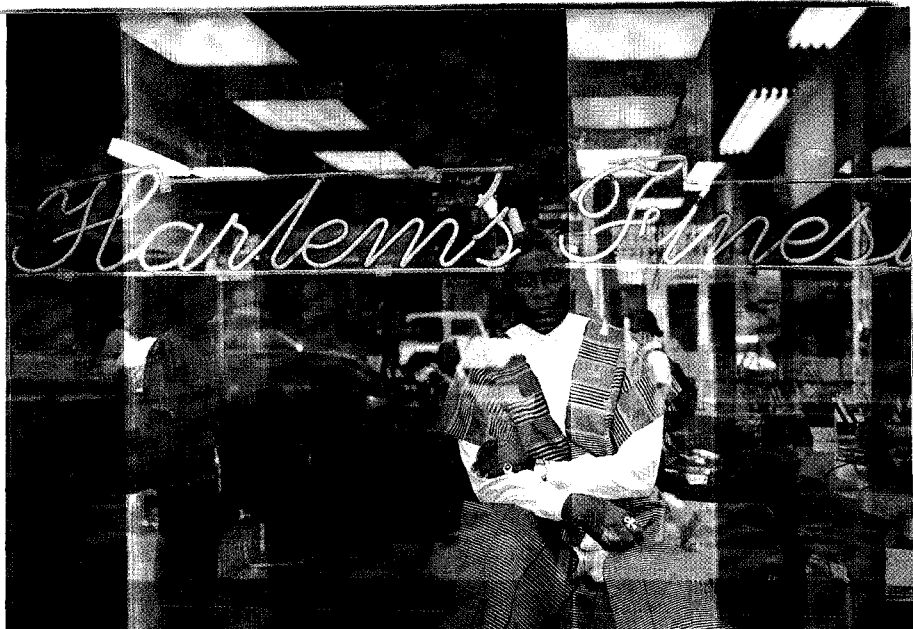
Harold grew up in a segregated society that mandated separate drinking fountains and rest rooms for blacks and whites. His devoutly religious aunt taught him that God created all the races and didn't favor one over the other. Early on, Harold wanted to become a preacher. "I used to stand on the porch on a box and use the banister as my pulpit and preach to the cars passing by," he recalls.

A gifted student, he attended a segregated high school, where he was quarterback on the football team, a champion debater, and an active member of the school's drama organization.

In the late sixties, he spent four years at New Orleans's Dillard University, though he never graduated, and also spent a summer at Harvard, where he studied urban politics and urban sociology. "In a week's time, I developed a Bostonian accent," he would later tell an interviewer about his Ivy League experience. "I felt that we were the cream of the crop." But he was increasingly affected by the growing black-power movement then taking root in the nation's urban centers. "I was really impressed with the brothers and sisters with their dashikis and their big, big Afros on their heads and their little babies."

Those images had a profound impact on Harold. Around the same time, he read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* and became obsessed with the activist. "I went to the barber shop where Malcolm used to get his hair cut. I talked with men and women who knew him, and went to their homes. I wanted to trace the footsteps of Malcolm and understand his upbringing as much as I could. It was in that lily-white environment at Harvard that I really turned black."

Around this time, Harold became enamored of a radical campus group called the Ten Blacks, which espoused black separatism and further calcified his own increasingly extreme views. "I had never seen black people so tough in my life," he



DEMOLITION MAN: Muhammad at a shop on Malcolm X Boulevard. Congressman Charles Rangel complained that his grandstanding would spark a violent showdown.

says now. "The Ten Blacks would have these weekly meetings and white folks would come in from different corporations, and the black folks would beat the heck out of them. But the white folks kept writing them big checks and left all kinds of donations." Khallid admits that throughout his life, white people and even Jews have offered to help him achieve his goals or finance his movement, but he could not bring himself to associate with "the devil. I believe with all my heart that the government killed my heroes, and the government is representative of white folks and Jews. I have to hate all of them."

IN 1967 HE WAS INTRODUCED TO LOUIS FARRAKHAN, whom he still considers the most profound influence on his life. When they met, Khallid was attending Dillard, while Farrakhan had recently become national spokesman for Elijah Muhammad. "I was a student leader on the campus, so I picked him up at the airport," Khallid recalls. "I got to ride with him and talk with him. I had on my long Nigerian dashiki and a big Malcolm X medallion around my neck that must have weighed a pound or two, with Malcolm's picture etched into one side and BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY on the other.

"My Afro was touching the roof of the car. And I didn't really do too much bathing at that time, because I was rebelling against everything. I didn't want to use the honkie's soap. I didn't want to use the honkie's deodorant. I didn't want to use *nothing* from the honkie. So my dashiki, you could lay it down in one corner and it would walk to the other side of the room by itself. And this is the kind of savage that Minister Louis Farrakhan came into contact with."

Farrakhan's lecture was one Khallid

would never forget: "He was so gentle, so kind and full of wisdom. And he told me, 'Brother, one day you're going to help resurrect our people.' But while Khallid was impressed with Farrakhan, he remained distrustful of the Nation, whom he blamed for the murder of Malcolm X.

Curious, Khallid started attending Nation of Islam meetings in New Orleans. "There was always a question-and-answer period in those days, and I would go to the meetings and argue with the ministers," he remembers. "I'd go with my posse, and we would challenge the minister.

"At that point, I was very close to the Black Panther Party and always wore my black beret and leather jacket. So I insisted on wearing my beret into the mosque and the lieutenants weren't going for that, so they escorted me firmly to the door. I was banned from the mosque for a short while. Ultimately, the minister there said, 'Aw, let him come back.' But I came back fighting harder than before."

After a while, Khallid began to be impressed by the doctrine of self-control and self-reliance preached by the Black Muslims. During one meeting at the mosque, he even found himself applauding. "I was almost frightened by that," he says now. "I knew that they had me. That night, I stood up and accepted Allah." The next time Farrakhan saw Harold Moore Vann, he had adopted the name Malik Rasha-deen and had traded in his beret and leather jacket for the starched suit and bow tie of the Fruit of Islam.

BY 1985, KHALLID HAD BECOME FARRAKHAN's most trusted adviser. The name the minister gave his new deputy, Khallid, means "warrior." When he had ascended to the top position in the Nation of Islam, Farrakhan had faced a series of death

threats. Khallid, who carried a .38 in a hollowed-out Bible, soon became Farrakhan's personal bodyguard and the Nation's minister of defense. He accompanied Farrakhan on fund-raising trips to Libya, where he became well acquainted with Muammar el-Qaddafi. Farrakhan also appointed him to deliver a speech on his behalf at the United Nations (which Khallid would later derisively refer to as the "Jew-nited" Nations).

During his off-hours, Khallid cut a wide swath through upper Manhattan, clad head-to-toe in Versace and doused in African oils, Polo Sport, and Calvin Klein's Obsession. He was seen escorting a procession of beautiful black women, "sister-friends," including models and actresses. Though he refuses to talk about his personal life, friends say that during this time,

for betraying the trust he had earned among followers of the Nation of Islam. Incensed over the incident, Farrakhan sent a letter to the judge saying Khallid would not be allowed to continue teaching within the ministry. But three years later, Khallid was back, heading up a mosque in Los Angeles. Not everyone was happy to see him return.

From his first day back, recalls Khallid, "there was murmuring around the Nation that I would be the next 'hypocrite' after Malcolm X. Those murmurings were fanned by Jabril Muhammad, a Nation elder and spiritual adviser to Farrakhan.

"Whatever Jabril said was gospel," says Khallid. "He started saying that he saw me as the next Malcolm—but not in a positive sense. He felt that I would defect and turn on Minister Farrakhan the way

ferred to Jews as "bloodsuckers" who "deserved Hitler," called for the genocide of white people, and demeaned both Pope John Paul II and homosexuals.

Though he claimed his aide had spoken some truths, Farrakhan denounced Khallid's "vile" rhetoric and expelled him from the Nation hierarchy.

Then, on May 29, 1994, four months after Khallid's demotion, and moments after he'd delivered a speech at the University of California, Riverside, James Edward Bess, a former minister in the Nation of Islam, shot Khallid and three others. Bess was beaten by a crowd before police dragged him away. Khallid's son Farrakhan, then 9, saw the shooting and began screaming, "They shot my daddy . . . Kill that bastard." Khallid, who suffered a serious wound to his leg, spent three months in an L.A. hospital. When he got out, he took refuge in a luxury co-op in Cliffside, New Jersey, called Briarcliff, which featured tennis courts, a health club, and an Olympic-size swimming pool. His neighbors in the building were virtually all upper-middle-class white professionals, and 50 percent were Jewish. "We don't have any trouble out of him," a Briarcliff doorman told the *Daily News* that year. "He's quiet, and he doesn't bother anyone."

In public, however, Khallid was far from quiet; in fact, when he emerged from seclusion in 1995, he had become even more incendiary. He found a natural constituency among gangsta rappers whom he had courted while in the Nation of Islam. Khallid was invited to perform at concerts with NOI-associated groups like Kool-Aid and Rapp Operaman, and even rapped on albums by Public Enemy and Ice Cube, developing a following among their hard-core fans. He also be-



During off-hours, Khallid cut a wide swath through upper Manhattan, clad head-to-toe in Versace and doused in African oils, Polo Sport, and Calvin Klein's Obsession.

Khallid, who has twice married and divorced, fathered two sons by two different women. His older son, Khalfani, now 19, is in college. The younger, a 13-year-old named Farrakhan, frequently accompanies his father on his trips around the nation.

In February 1988, Khallid's standing in the Nation suffered a devastating blow when he was sentenced to three years in federal prison for using a false Social Security number to secure a \$175,000 home-mortgage loan in Atlanta. Evidence also showed he submitted doctored tax returns to the mortgage broker.

At his sentencing, U.S. District Judge J. Owen Forrester admonished Khallid

Malcolm had turned on the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. Maybe he really believed that; I'm not sure. But Jabril considered himself a prophet, and when he made his prophecy, it stuck to me like glue. No matter *what* I did, it was whispered that I was going to turn on the minister." As Farrakhan tried to move the Nation more mainstream, Khallid's vitriol began to seem anachronistic. His comments about hook-nosed Jewish bloodsuckers and white devils started to embarrass Farrakhan, who repeatedly warned his disciple against going too far. Khallid's notorious 1993 speech at Kean College proved the last straw. Khallid re-

came a familiar presence in South Central L.A., where he was called upon to mediate between warring gangs, urging them to organize themselves into a united army against white oppression.

"My greatest appeal is among the grassroots, the hard-core, the roughnecks, the gangsta-rap culture," says Khallid. "It's my automatic weapon; it satisfies my soul. I don't just say things like 'Kill the enemy'; I honestly wanna *kill the enemy*. I want us to wage war against this bastard and I'm frustrated. I cried many times, hurt."

That's why, Khallid says, he understands Long Island Rail Road mass murderer Colin Ferguson. "I mean, goddamn

it, we're *supposed* to have at least one Colin Ferguson. I would be embarrassed if we couldn't point to one Colin Ferguson that decided one day to catch some train or walk in some place and just kill every goddamn cracker that he saw."

A year after he was expelled from the Nation, Khallid enlisted in the New Black Panther Party, a Dallas-based faction of the original Black Panthers that advocates armed resistance against the police and other self-defense tactics against racism. As a former minister of defense in the Nation of Islam—whose duties involved training the elite military guard known as the Fruit of Islam—Khallid soon had wrangled his way to a leadership role in the group. Last June, he renamed his ragtag, shotgun-toting militia the New Black Panther Party and New Black Muslim Movement. The cadre claims about 500 members.

These days, he functions as a kind of mercenary, cropping up at the center of racial tempests nationwide. He has led the Panthers on "show-of-force missions" throughout the South to protest the firebombings of black churches. In June, Khallid and his New Black Panthers arrived in Jasper, the East Texas town where a black man had been shackled to the bumper of a

ceptable to the Million Youth Movement, this more than likely is not the case in New York," Farrakhan wrote. "Therefore, I would advise the organizers of the march in New York to make sure that you have dotted all the legal I's and crossed all the legal T's for you do not wish to give Mayor Giuliani and some of the racist New York City police an opportunity to exercise their hatred against our youth."

Nationwide, black leaders seized on Farrakhan's Atlanta rally as a less militant alternative to Khallid's. In New York, leading business, civic, and political leaders were so upset by Khallid's leadership of the march that they began calling people like State Senator David Paterson of Harlem, urging him to mount a challenge to the so-called race rally. Paterson rejected the idea. Now that task has been taken up by the organizers of the competing Million Youth Movement in Atlanta, who turned down several requests by Khallid to unite the marches.

Organized predominantly by civil-rights activists with strong ties to the Nation of Islam, the Atlanta rally is the prelude to a racially mixed youth conference planned by the NOI for 1999. Khallid's group has shunned the integrationist di-

dent C. Virginia Fields condemned Khallid's "deplorable rhetoric." State comptroller H. Carl McCall railed against "the negative leadership of the hurtful and hate-filled Khallid." Freshman city councilman Bill Perkins, a staunch Rangel ally, warned that Khallid's "use of anti-Semitic statements is irresponsible, inflammatory, and dangerous." Perkins's main complaint was that "the organizers were based in Brooklyn and were not working directly with community leaders and residents of Harlem."

March organizers fought back, warning politicians like Perkins in a letter that their voiced fears of violence would be an "invitation to Giuliani and the police to move on us. . . . The whole Black nation will hold you responsible." But the attacks on Khallid backfired. Suddenly parents and relatives of young blacks began bombarding the offices of black politicians with phone calls, charging that the virulent remarks had created an unsafe atmosphere for their children. Since the march was going to proceed anyway, the politicians should be thinking about ways to avert bloodshed. Black leaders reluctantly lined up behind the march, simultaneously trying

After he was shot, Khallid took refuge at a luxury co-op in New Jersey.

His neighbors were virtually all white professionals. Fifty percent were Jewish.

pickup truck and dragged by his ankles until an arm and his head were torn off. His 75 armed troops tensely faced off against a phalanx of local cops, FBI agents, and Texas Rangers, and eventually chased a dozen Ku Klux Klansmen out of town.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE GIULIANI ADMINISTRATION jumped on Khallid's demagoguery to justify its opposition to the march, questioning whether a person who "has engaged in the worst kind of rhetoric about Jews, about whites, about Catholics, about the pope . . . should be allowed to carry a banner leading a lot of children."

But Giuliani wasn't the only opponent Khallid faced. According to sources within the Nation, Farrakhan feared that the march would erupt in violence that would tar him as well as Khallid. Instead, the minister had been backing a group of Atlanta-based youth activists who planned a counter-rally in Atlanta around the same time as Khallid's march.

In the June 2 issue of *The Final Call*, the Nation of Islam's newspaper, Farrakhan warned Khallid that Allah would punish him severely if he channeled black youth discontent into violence. "While the mayor and city officials in Atlanta seem to be ac-

rection of the NOI and its allies and wants to keep the focus on young blacks. The Atlanta rally will span four days, September 4 to 7, and has won the endorsement of groups such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the AFL-CIO, and the Rainbow/Push Coalition, headed by the Reverend Jesse Jackson.

"It appears to be headed towards a test of wills," NAACP board chairman Julian Bond told the Associated Press. "Who will draw the biggest crowd? It may not reflect who is really reaching the young people, but we will all be looking if 10,000 show up at one march and 1 million show up at the other."

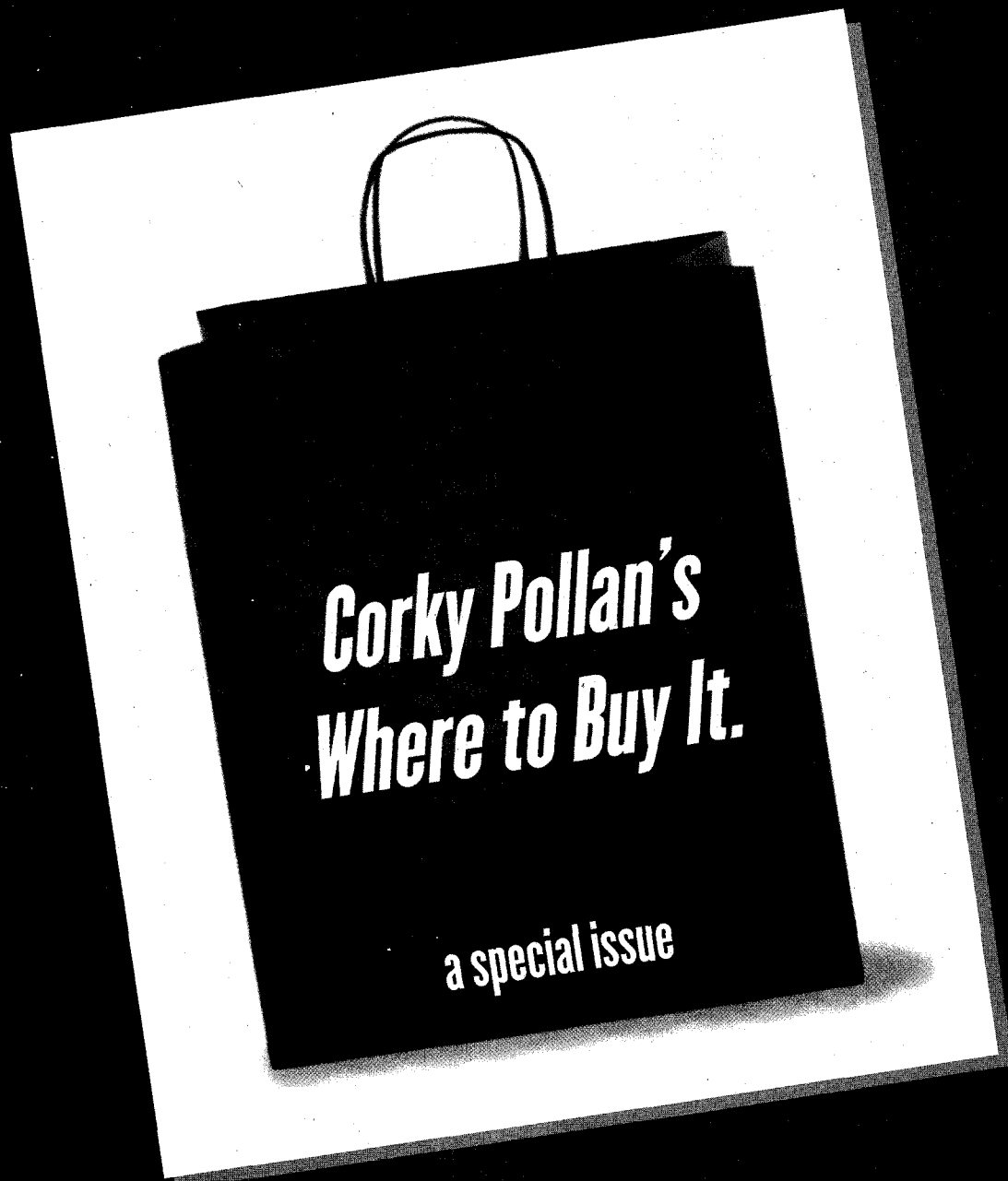
FROM THE START, KHALLID HAD put prominent black leaders in a peculiar dilemma, torn between their constituents on one side and their white supporters on the other. Congressman Charles Rangel, the community's most powerful Democrat, was the first black leader to attack Khallid, predicting that the activist would spark a violent showdown with police and disappear. Manhattan borough presi-

to separate themselves from Khallid's rhetorical excess.

As controversy raged over his leadership of the march, Khallid jetted off to West Africa, where he has been promoting the march for the past three weeks. In New York, there has been infighting over Khallid's role, with some on the organizing committee complaining that his rhetoric and reputation have overshadowed the march. Some prominent blacks complained that his confrontational style is threatening the safety of the marchers. "It is time to move the focus [of the march] beyond Khallid Muhammad," declared C. Virginia Fields. "We need the other organizers to come forward and take control of the message and the logistics of this event to find a [way that] a rally of this magnitude can be managed effectively, successfully, and peacefully."

WHILE THE GIULIANI ADMINISTRATION is appealing the federal ruling in support of the march, the police shooting last week of a black teenager who allegedly brandished a toy gun has given its organizers a new imperative. "If this case doesn't energize young people to march," says Al Sharpton, a cau- (continued on page 68)

**SHE KNOWS JUST WHAT YOU WANT.
AND SHE'S GONNA' TELL YOU WHERE TO GET IT.**



NEW YORK

issue date: 9/28

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ad close: 9/7

bed, bath & way beyond

The Dow may be dragging, but boutique hotels are booming. And getting bigger. A lot bigger. Will guests who don't wear Helmut Lang or chain-smoke Gitanes appreciate all these cool-looking new rooms? Sweet dreams are made of this.

by alex williams

mean, these vases are \$25. Retail. And these little vases are \$59 for five," says Barry Sternlicht, chairman and CEO of Starwood Hotels and Resorts. He's leafing through a stack of glossy pages torn from various catalogues. "I just rip things out all the time and send them to our group and say, 'How about this? How about that?' Once the theme is set, it gets reproduced in critical mass. And I'd rather not make 10,000 replicas of something we don't like." ■ Sternlicht is gambling a reputation he's just barely acquired on the right vase. On the right bedside table. And on the right shower head. His fleet of design-intensive, coolly urban, chicly minimalist boutique hotels—called "W" in the chicly minimalist manner—will live or die in the details. W New York, the 760-room flagship slated to open in early November, is already under furious construction inside the cramped, aging Doral Inn on Lexington Avenue at 50th Street. Ten W hotels will kick off in cities such as New York, Los Angeles, Denver, Seattle, Boston, and San Francisco. In the long term, Europe and the rest of the free world have been targeted.

photograph by david barry

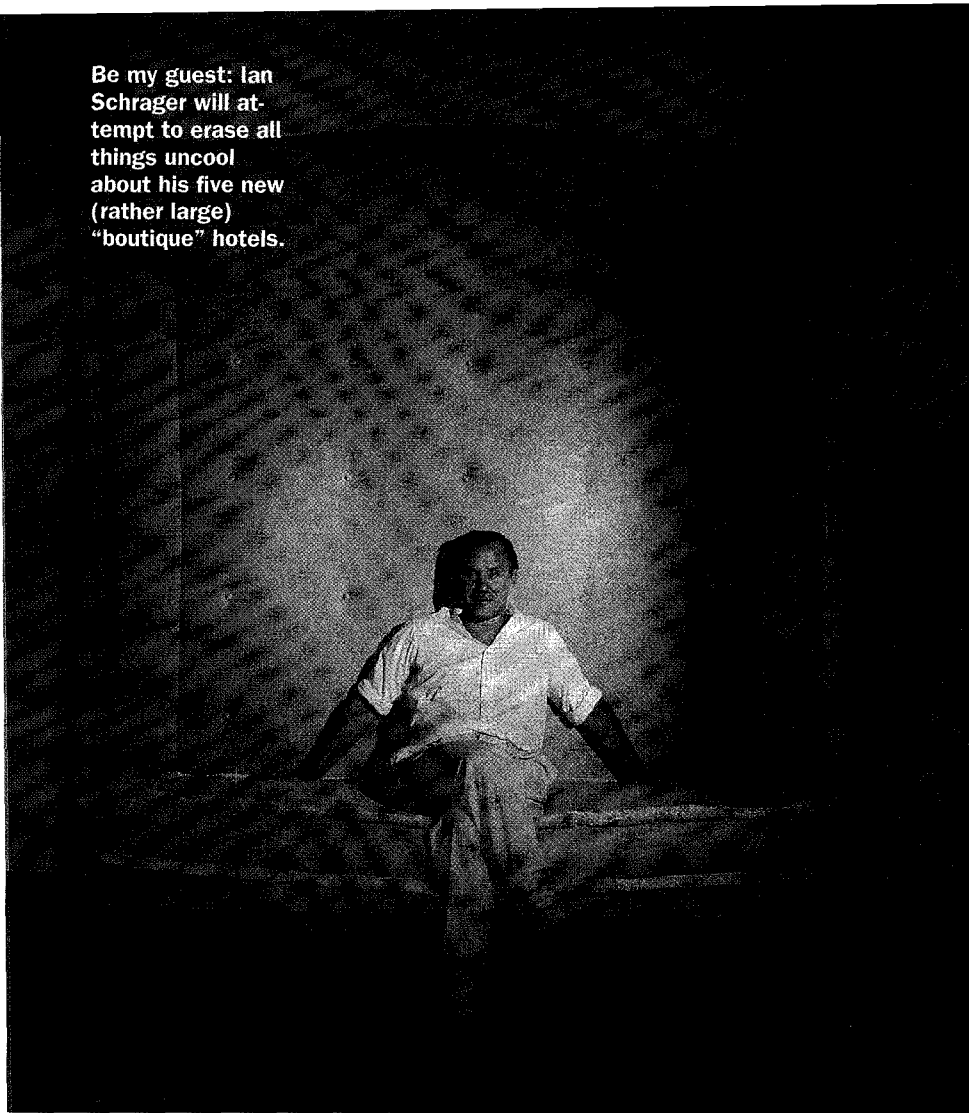


The suite smell of success? W New York is being brought to you by Starwood, the same people who own Westin and Sheraton. Clockwise from right, Starwood CEO Barry Sternlicht, nightlife impresario Rande Gerber, architect David Rockwell, and restaurateur Drew Nieporent have all jumped into bed together.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Be my guest: Ian Schrager will attempt to erase all things uncool about his five new (rather large) "boutique" hotels.



"The term *boutique* is unrelated to size," says Schrager, who now owns the 1,100-room Henry Hudson. "It just means you have a specific point of view."

W New York represents the first attempt to chainify the boutique hotel as perfected in eighties Manhattan (and nineties Los Angeles and Miami) by Ian Schrager. Sternlicht is betting \$100 million that yuppie tastes have at last reached critical mass, that the old *faux-luxe* Marriott aesthetic is giving way to a pared-down high style and a substantial number of ordinary business travelers will be willing to pay a premium for it. "The problem with most hotels is that they give you too much of everything," Sternlicht says, racing through the words. "This is 'less is more.' And what's less is memorable. It's really going to be different."

In Steinbrenner fashion, Sternlicht has opened his checkbook to sign the city's most eligible free agents. Reinventing the hotel room is David Rockwell, the archi-

tect whose smirky fantabulism has immunized the All Star Cafe, swank restaurants like Monkey Bar and Nobu, and the soon-to-be-remodeled Radio City Music Hall against dreariness. Drew Nieporent from TriBeCa's Nobu and Montrachet is cooking up a new restaurant. And Rande Gerber, Cindy Crawford's new husband and the impresario behind the Whiskey Bar in New York and Skybar in Los Angeles, will be the W's night watchman, with another Whiskey Bar in the lobby. It's a boldface Dream Team, as close as you can come to taking out an insurance policy in buzz.

"The idea is, you gotta be in *our* bar, you gotta eat in *our* restaurant, you wanna be seen in *our* lobby," Sternlicht says. "You want to work out in *our* health club, you want to go to the roof and get a tan

and sleep in your room in an incredibly comfortable bed, and the size of the room is not *that* critical."

The W will have Sternlicht's fingerprints all over it, right down to the shape of the wastebaskets. "Staying at this hotel will say something about the guest," says Sternlicht. "The hotel will have an image in the city."

He's counting on it. Because it looks like W New York is going to have a lot of company.

"IT'S NOTHING LIKE THE EARLY NINETIES, when you could roll bowling balls down the hallways of the hotels in the city without hitting anybody," says Joseph Spinnato, president of the Hotel Association of New York City. Hotels are as cyclical an industry as steel, and as an economic indicator, any city's general occupancy rate is a canary in a coal mine, a quick-glance measure of its economic health.

Six years ago, the bird was barely breathing. "Tourists were afraid to come to New York," says Spinnato, "and businesses were replacing a four-day visit to New York with a two-hour phone call."

The hotel business was the last real-estate sector to bounce back from the nasty recession of the early nineties. But thanks to a spectacular Dow-financed double boom in both business and tourist traffic, occupancy rates are well over 80 percent, a 30-year peak. For the first seven months of 1998, the average daily price of a room was up nearly 12 percent over the same period last year. Already the highest in the country, it broke through the once-unimaginable \$200-per-night barrier this past year. Still, from Monday through Friday, the hotels of the city are essentially full, and luxury hotels like the Pierre, the Four Seasons, and Starwood's St. Regis have no problem filling rooms at \$500 or \$600 a night.

At least fifteen new hotels, and perhaps 10,000 new hotel rooms, will be coming on line in the next few years, bringing Manhattan's total to more than 65,000. As many as 30 hotels, says one industry analyst, are now enjoying some level of discussion or are in the development stage. Porn-free Times Square—suddenly New York's own vertical Orlando—will see at least four major hotel openings in the coming years, including a 50-story Planet Hollywood tower. The plans finally approved for the very prime Coliseum site on Columbus Circle, snagged by Time Warner for its headquarters, include the 425-room Mandarin Oriental Hotel. Even Brooklyn just had its first hotel open in 68 years, the New York Marriott Brooklyn near the MetroTech complex.

Business is so good that hoteliers are sometimes outbidding deep-pocketed condo developers. The St. Moritz on Central Park South closed last April and was all

set to become another glass-and-bronze Trump condopex when Ian Schrager's hotel group flew a \$185 million bid in front of its owner, FAI Insurance of Australia, and bagged the property.

Not to be outdone, Trump—who sold the Plaza when hard times struck in 1995 but recently opened Trump International on Columbus Circle—is now talking about a Battery Park City hotel. Emanuel Stern, son of Leonard and president of the Hartz Mountain empire, wants to follow up his year-old SoHo Grand hotel with a TriBeCa Grand.

"Demand for hotel rooms is so strong in Manhattan, it's filling rooms all the way out to the Meadowlands and Newark Airport. There is room for more rooms," says John Fox, a senior vice-president at PKF Consulting, which tracks the hotel industry. "At some point, there will be a downturn, but this time around, there are several things that bode well for the hoteliers. No. 1, hotels are not nearly as highly leveraged as they used to be."

In the early nineties, says Fox, coming off that eighties boom, many hotels had debt on them that was as much as 80 or 90 percent of their value. Now they have around 60 percent. "So there's room for a drop in value before the property's really in trouble," Fox continues. "No. 2, there's much more public ownership of hotels today than there was then, through various vehicles like REITs. It's not one individual investor who has all his money tied up and then has to sell out in a downturn. Public ownership diffuses the risk."

Another aspect of the market that's different today is that hoteliers tend to be renovating, not spending a lot more to build new properties. "What you're seeing is demand being met in renovation of older properties," says Fran Reiter, the former deputy mayor who now heads the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, "because that what's giving hoteliers right now the best return on investment."

WHICH IS WHY EVERYBODY, it seems, is trying to open a boutique hotel these days. With megalomaniacs like Starwood signing up the biggest guns in coolbiz, nailing a prime location, and banging out an impressive room count, the boutique hotel is growing up in a hurry.

Ian Schrager, of course, won't be left behind. Scheduled to open in 2000, the St. Moritz will be the most ambitious boutique ever, a 684-room, five-star, Philippe Starck-imagined flip of the bird to the haughty Plaza down the street.

Schrager's new McAlpin on Herald Square, at 700 rooms, is even more of a leviathan. The idea there is quite different:

to provide a boutique pied-à-terre, a "European-Asian-style apartment-hotel" for German film students who want to stay a month, actors from L.A. who want to stay three weeks. Each room will have a kitchen. He's also busy Schragerizing his newly acquired Barbizon (400 rooms), Empire (400 rooms), and Henry Hudson (1,100 rooms).

"The term *boutique* is unrelated to size," says Schrager, whose former partner Steve Rubell coined the phrase when they opened their first such hotel, Morgans, in 1982. "It just means you have a specific point of view. You have something specific to say."

Take the chic new Mercer Hotel in SoHo. Six years in the making, the Mercer has been filigreed with a mod trans-species sensibility by Parisian interior designer Christian Liaigre, recruited by hotelier André Balazs as a sort of Philippe Starck analogue. Following in Balazs's tracks is Tony Goldman, a seasoned SoHo developer who's done the boutique thing already in South Beach and just got approval to open a 100-room "loft-tel" on Greene Street. The Cipriani family is also swan-diving into the fray, with its upscale, Eurocentric boutique at 55 Wall Street.

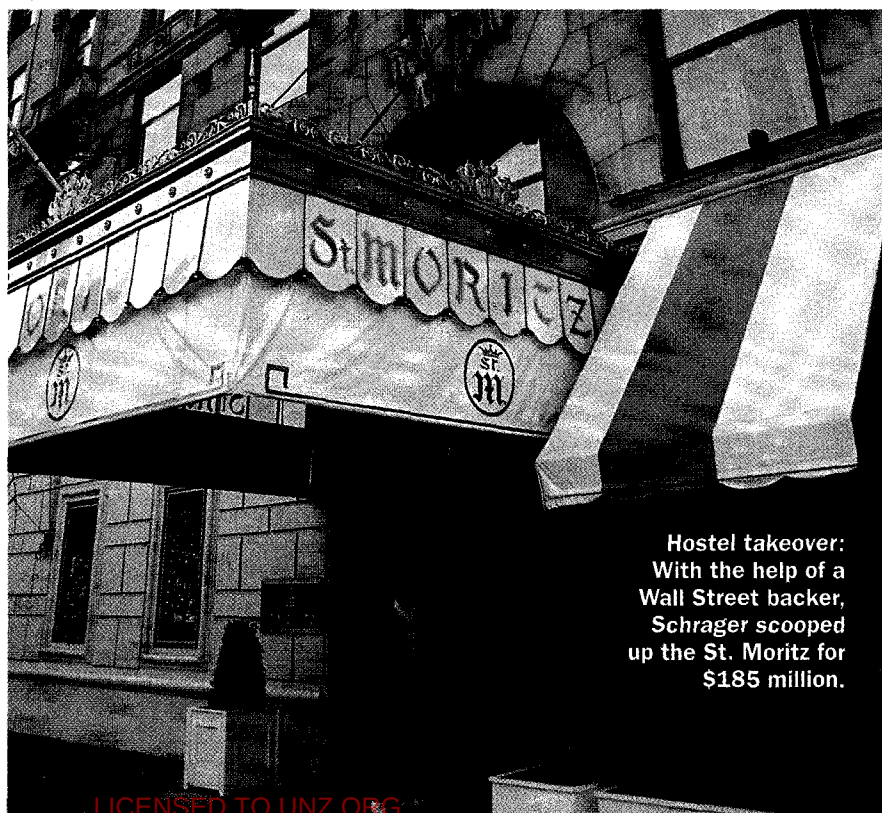
Henry Kallen, owner of the Moroccan-themed "luxury boutique" Casablanca Hotel in Times Square, recently demolished two tenements at Park Avenue South and 26th Street to build a 73-room boutique that will feature a snazzy restaurant operated by Steve Tzolis of Aureole, Periyali, and Bar Six. Kallen's also doing a 60-room "library-themed" luxury boutique not far from the main branch of the public library, at 41st and Madison.

Schrager's cousin, developer Guy Ja-

cobson, is currently converting the Hotel Regina, the small, formerly drug-tainted SRO on 13th Street that served as Iris's hot-sheet home base in *Taxi Driver*. It will be a cheap Euro-youth hostel—an East Village Paramount. At Madison and 32nd Street, Korean developer Joong Gab Kwon has opened the boutiquey Avalon, though he's backed away from his spa plans there. Even the Fitzpatrick Family Group, the Irish owner of the humble 92-room Fitzpatrick on Lexington Avenue, is getting more in touch with its Common Market soul, positioning that hotel and its new, 155-room cousin, the Fitzpatrick Grand Central, as "boutiques" with "European ambience." (So what if the new canopy beds made up with lacy linens are more inn than "in"?)

Should Schrager feel a bit squeezed by all these imitators, not to worry. Business associates past and present are gunning for him, too. In 1990, Brian McNally's restaurant '44' blasted Schrager's Royalton hotel into the see-and-be-seen stratosphere. McNally, who briefly ran the Blue Door restaurant at the Delano in Miami before fighting with Schrager, has teamed up with Philip Pilevsky—Schrager's original money partner—on two projects: a luxury 180-room hotel in the historic former Astor Place Opera House (London architect David Chipperfield, the designer of the new Berlin Museum, has been drafted to do its lobby) and a 170-room hotel in the landmarked, Gothic-style American Radiator building overlooking Bryant Park.

Then there's real-estate lawyer Bernard Goldberg, whose Gotham Hospitality Group has long been the sturdy Volkswagen to Schrager's Mercedes. He recently sold his five original bou-



Hostel takeover:
With the help of a Wall Street backer, Schrager scooped up the St. Moritz for \$185 million.

tiques—the Hotel Wales, the Franklin, the Shoreham, the Mansfield, and the Roger Williams—plus an office building to Credit Suisse First Boston for \$150 million so he could then bid on a huge property. “I’m going to take whatever talents I have and show that it is possible to create a boutique out of a mammoth hotel,” says Goldberg, who talked last year of turning the Chrysler Building into a “boutique” hotel.

But it is Starwood—owner of the Westin and Sheraton chains, and New York’s St. Regis—that’s going the farthest to make hip hotel rooms safe for the bourgeoisie. Any why not? “When I was young—er,” Barry Sternlicht says, “and I didn’t have any money, I’d often stay in the Paramount, because it was really, really cheap. And it was cool for cheap. But W is more mass-market, for sure, than Philippe Starck. This will be a real interesting test for all of us, including Ian.”

Schrager’s not surprised to see that a crowd is forming. After all, his Wall Street-backed Ian Schrager Hotels boasts gaudy 40 percent profit margins, and he’s recently expanded to London and Paris.

He shrugs.

“I don’t have a lock on this,” Schrager says. “I’m fortunate that I had it to myself for fourteen years.”

IF YOU TRIED TO DESCRIBE STARWOOD at a cocktail party, you’d clear the room (“It’s called a ‘paired-share REIT’—very rare. They get these special tax advantages . . .”). You’d have an even harder time explaining to those who stuck around how, under the guidance of a puckish 38-year-old, a nearly bankrupt organization came out of nowhere—well, Phoenix—to become the hotel industry’s biggest player, an \$18 billion hydra that swallowed Westin, Caesars Palace, and Sheraton whole. Its ticker symbol on the New York Stock Exchange is HOT. And it has tended to live up to the billing.

For Sternlicht, the W chain represents one of those rare opportunities when a chief executive gets to create a new brand of hip and be, for a moment, a maverick, a Phil Knight or Richard Branson. The concept first began to take shape right after Starwood bought Westin Hotels & Resorts Worldwide for \$1.5 billion in January. At the time, Westin was Starwood’s marquee asset, and it seemed that a chain of boutiques might make a profitable sister venture.

Starwood’s generic black glass building is in a generic industrial park in White Plains overlooking a canopy of sycamores and pines. You can still make out the outline of the steel letters that once spelled out TAMBRANDS on a blank cement cube outside. Inside, it’s not much warmer

among the *faux*-Remington bronze statues and Chinese vases routinely planted in the hallways of moguldom. It’s a vibe that only changes when you enter Sternlicht’s office. And it *does* change.

Sternlicht has penciled me in for just 30 minutes, a cup of coffee in the best of scenarios, even if I stretch it to 45. Luckily, 45 minutes in Barrytime is several hours in anyone else’s. The ideas tumble forth in his boyish staccato. Often, he can barely finish an idea before moving on to the next.

“I suppose if I had sat down to do a three-year business plan in 1995—which I didn’t do—I would not have said, ‘In three years, we’ll be a \$20 billion company and be one of the world’s largest hotel and gaming companies. That would have been a really silly business plan.’” He laughs, sincerely—uncontrollably—for several seconds. Barry Sternlicht is having fun. He’s not faking this. Any of it. But as he speaks, I’m not thinking of a young Baron Hilton, or Harry Helmsley. I’m thinking Mozart. As in the giddy man-child portrayed by Tom Hulse in *Amadeus*.

Sternlicht has the face of the frat-house

that’s not a demand. He admits only to a “very significant position” in the company.

Sternlicht’s curriculum vitae is as fusty as a Brooks Brothers serge suit. After graduating from Brown in 1982 with a degree in “Law and Society,” he networked through Harvard Business School and then secured the inevitable analyst job at First Boston in New York. But his days as an anonymous, harried young number-cruncher would not last long. By the time he was 28, he had already made his name as a brash deal-maker at JMB Realty in Chicago. Then a gutsy recommendation to buy a British real-estate company called Randsworth Trust PLC blew up when the international real-estate market skidded in 1989. Randsworth ultimately hemorrhaged \$425 million (“The mere mention of the word *Randsworth* sends Barry off a cliff,” says one employee). Sternlicht, who has insisted he was the fall guy on Randsworth, left JMB shortly thereafter.

Soon enough, Sternlicht teamed up with Daniel Stern, an old friend he had met on a beach during college. (Stern, who was the Burden family’s money man-

Can corporate America pull off a funky hotel? “You can’t expect taste level to be made from the fortieth floor,” says SoHo developer Tony Goldman.

prankster with bright blue eyes and a rubbery smile who’d pull you out of bed for a 2:30 A.M. beer run. For years, he carried a cloth satchel to high-powered business meetings. One executive referred to him in the *Wall Street Journal* as “the kid with the backpack.”

Sternlicht, who lives in a sprawling Georgian estate in Greenwich with his wife, Mimi, and three kids, takes a call from a friend who’s helping to get him into a local country club. Far from acting abashed, Sternlicht takes the eager tone of a kid trying to wrangle a Yankees ticket. He wears a golden-brown Italian-cut suit and wildly swings a child’s pink foam baseball bat. At varying moments, he uses it as a wand, a pointer, or a scythe. Sternlicht is giggling into the telephone: “I got a reporter in my office who thinks I’m nuts—*This guy owns a big company?*” Sternlicht’s gestures are so big and broad, they seem borrowed from vaudeville.

“He’s the oldest young guy you’ll ever meet,” says his public-relations chief, Jim Gallagher, a bit of dread creeping into his voice as he looks over at Sternlicht, whose hair has been deal-stressed into a silver-tinged Ron Perelman tonsure. This year, it’s been reported that Sternlicht believes he deserves \$100 million in stock options on top of his \$1 million salary, though he says

ager, is now a Starwood trustee.) Sternlicht persuaded some deep-pocketed investors to back them in an investor group. One was JMB’s co-founder Neil Bluhm, who never lost faith in him. They would buy up wobbly, undervalued real estate around the country.

Starwood, named for the Colorado ski community where it was cobbled together—Sternlicht was sitting in a hot tub when he decided on the name—bought its first hotels in 1993. But Starwood’s big opportunity came in 1995, when it picked up a troubled Los Angeles company called Hotel Investors Trust. The allure was not just its dowdy Vagabond Inn brand. Hotel Investors happened to be a very unusual “real-estate-investors trust,” or REIT. Most REITs are passive investment vehicles that are to real estate what mutual funds are to stocks. But this one was basically two companies in one, a hotel-operating company “stapled” to a standard REIT that traded together as a single stock. Appropriating this structure, Starwood was allowed to operate hotels as well as own them, so Sternlicht didn’t have to hire an outside company to run these hotels, and thus saved on costs.

Starwood exploited its special status and through shrewd investments began to grow fat, its shares almost tripling in val-

ue over the past three years (although they've skidded 31 percent since last October's highs). In January 1998, Starwood purchased Westin. Two months later, it vacuumed up ITT/Sheraton, a company with seven times its revenues, outbidding Hilton with a whopping \$13.3 billion offer. The Basses and Ziffs are major investors in Starwood.

Last week, however, Starwood was forced to restructure into a more standard

Schultz of Starbucks," Sternlicht says. "He took coffee—an incredibly dead business, mature, declining sales. And built this huge company out of it through delivering, frankly, a very expensive product"—he laughs—"but in a great package. He grew a company and a niche where none existed before."

He pauses, then changes course again, leaning into his desk.

"I really don't want to be a *me-too*."

**The independent:
Tony Goldman wants
to open a 100-room
"loft-tel" on Greene
Street, competition
for the Mercer Hotel
and SoHo Grand.**

talked with people like John Pawson, who did the Calvin Klein store. He's a minimalist. He did Anouska Hempel's hotel in London. But we don't want people sleeping on stone." The laughter starts bubbling up. "We don't want to radically alter the concept of a hotel so we appeal to three people."

Eventually, Sternlicht recruited those he felt could better channel the masses, hiring executives away from some of the very companies he admires so profusely. One of them is Hillary Billings, a former design director at Pottery Barn whom Sternlicht hired a year ago to head Starwood's brand-design-and-development team, based in San Francisco.

"Pottery Barn, in the seven years I was with them, was absolutely explosive," Billings says. "There was a much bigger niche for people who wanted style in their world than we ever realized. The people buying Pottery Barn, buying Banana Republic, buying Aveda, are the same ones who are traveling all over the country. There is a lot of high style out there—in television, in fashion—but it's not being addressed in hotels."

Billings calls W a "designer hotel" chain, but naming the entire operation W will be seen, in the world of the hyper-fashionable, as a clear reference to John Fairchild's glossy, model-stuffed magazine of the same name.

"We obviously don't like it," says Fairchild editorial director Patrick McCarthy. "But right now, it's in the hands of our lawyers."

CANYON-RANCHIFY IT. THAT WAS THE DIRECTIVE Sternlicht gave David Rockwell, who this summer morning looks like he could use a deep-tissue massage. Rockwell is one of those design people whose aesthetic fastidiousness stops at their wardrobe: today, he's got on faded black jeans, a rumpled, baggy blue-gray shirt, and new, techie Nike cross-trainers.

"You look at standard hotel rooms, you wonder, '*How* did they get to look like that?'" he says, standing in W New York's temporary lobby, his eyes wide with disbelief as he rakes his hand through a mop of black hair. "It's like there are catalogues of Ugly Hotel Stuff somewhere."

In front of him sits a scale model of the future W hotel. The balsa construction can't quite communicate the embroidered silk billowing the length of the columns in the lobby, the bleached maple of the staircases, or the subtle, golden glow from lights hidden near the windows and in the ceiling—effects appropriated from Rockwell's days as a theater-lighting designer.

"The basic notion we all developed together with Barry was *hotel-as-retreat*, or *hotel-as-oasis*," Rockwell says. "As you

corporation with the REIT as a subsidiary, following a recent Congressional bill that barred "paired share" status. The company claims to be unfazed, insisting that its strength has always lain in its assets, not in its corporate structure.

Despite his sudden clout in the *Fortune* 500 realm, Sternlicht clings to his anti-wing-tip sensibilities. He and his wife, a former ad executive, enjoy the ballet, and Sternlicht, a self-described "frustrated artist," still draws and paints Norman Rockwellish portraits in his rare off-hours.

But the W hotels represent a chance to paint outside the lines for a change. "One of my *major* heroes is Howard

STERNLICHT HAS CHOSEN A precarious moment to step outside the box. The Dow has tumbled more than 1,000 points since it cracked 9,300 in mid-summer, and bears are lumbering around the lobby.

Sternlicht's underlying assumption is that middle-class consumers have proven they're willing to pay for a dollop of style in functional, everyday products: We *prefer* Paul Mitchell shampoo in the shower, Calvin Klein briefs in the bureau, and Ralph Lauren paint on the walls.

At first, he looked at designers for the hotels who'd already made the rounds: "I



Chains addiction: Barry Sternlicht's company, Starwood, swallowed up Westin and Sheraton. Next on his agenda? Building a string of boutique hotels.

Sternlicht wonders how far to tiptoe toward the edge. "Ian delivers triple-X-rated movies to his rooms. Is that something we should be doing?" he muses.

move through the property, you're progressively moving into more womblike spaces." The construction drones on next door, but Rockwell's design-speak is as reassuring as aromatherapy. The workers are expanding the lobby from a cramped one-story space into a glassy two-story atrium. Here there will be a multitiered series of cozy nooks—a juice bar, slipcovered sofas, game tables, fireplaces. Rockwell thinks of the hotel's public space as "a living room for Lexington Avenue."

But the aesthetic cues come from spas, and nature nests seemingly in every corner. The wooden trellis running along 49th Street, with light filtering through, is an "abstraction of a forest." The beige-and-white stone wall separating the lobby from the restaurant is "an abstraction of a canyon wall." The gently curving wall behind the check-in desk is "an abstraction of a river." ("Well, a loose abstraction," Rockwell admits.) Ginkgo leaves are em-

bedded in window panes. In the restaurant, tables are made of crushed sunflower seeds mixed into a resin. Behind the desk will be a working herb garden, and herbs harvested there will be used in the hotel restaurant. The lobby floors will be painted with quotations from such sages as Thoreau ("Methinks my own soul must be a bright invisible green") and Yogi Berra ("When you come to a fork in the road, take it").

A brushed-steel elevator door closes, and we ascend to the seventh floor. The hallways are moss-colored and serenely lit. Rockwell ushers me into one of the standard Signature Rooms—these start at \$279 a night. On the windowsill, there is a small, rectangular planter full of live wheatgrass. A steel sign implores WATER ME.

The bed sits, strangely, in the absolute center of the room. You walk into the room and are immediately staring through a large

oval cut into the woven-brass-and-wood headboard at eye level, only feet from the door. "The bed creates a vestibule," says Rockwell, "which psychologically feels like a bigger space. It's a sequence of spaces as opposed to one cramped space."

Whimsical diktats—like Jenny Holzer on Valium—are scrawled across the sheets: DANCE WITH ABANDON . . . SING WITH SPIRIT . . . SLEEP WITH ANGELS . . . DREAM WITH LUCIDITY.

I tell him I feel like I'm about to be wheeled in for a seaweed wrap.

"Funny you should mention that," he says. "It's available."

SCHRAGER IS CONFIDENT THAT a good boutique is recessionproof. He insists that people are tired of bedding down in generic, institutional surroundings, and that there's still room for quality alternatives.

"It's happened in other industries, too," says Schrager. "The department stores have been having a difficult time with the boutiques, the networks with cable. There are no more general-interest magazines, like *Life* and *Look*. Instead, there are special-interest magazines. Everywhere, there is this going away from broad, general things into specialized niches."

He doesn't seem concerned about the competition, including Sternlicht, who is one of many major hoteliers who have tried to buy him out in the past. Schrager and Sternlicht have even talked quietly about collaborating at some point.

"I feel friends with Barry," Schrager insists. "I admire him very much. And I feel flattered that he likes what we do. It's nice when conventional, corporate America—I don't consider Barry like that, but his company was like that—it's nice when they reflect well on what we do. There's no rivalry. I wish him well. So whatever I can do to be helpful to him. . . . I mean, *Barry met Rande Gerber at my office.*"

In June, Schrager became the largest private hotelier in New York after he purchased the lovely but troubled St. Moritz and scooped up the Empire and the Barbizon from media billionaire John Kluge for \$177 million. (Since the deal, his fax lines have been continually clogged by the star-eyed proprietors of mildewed SROs throughout the city, who hope to sell him the "next" Royalton or Morgans.)

To raise capital, Schrager's sold 80 percent of his company to the Wall Street real-estate-investment firm NorthStar Capital Investment Corporation. The empire now operates eight hotels in the city, with *trop chic* properties in Miami, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Paris, and London as well.

The new Henry Hudson on 57th Street, with rooms starting as low as \$75 a night, will be the Geo Metro of the Schrager line.

It will allow him to tap into the really, really cheap-chic market—hugely underserved in the city—while still not competing with his other properties.

"In general, people want sophisticated things," Schrager says. "Holiday Inn used to say, 'The best surprise is no surprise.' To me, there's nothing better than a good surprise."

THE WHISKEY BAR HE PLANS TO INSTALL AT the W has put Rande Gerber in an odd position. In May, Gerber, an amiable kid from the Five Towns and former Ford model, married Cindy Crawford. It was neither his wife nor Katie Ford, however, who made him demi-famous. It was Ian Schrager, who hired him in 1990 to run the Whiskey Bar in his Paramount Hotel, and, later, the tiki-lamp-lit poolside Skybar at Schrager's Mondrian on Sunset Boulevard.

"Ian's probably not . . . happy about me doing other things," says Gerber. "You know, he's very busy himself. But I can't sit around and wait. I like to move. And Ian actually gave me his blessing. He said, 'If you're going to do a place, then Barry is the guy you should be doing it with—besides me.' " I ask whether the two are alike. Gerber laughs. "No, they're *definitely* not similar in personality," he says. "I think Barry is aggressive in the right way. He makes a decision, and he moves on it. When you make a deal with Barry, the deal is done. Ian forgets a lot of times, because he's doing so many things. Which is fine. But which is why I'm also going in a direction on my own with Barry."

With hands like octopuses and a smile that reaches out the door, the six-foot-three robo-hunk could be the prototype of a reengineered species (though it's refreshingly humanizing to hear him speak with an adenoidal twang). No wonder, then, that wherever he goes, a crowd distinguished by its nubility isn't far behind.

Like everybody else these days, Gerber has become a brand, too. His Whiskey Bar at W New York is only one link in his own

chain: He's also doing a Whiskey Parc with Donald Trump on Central Park South.

On the W New York project, Gerber is the id. Where everyone else is doing the fat-free spa shtick, Gerber's selling sin. "You gotta pollute your body a *little* bit," laughs Gerber. "That's what I'm there for." While the hotel itself is as welcoming as a warm terry-cloth robe, Gerber's Whiskey will be urban and forbidding, like all his bars.

"Will it be exclusive? I don't know," Gerber says, with a straight face. "I never open a place intending to be exclusive. I think—this location, it really is a business area. It's not that much of a 'local' area. Although Morgans wasn't really, either, and that turned into one," says Gerber.

A fabulous restaurant helps. Now Morgans has Jeffrey Chodorow's sublime Asia de Cuba. W will counter with Drew Nieporent's first big foray into midtown. "I was trying to synergize with the hotel, come up with something that wasn't your basic French or Italian celebrity-chef-style restaurant," says Nieporent, who looks something like a hipster Paul Prudhomme. "I was watching *Charlie Rose* one night, and he had the Michael Eisner symposium on heart disease. He had all the great cardiologists on. Anyway, every time they discussed the heart, it was all about the diet. Heart disease was reversible if you ate the right kind of things. So our goal became to do something where not everything is deep-fat-fried," he says. Hence, the name—Heartbeat. Michel Nischan, from Nieporent's (and Robert De Niro's) TriBeCa Grill, will serve as head chef.

But all this—stick-figure trendies, crushed sunflower seeds, downtown chefs with ponytails—is pretty *out there* stuff for a Sheraton sister. Decisions that work for Schrager's Hollywood-Milan clientele might not work for conventioners from Indiana. So where do you draw the line? At times, Sternlicht wonders how far to tiptoe toward the edge.

"Ian delivers triple-X-rated movies to

his rooms. Is that something we should be doing?" Sternlicht muses. "I mean, that's *interesting*, because it brings a clientele—a *spicy* clientele, right? This says, 'You're going away from home,' right? So it's kind of like *playful*." His voice drops, but assumes a Groucho-ish tone of proposition. "I mean, it *is* your hotel room, right?"

IT COULD BE ARGUED THAT THE GRAIL—in the modern, corporate, American sense—is to manufacture hip, to mass-produce idiosyncrasy on a Henry Ford scale. John Fox of PKF Consulting says that Starwood "has a lot of resources, a lot of clout, and some very smart people. But they have been buying chains up until now. They don't have a proven track record in developing a new product. The jury's still out on this."

Not surprisingly, the Mercer's André Balazs, who's currently looking to create a cheaper 120-room hotel, scoffs at the very idea of chain boutiques.

"Once you ascend above 150 rooms, it's just a different thing," he says. "No longer can the front desk be trained to recognize everybody by name and know their personal tastes. A hotel doesn't simply get a point of view by its choice of decorator."

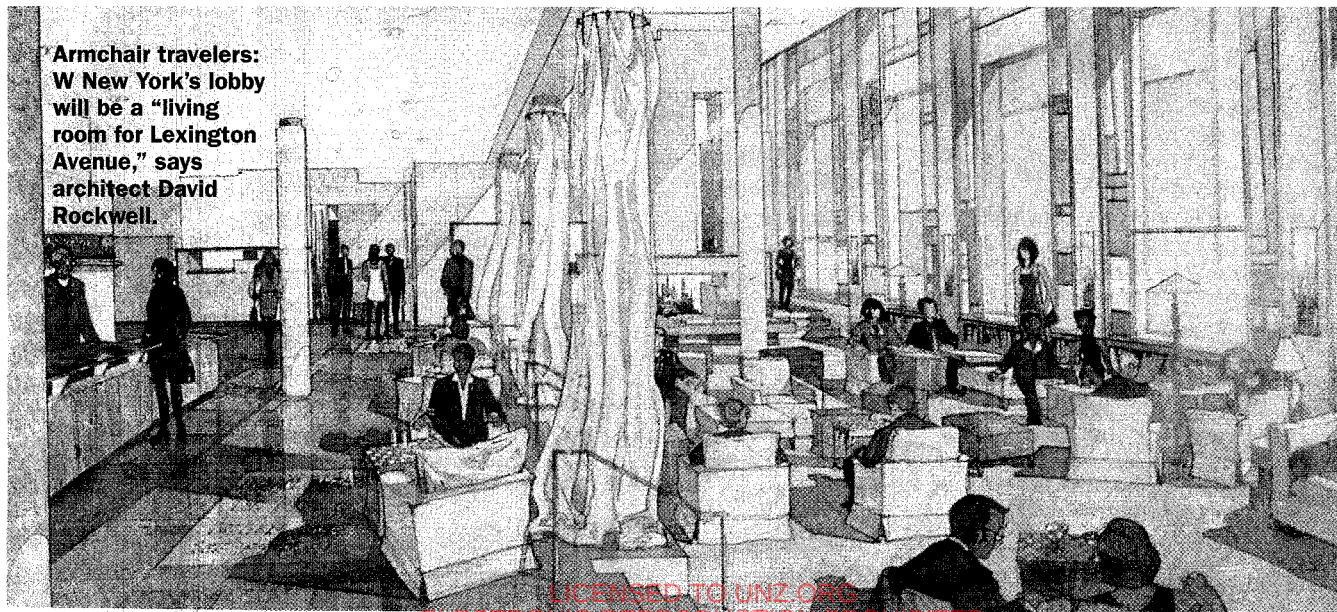
And Tony Goldman says there's a difference between what he, McNally, Schrager, and Balazs—those "urban pioneers who know the hip scene from the inside"—are doing and what Starwood's trying to. "We're all painters, we're all artists," he says. "But if you don't have passion and soul and taste that's unique, that's individually driven, you're not going to get to the place this group is in. You can't do it at a corporate level. You can't expect taste level to be made from the fortieth floor."

"We have a huge margin of error," Sternlicht counters. "Even a modest success would be a huge success on our cost basis."

He shrugs.

"I think the key for us is to be different enough."

Armchair travelers:
W New York's lobby
will be a "living
room for Lexington
Avenue," says
architect David
Rockwell.



*Lianne Smith's prodigious voice
has won her passionate and
discerning fans from Williamsburg to
the Bowery. Now if only she'd let
someone record her.*

SOMEWHERE UNDER THE RADAR

BY DOUGLAS COOPER

YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF Lianne Smith. I doubt you've ever caught a set by the Candy Butchers. When was the last time you saw Cardinal Woolsey or Little Shining Man? Don't know who they are? Okay, let's try again. There's this singer named Madonna . . . Oh, you've heard of her.

What happens to you, in New York, if all you have is talent? If you don't have Madonna's sharklike instinct for self-promotion? Maybe you don't have a knack for tumbling into bed with influential D.J.'s; you just don't see that as part of the artistic process. Sure, you admire Jewel's willingness to appear naked on television—who wouldn't?—but all you do is sing.

Well, you might end up like that homeless guy in SoHo, the one with the gorgeous tenor voice who's made a career out of belting the one verse of "Oh Pretty Woman" he can remember, but chances are you won't sink that low. You'll get by. And if you're fortunate, you'll soon find yourself a member of New York's regional scene, invisible to the rest of the nation, where you certainly won't make ludicrous piles of cash but where—if you're good—you may discover a rabid local fan base.

In this culture of celebrity, we have this sense that if something isn't known

nationally, it can't be very good after all. Aren't there A&R guys hovering in the wings to find the good stuff and deliver it over to indentured servitude at Interscope?

From the moment I joined Echo, the online community, I kept hearing breathless accounts of an unknown singer, a woman named Topper who everyone on Echo seemed to think was the Second Coming. Echo is famously the home of the cynical and the unimpressed: The people who log on are, for the most part, pale nocturnal slackers with big brains. It's a mark of pride on Echo not to get too excited about anything. I had never heard these guys haul out the poetry they used to describe Topper's singing:

It's like having your soul rubbed down with velvet.

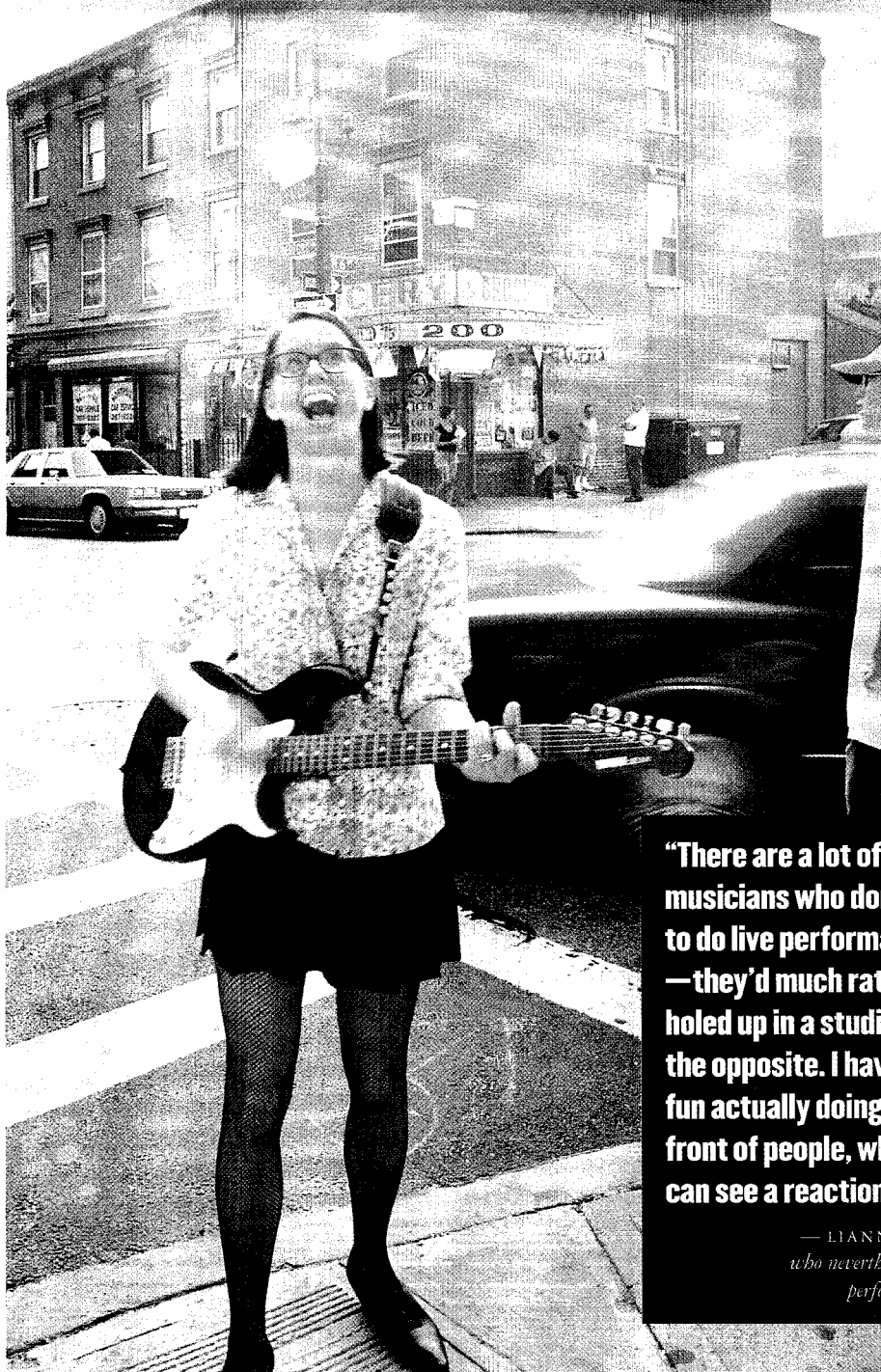
One evening, at an event hosted by Echo, I was introduced to a quiet, serious woman named Lianne Smith. I thought she was perhaps a librarian. Skinny, smart, shy. This unassuming creature was the famous Topper?

The name—a reference to the old film—is simply Lianne Smith's handle online. Okay, I thought: I get it. It's one of Echo's running jokes. This poor woman, this likable wallflower, has perhaps a sorry lounge act, but Echo cynics humor her with ironic hyperbole.



And then, at one major Echo bash, Topper got up onstage to sing. You remember Catwoman, in the second *Batman* flick? How this nerdy, unhappy-looking dork went through an alchemical transformation and became . . . well, Michelle Pfeiffer? That's what happens when Lianne Smith straps on a guitar: The awkwardness drains away; she does this really cool cowgirl thing with her leg, a sort of modified Elvis move; and then she opens her mouth and levels the room.

Most pop stars would pawn their grandmothers for a natural voice like this: haunting, aching, and, coming from that ectomorph (Smith laughingly identifies with Olive Oyl), improbably vast.



"There are a lot of musicians who don't like to do live performances—they'd much rather be holed up in a studio. I'm the opposite. I have more fun actually doing it in front of people, where I can see a reaction."

— LIANNE SMITH,
who nevertheless usually
performs indoors.

How come this woman isn't famous?

The answer is complex.

One of her fans, Simon Eggleton, offered to take Lianne Smith into the studio to cut a CD. Eggleton has both the credibility and the cash to pull off a professional recording: He's a film and video producer from England; he works with major singers and choreographers; he had just found his bank account flush with an unexpected windfall of \$50,000. "Shares in a company in England I didn't even know I had," he says. "Typical English-parent behavior." And he could think of nothing he'd rather do than spend a piece of it committing that voice to tape. "I said to her: 'Lianne, I'll pay

for the recording. Let's go to Rudy Van Gelder's and do it properly: all analog, old gear, no digital.'" He repeated the offer four times. Smith wouldn't bite.

Jeff Joseph, one of New York's legendary audiophiles, is also one of the converted. He heads up Joseph Audio, a company whose loudspeakers routinely make *Stereophile's* canonical "Recommended List," and he shows up at Smith's gigs to do the sound tech for her, without pay, just so he can make recordings from the mixing board. She won't let him release the tapes to anybody but her.

"Actually, I used to be adamant about not being recorded at the shows, but lately I've been curious myself, so I've been a

bit more lenient," says Smith. She's slightly embarrassed by the effort Joseph puts in: "I told him he could record, but I had no idea how far he was going to go." Sometimes Joseph shows up with a modest recording studio's worth of equipment.

This is just weird. I mean, singers want to be recorded, don't they? Smith responds with a long silence. She is at first philosophical: "When you're a little girl, you're taught to dream of your wedding day and all the trappings. The big dress. But you never go beyond that day. I think a lot of musicians tend to look at record companies the same way. 'Everything's gonna be solved when I get a record deal.' But I don't have any illusions about it."

Diva, the 1981 cult film, featured an opera singer who refused to allow anyone to capture her voice electronically. Ultimately, the fear has something to do with being trapped. "A performance is a performance, and it's finished and you get to do it again," says Smith. "I guess it's my own insecurities—I don't like to have to listen to myself over and over again."

Which is what you have to do in the studio, and then for years once the song is committed to CD. "I think there's different kinds of performers out there. There are a lot of musicians who don't like to do live performances—they'd much rather be holed up in a studio somewhere. I think I'm the opposite. I'm a performer. I have more fun actually doing it in front of people, where I can see a reaction." And where the song isn't frozen irrevocably, never to be changed.

Smith makes an unexpected admission: "I've faced very little rejection, but there's always the feeling that you're going to. As much as people come, I'm always convinced that the next show, nobody's going to come. Recording magnifies that fear a hundredfold."

Meanwhile, she's having a fine old time just playing the local scene. She's part of a tight community of musicians, many of them living in Williamsburg: "I was taking the subway home last night, two in the morning," she says, "and it was like rush hour: The train was packed! All of them coming home from the clubs. A hipster traffic jam!"

And she's bewildered by those who look at her life and find it somehow wanting. "I remember an article that was written about the Jayhawks' financial situation," she says, "and in it they mentioned the 'failed' band that Gary Louris had been in previous- (continued on page 95)



Power PLAY

FUN IN THE SUN:
A sweaty sisterhood trods the paths of the Nature Place Camp in Rockland County; at Pierce Country Day Camp, it's the boys' turn in one of the five heated outdoor pools.

It's not even Labor Day, but soon it'll be too late to get your kids into *next* summer's hottest day camps—that is, if you want not just swimming and s'mores but go-carts and mountain biking, camel rides and *Lion King* tickets. An air-conditioned bus ride away, these camps cater to seen-it-all, done-it-all kids with a strict no-boredom policy. **BY SUSAN BRENN**

IT TAKES AN EFFERVESCENT GENIUS TO CREATE THE WORLD'S largest human pretzel atop dozens of Twister mats laid seam-to-seam. If there is a gene imprinted with the knowledge for how to get 300 tangled children screaming with laughter, Doug Pierce, an exuberant big man in little tan shorts, has it. Pierce, ringmaster of the luxury day camp that bears his family name, says, "The hard part every summer is trying to top what you did last year." Especially when last year, you floated 10,000 Ping-Pong balls in the pools. And you imported elephants and camels for rides. A grandson of the man who invented summer day camp in 1918 (according to Pierce family legend), Doug also hired four skydivers to unfurl the camp banner in midair as 1,000 children, commuting to Roslyn from as far as the West Side, watched through minibinoculars adorned with the camp logo.

For the financially gifted New York child fleeing the molten avenues on an air-conditioned bus, summer day camp is not just archery and skippy ball any more. What was good enough for the baby boomers—a little frog-catching, some skits, viciously competitive color wars, and bugs in the bag lunches—won't do for their offspring. Kids can expect to have both their pools and their lunches heated. Parents can expect longer days to fit their work schedules, flexible scheduling around their vacations, and adult supervisors—not teenage counselors—available by phone to discuss why Andrew failed his deep-water test. They can have their cake and eat it, too, when it comes to instruction: Kids are taught to swing like Tiger Woods but to understand it's not about winning. "Kids want to play," says Mike Kulchin, owner of the wildly popular Ramapo Country Day Camp in Rockland County. "We want to teach. We've got to add that skill-building without overdrilling them." And some camps even provide towel service (tuition and transportation tops \$4,000 for eight weeks at a few powerhouse camps).

For those who seek a country-flavored, traditional day camp for their children, but who fear ennui as much as overinstruction, these camps provide a mix of what parents remember from their own camp days—the tepee-building, the team tug-of-wars—while co-opting all the arts, sports, and sciences modern "theme" camps provide. The camps described here are just as intensely focused, but range all over the play-and-learning terrain.

Not surprisingly, certain high-powered camps are beginning to rival private schools when it comes to their waiting lists. Not

to raise anyone's blood pressure, but it's not too early, while memories of camp are fresh, to start thinking about next year. While many day camps will chase enrollment through spring, select supercamps start their waiting lists in October and November, particularly for children in the peak day-camping age groups, roughly 4 to 9 years old. Groups fill up with siblings and close out, just as they do at top private preschools.

What is it that parents buy at the high-end camps, aside from getting their kids out of the city without losing them (except for the occasional postcard) for seven weeks? Two swims a day and superbly maintained facilities: ceramics studios with gas-fired kilns, playing fields graduated in size from peewee to standard, pricey miniaturized tennis rackets and nonresistant balls, complexes of a half-dozen pools that go from waders to Olympic-size. More than that, though, they are buying supervision and

customization. The private camps pay the salaries and offer the perks that allow them to retain the services of dozens of specialized teachers, who back up college-age counselors and pour on the TLC wherever needed. They're counseling both the child who's frozen in terror at the top of the zip line and the Master of the Universe—to-be at the bottom screaming, "Just do it!"

Private camps also have the highly trained personnel to offer perhaps 50 or 60 electives, so campers begin as young as age 7 or 8 to craft individualized schedules. They may choose to spend more time building marionettes or analyzing pond gunk under microscopes and less time bumping bodies on hot playing fields. By the time campers reach age 11, most are

hardly even at their camps. Instead they're off "transitioning" into sleepaway, with dizzying day and overnight travel schedules that combine water-park field trips with riverboat excursions on the actual Mississippi.

Pierce and his brethren continue to forge new fields of camper-tainment for the 6-year-old who's been to Disney twice on her way to the islands. If there's been one notable trend among top-price camps that mix city kids with their North Shore, Westchester, and Bergen County cousins, it is that, while every day camp has a climactic Carnival Day, some camps make every day a carnival. Many bring in amusement rides, Caribbean bands, and 20-foot inflatable pool toys-for-hire. When Doug Pierce's campers went to see *Beauty and the Beast* on Broadway, he and his co-director cousin Forrester met them, bearing pizzas, on their 11:30 P.M. return to the camp complex of landscaped fields and barn-red bungalows. The Pierces (fifteen of them run three camps) then saw the campers to sleep in air-conditioned music studios, where they



CAN YOU DIG IT?: Kids and counselors bring in the crops at the Nature Place



dreamed by the karaoke machines.

Camps remain anthropological mirrors of New York family life and the local economy. How else to explain how scorekeeping is slipping back into camp life? In a trend about-face, some camps are offering competitive in-camp sports leagues. "We found when we took the competition out, we lost some of the enthusiasm," says Kulchin. And parents are ever more micro-involved, calling supervisors and rearranging their children's social groupings.

Campers still play Newcomb. They still pass-it-up on the bus. But more and more, say owners, these densely programmed camp experiences are about relieving kids of the anxieties they build up during their activity-packed academic years. "We feel for people who tell us, 'This was a rough year at school,' or 'He isn't making any friends,'" says Maureen Regan, assistant director of the Nature Place in Rockland County.

Every camp, including the ten escapes-from-Manhattan described here, is its own quirky, self-contained world. As much as these camps vary in style and philosophy, though, they're bound by this recognition: For many kids, school is where you go in the off-season. Real life is what happens at camp.

RAMAPO COUNTRY DAY CAMP

Monsey, Rockland County 600 campers, ages 3 through 12.
Eight-week session: \$3,895, *transportation included.*

The difference between this pristine aerie of cedar-clad bungalows and others in its luxury class is this: Numerous outlying camps will accept city kids. Ramapo caters to them. Director Mike Kulchin was inspired to offer mountain biking on his 35 acres to urbanites denied the freedom to cruise their streets. "I like the mix of the city kids with the Bergen County

kids," he says. "It keeps us on our toes." And families like him back. Many age groups go to waiting lists the day camp opens for registration, this year on October 2.

Having grown up at camp—his father owns the North Shore favorite Shibley—Kulchin wanted to offer at Ramapo all the classics he remembered. "I never would have ridden on a horse if I hadn't been to camp," Kulchin says. "I never would have shot a bow and arrow. I want kids to have those experiences." But he also "gives them the wow," as he puts it, with go-carting on dirt and asphalt tracks, and cricket and rugby taught by one of the 22 specialists who are hired from overseas and housed on the campgrounds. Electives include such narrowcast specialties as "Tools and Tech"—where kids rebuild photocopier guts—and old favorites like cooking.

If some camp directors are coaches and others psychologists, Kulchin is a friendly anthropologist. He notes as we walk by a basketball court, "For kids in the nineties, authenticity becomes very important. They have a TV image of what a court looks like, so you can't not have the 3-point lines. . . . When I was a kid at camp you'd move some cones on the field for soccer, and you'd play baseball on the same field. Now, when we have dancing, we have to build a special surface. They want to feel that authenticity of being like the professionals."

He put carpet in the changing cabins because he remembered, from his sleepaway days, trying to keep his towel off the slippery floor. He converted visiting days into visiting evenings for parents because "I could see they were in conflict. They wanted to be here for their kids, but they really needed to be at the office." Now he sends buses to the city to collect parents in late afternoon and gives them supper and games with their kids.

Athletic facilities, such as hockey rinks and tennis courts, are built in three graduated sizes. Second-grade teams can challenge each other, but they can't keep rankings. Third-graders and up can elect to be in competitive co-ed leagues or choose other specializations. Older children may spend a week overnight at camp, and next year they'll be offered a four-week-day-camp, four-week-sleepaway option. Kids in seventh through tenth grades are rarely seen. They're off on a cross-country travel schedule that involves this year's thrill: paintball.

CAMP MOHAWK

White Plains 900-plus campers, ages 3 to 12.
Eight-week session: \$4,385, *transportation included.*

With its green-shuttered white farmhouse buildings, canopies of century-old trees, and a huge staff of untattooed counselors pouring pink lemonade, Mohawk exudes the institutional confidence of a better New England

college. While it's been called a "country club" for Park Avenue and Scarsdale kids, it seems not so much snobbish as well-bred. Nothing is showy, everything is of the best quality, and well-roundedness is cultivated (witness the 6-year-old boys on tip-toes with the dance instructor, learning "sun salutations.")

The hand of precision organization can be seen in the way art supplies are laid out like individual place settings on long tables covered with fresh paper, so the 8-year-old girls, now arriving to create Medieval medallions, needn't waste an unstructured second. Even swimmers in the eight pools seem geometrically spaced, like checkers on a board.

That results from careful scheduling and staffing, co-owner Barbara Schainman explains on a warm August morning, as we watch kindergartners stitch "wampum wallets" to hold their end-of-camp carnival currency. Each child encounters a dozen adults daily at least: the counselor of a small group (four to nine

"Twenty-seven acres in Roslyn? I turn down developers weekly," says Doug Pierce. "But this place will never sell, as long as I'm alive."

children, depending on age), an off-season teacher who coordinates age-group activities, coaches and arts specialists. In the pool there are often no more than three or four swimmers with any one instructor.

Schainman, once a Mohawk camper herself, met Mohawk Man (her husband, Steve) when she was directing the pre-school camp, and he bought the camp with three others. The Schainmans have now run the camp for 34 years and are surrounded by other lifers who return summer after summer. Barbara winces when asked if they'd ever hire performers to drop in out of the sky. "We have developed our own way to do things," she says. "We've chosen to have a happy, outdoors, playful learning environment. Children have activities that are carefully programmed by our staff"—and unembellished by elaborate hired entertainments.

Spaces close out quickly in autumn, so the Schainmans don't make the winter-camp-fair rounds. That doesn't mean they ignore the competition, and late nineties attractions—two roller-hockey rinks, Gaga courts (for an Israeli dodgeball game), and a golf driving range—are featured. As campers age past second grade, they choose from up to 60 electives that include a wood-working clinic that devotes the summer to one intricate project. Musical productions with lights, costumes, and instrumental accompaniment are staged. There are no color wars, and competition is decidedly de-emphasized. Despite the low adult/child ratio, some parents complain there are simply too many campers, and say that kids who can't roll with a brisk schedule are not easily accommodated.

Children may come for fewer than eight weeks, but the Schainmans discourage that. There is a rhythm to the season that builds toward ritual end-of-summer events, including a massive all-camp "Pow-Wow," and Barbara says, "When children have been working toward it, it's hard not to go to the carnival." Campers may go with their counselors on a one-week sleepaway.

CAMP RAMAQUOIS

Pomona, Rockland County 800 campers, ages 4 to 15.

Eight-week session: \$3,895, *transportation included.*

There's a lot of ground to cover at Ramaquois, and we covered it at the camp's pace: breathlessly. At the wheel of her golf cart, co-owner (with her husband, Arthur) Natalie Kessler took off like a shot, zipping across ball fields, whipping around the climbing wall. Campers along our path scattered like pigeons. "Usually the child who comes here is very high-en-

ergy and enthusiastic," Kessler said, as I got an action-packed demonstration of campers' reflexes.

On the day I visited, the camp was echoing with chants and song as groups practiced for the upcoming Girls' Cheer. Counselors sang out loudly to be heard by the flocks of children trailing behind as they moved from the pools, filled with giant inflatable animals, to their changing cabins. Ramaquois is amply stocked with the modern necessities—zip lines, climbing walls, PCs—plus rare amusements including snowless tobogganing courses and water bikes. Some tennis courts and hockey rinks are miniaturized to encourage the confidence of the youngest campers. There's twice-a-day towel service, hot lunch served by waiters, and canoeing and sailing on a five-acre lake. This past summer featured a field-trip coup: *Lion King* tickets.

The grounds are patchier than at some camps, the buildings are drab, and although it covers 40 acres, camp feels crowded in places. There is richness, though, in the senior staff, including many specialists with decades' experience. I met campers who have built relationships here over many summers—a group of eleven girls counted 73 years collectively at Ramaquois.

It's not a camp for a child who objects to afternoon workouts; athletic instruction is stressed. One parent, whose child left after two summers, said he didn't have "the hustle" for Ramaquois. Then there are parents like Laurie Cochran, who works in municipal-bond trading at Bear, Stearns, and says, "My child Hillary is 6½ going on 16—she gets bored with everything. She's a typical jaded New York kid. . . . She's done every after-school activity and gotten sick of it, but she is just loving this. They sing on the bus; they have doughnut parties on the bus. She leaves home pumped, and comes home singing and happy."

As at many camps, there is a trips program for older children. An Adirondacks sleepaway option is offered.

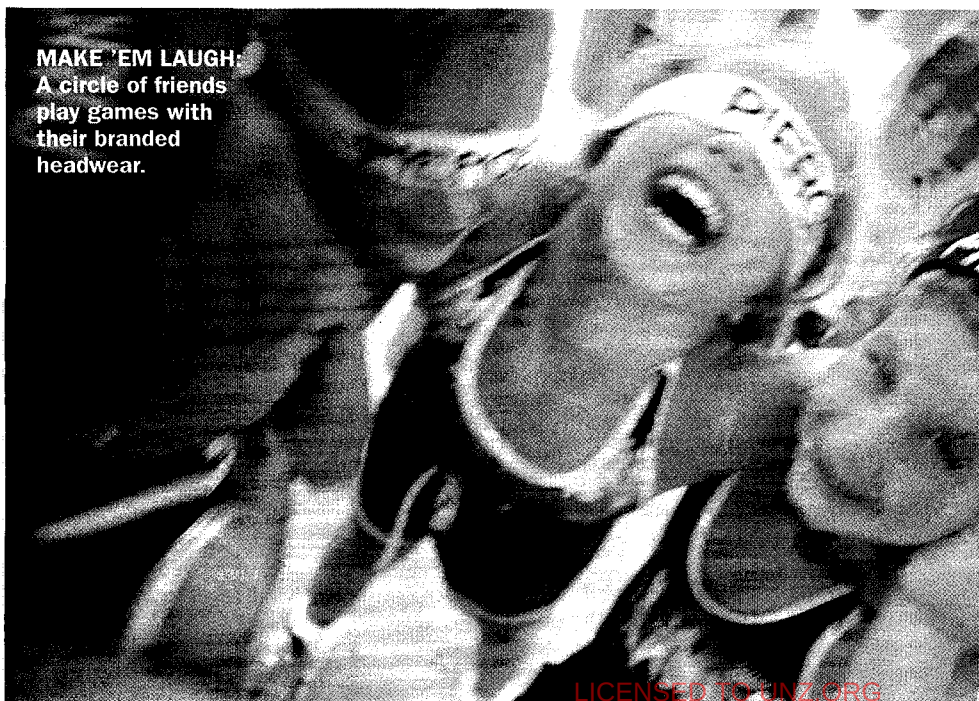
ELMWOOD DAY CAMP

White Plains 400 children, ages 3 to 12.

Eight-week session: \$3,500, *transportation included.*

A common belief among parents who send their children here is that smaller is better. These six acres do not allow for multiple tennis courts, snazzy ropes courses, or home-base cabins for every camper, but they're six of the most sheltering acres to be found in luxury camping. Director Jeff Ackerman had his landscapers scatter the protective wood chips with a liberal hand, and he's built nooks and hideaways, like a tree house where campers have sessions with the nature specialist.

Ackerman has a Ph.D. in psychology, and several of the camp directors I spoke with say there is no one better, within their circle, at getting a fix on campers' emotional baggage. He likes random acts of encouragement. "Group G4A changed for swim in 56 seconds," reads a signboard posted in the main building. "Sarah Sullivan stood on one foot for SEVEN MINUTES." Ackerman dresses as if to hike a messy trail rather than these manicured grounds, and credits the late Morry Stein, a camp owner and his mentor, for teaching that a camp director has no place in the office (he's one of five private-camp directors who raise a half-million dollars yearly to send disadvantaged children to a camp named for Stein). Ackerman lets his staff handle the urgent bul-



MAKE 'EM LAUGH:
A circle of friends
play games with
their branded
headwear.

READY, SET . . .
MARCH: Three
days of color
was kick off
with a Pierce
parade.



letins exchanged via walkie-talkies. "I'm more kinetic; I want to be out with the kids," he says with a laugh. While many camp directors complain of difficulty in attracting smart college talent to counseling, Ackerman says, "I write great letters of recommendation, if they deserve it."

Donna Vitale, who has three sons at Elmwood, says, "There are more important things than hitting a ball the right way. . . . My 3½-year-old would not go in the pool for the first two weeks, so when I visited I stood back where he couldn't see me. I admit, I wanted to see how they were going to handle this. Jeff picked my kid up and sat him on his lap, and put his hand on Jake's chin so Jake had to look into his eyes, and in two minutes he had him calmed down. That's what you're paying for, for the director of the camp to sit with your child."

Campers choose more electives as they age. The musical actors do an evening production in a theater rented off-site, and artists have an evening gallery opening on "SoHo Night" at camp. The fifth- and sixth-graders are here just once a week, spending most of their time on day and overnight trips, at gymnastics and horseback riding. But younger kids have license to simply play. Even third- and fourth-graders borrow the preschoolers' giant Legos sometimes. "You know, boys and building," said assistant director Bobbi Wittenberg as we passed a group of 7-year-olds with drooping socks and shirts on backwards (post-swim). Between licks on their ice pops, they were making a village out of throwaway plastic cups.

PIERCE COUNTRY DAY CAMP

Roslyn, Long Island 1,000 campers, ages 3 to 13.
Eight-week session: \$4,050, transportation included.

In the camp's promotional brochure, the word *fun* appears eleven times in capital letters. Though a day is run with the calculated precision of a state dinner, the charged tone suggests something nutty could happen at any moment. So it is that

a smiley dance coach shows up at the archery grove with her boom box, hits the button, and as soon as every kid is bopping, hits the button again and vanishes. Whoa!

There's something in a parent that wants to grumble at such fun-on-a-platter. Somehow it makes you crankier to realize that the people behind it are utterly likable and warm, and that they interview every winter night and weekend to find great counselors. You can't walk ten feet without some kid running up to Doug Pierce and demanding a good word or a hug. "We're in the self-esteem business," he says, smiling broadly. Why fight it? If you want your child to come here, you've got to sign on by November, and you've got to buy the full eight weeks.

Pierce is happy to draw back the curtain and explain the hidden costs of camp. Hot and cold lunches for eight weeks run to six figures. There's one counselor for every three 3-year-olds and one for every four 4-year-olds; the ratio goes up to nine-to-one for older campers. Two moonlighting teachers are hired to guard the gate to prevent such screw-ups as a child's leaving with a noncustodial parent. The new Olympics-approved diving board cost \$13,000, and the archery specialist will accept only one top-line brand of arrows.

This year, the Pierces introduced, within the camp, a sports camp for older boys, including soccer, basketball, field hockey, and lacrosse. Campers can also choose to split the summer between this and a Pierce-family sleepaway camp.

Pierce preempts parents' needs for constant feedback, instructing counselors to make calls every day. Perhaps a shy camper made a breakthrough ("She was laughing and braiding Katie's hair," I heard a counselor report by phone, presumably to a mom). Something that distresses Pierce is parents' insistence on engineering their children's social groups by trying to move a child's clique intact from school to camp, or trying to break it up. Diplomatic crises ensue. "I think parents are denying kids opportunities to make new friends, to play new roles, to

take their shyness and conquer it. I don't think it's good for the children. I also think refusing to let them [be involved with the grouping] would not be good for our business."

And business thrives. "Twenty-seven acres in Roslyn? I turn down developers weekly," Pierce says. "But this place will never sell, as long as I'm alive."

THE NATURE PLACE DAY CAMP

Pearl River, Rockland County 260 campers, ages 3 to 14.

Six-week session: \$2,275; *Manhattan transportation*, \$540.

When I arrived at this camp, which I'd heard described as "the antidote for the overprogrammed kid," I found Ed Bieber talking to some 4-year-olds who were leaving on an all-day hike. "There's going to be one place on your hike where you get to the edge of a pond," the camp owner was telling them. "If you hold your hands out and are quiet, a dragonfly will land on your finger."

As we walked a wooded path toward a lined and filtered pond, Bieber, a naturalist, kept pausing. "Cup your hands behind your ears," he said as some cicadas struck up a tune. "Isn't it amazing how different they sound?" A little farther along he pulled a leaf off a bush. "Smell this," he said, crushing it. "Spice bush."

The camp covers 200 acres shared by a Waldorf school and teachers' college but dominated by gardens, farmland, creeks, and woods. Though a busy round of activities is offered—crafts, low-key sports, cooperative games—the pace is relaxed, and the camp has a reputation for accommodating children who dislike constant transitions. "It's very ethereal, but they're such good people there," says Janet West, whose 11-year-old son Justin commuted from the West Side this year. "And since we say [Justin] is often called to other planets, it worked for him."

Whole days are given over to hikes and canoeing. And each May, campers and their parents plant an elaborate garden. (I found first- and second-graders making salsa from their tomatoes.) Even the cultural offerings, like Chinese acrobatics and improvisational drumming, are designed to stimulate response to the natural world. The outdoor adventures grow more strenuous as campers age. Near the end of camp (which lasts only six weeks), the oldest

campers, at age 14, canoed through the Adirondacks for a week, sometimes portaging a mile a day.

"It's hard to be simple," Bieber says, "but kids respond to what's basic here: counselors who care about them, and the outdoors. People say you have to have awards and competition. No, you don't. Kids love mucking in the creek, and we teach them to do it respectfully. You lift up a rock; you say 'Hello, crayfish'; you put it down gently."

92ND STREET Y CAMPS

92nd St. Y and Pearl River, Rockland County 1,200 campers, ages 3 to 15. Eight-week session: \$2,500 (*and up for older campers*), *transportation included*.

Here's director Alan Saltz's view of city campers: "These are kids who have grown up being entertained. It's more important for them to turn it down a little bit and to work on the aspects of social and emotional development" while they're at camp. In a week of training with the camp's own senior staff and consulting psychologists, counselors are instructed "that the most important thing is creating relationships," Saltz continues. "That's what lingers when you think of camp years later."

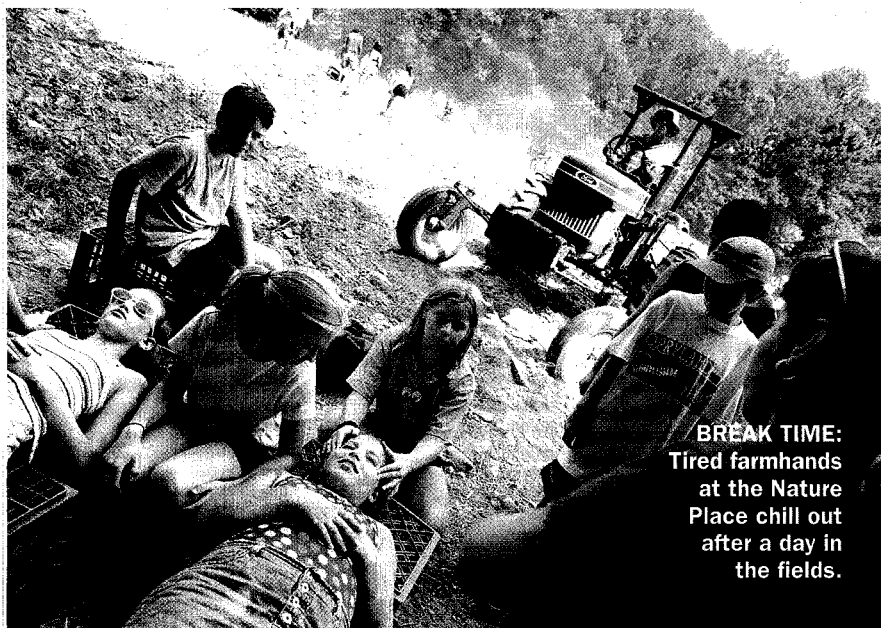
This is a nonprofit camp with private-camp ambitions, in the way that SUNY Binghamton keeps an eye on Cornell. Private camps have pool-chute slides? The Y installed a three-story number this year. The site is no-frills—when campers dance, they do it in a field—but getting fancier. Three new buildings, for ceramics, arts, and nature programs, will be up by next summer. And while counselors vibrate with dedication, they're a year or two younger, on average, than many college-age private-camp counselors. This pleases some campers—who are encouraged to sing *louder* on the bus—perhaps more than their parents. The backup supervisory corps also is leaner.

The program's strength is its variety, with specialized camps in the arts, science, and gymnastics, for teens and for preschoolers. Mildly and severely disabled children, in their own mini-camps, share the out-of-city campgrounds but follow a modified program of activities. The biggest program, Camp Yomi, gives 5- to 9-year-olds sports, arts, and nature, with a dusting of Jewish culture. Beyond second grade, Yomi campers can choose from a menu, though not an encyclopedia, of electives, and a sleepaway option is offered.

Except for those in certain specialized camps, campers depart each morning on buses leaving from the Y and pick-up points on the East and West Sides. They sing "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" as they pass Yankee Stadium, and travel twenty minutes north of the George Washington Bridge to the 108-acre Henry Kaufmann campgrounds in Rockland County, which are shared by several Jewish Ys.

Campers are outdoors all day, with one instructional and one free swim, group challenges like the Human Knot, sports including that new favorite Gaga ball, and lunch in open-air pavilions. Campers do everything in co-ed groups but change clothes. "All the boys try to get the girls out first when we're playing dodgeball," 10-year-old Anna Nachamie says, as she eats a bag lunch in the grass with four girlfriends. "So the (continued on page 69)

"Kids love mucking in the creek," says Ed Bieber of the Nature Place, "and we teach them to do it respectfully. You lift up a rock; you say 'Hello, crayfish'; you put it down gently."



BREAK TIME:
Tired farmhands
at the Nature
Place chill out
after a day in
the fields.

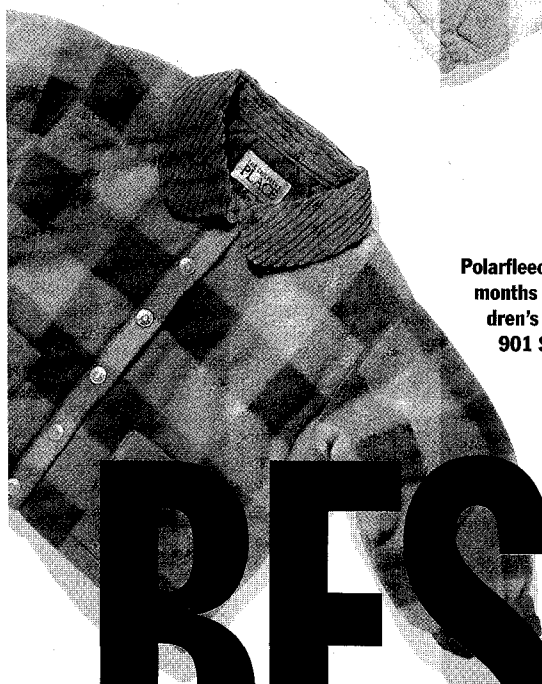
Nautica reversible
Polarfleece-and-
nylon jacket (sizes
4 to 20) is \$114
on Bloomingdale's
ninth floor.



GUESS? Girls cotton-denim jacket
with faux-fur collar and cuffs
(sizes 7 to 16) is \$68 at
Bloomingdale's,
Macy's, and
Sterns.



Polarfleece plaid jacket (sizes 18
months to 5) is \$26 at the Chil-
dren's Place (Manhattan Mall,
901 Sixth Avenue, near 33rd
Street; 268-7696, and
173 East 86th Street;
831-5100).



BEST BETS

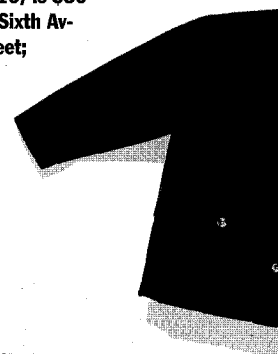
Jazzed-up jackets for back to school—from corduroy pea coats to Polarfleece pullovers.

BY CORKY POLLAN

Horizon cotton-corduroy pea
jacket (sizes 7 to 14) is
\$60 on Blooming-
dale's eighth
floor.



Cotton barn jacket with corduroy
collar (sizes 2 to 16) is \$36
at Old Navy (610 Sixth Av-
enue, at 18th Street;
645-0663).



Cotton-corduroy Barracuda jacket with
leather collar and wool-blend lining
(sizes 2T to 14) is \$59 at Gap-
Kids (1164 Madison Av-
enue, at 86th Street;
517-5202, and
122 5th Avenue,
at 17th Street;
989-0550).



Wool-tweed
peplum jacket
with cotton-
flannel lining
and faux-lamb
collar (sizes 2
to 6) is \$100 at
Bu and the Duck
(106 Franklin
Street; 431-9226).

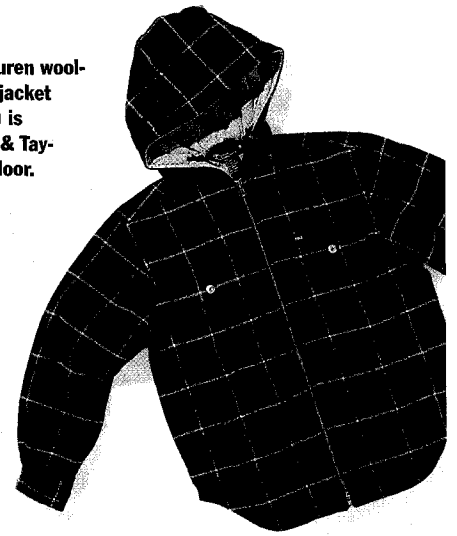


Photographed by Nedjeljko Matura

Pete's Partner cotton-acrylic-and-polyester jacket with matching hat (sizes 2T to 4T) is \$58 on Macy's seventh floor.



Polo Ralph Lauren wool-blend hooded jacket (sizes 8 to 20) is \$120 on Lord & Taylor's seventh floor.



Oilily polyester jacket with nylon trim (sizes 3 to 16) is \$88 at Oilily (870 Madison Avenue, near 70th Street; 628-0100).



Modern Kids Polartec hooded jacket (sizes 12 months to 6) is around \$78 at Coco & Z (222 Columbus Avenue, near 70th Street; 721-0415).



Flapdoodles camouflage polyester pullover (sizes 2T to 14) is around \$72 at peanut butter & jane (617 Hudson Street, near 12th Street; 620-7952).



Corky & Company Polartec jacket with polyester-acrylic collar (sizes 2 to 6) is \$58 on Saks Fifth Avenue's eighth floor.



THE GOODS MICHAEL STEELE

Me and My Château

The autumn wine auctions can be an oenophile's dream of bargains and rarities.

*But they can be intimidating to a first-timer. A guide to the **dry-white season**.*

I DIDN'T SPIT AT FIRST: I WAS afraid of getting splashed. The plastic buckets at the end of each table at the Acker Merrall & Condit pre-auction wine tasting were no bigger than top hats, and they were filling up fast. Besides, the wines at hand—Margaux, Dominus, D'Yquem, Turley—were among the best, or at least the most coveted, in the world. I learned, however, that you either get over such squeamishness or quickly catch a spinning buzz. As the night progressed, debates broke out over whether so-called sleeping wines in fact existed, and whether the Cabernets were trying to be something they're not. An unschooled reaction to such obsessing might have been along the lines of "Get a life." But of course, these people do have a life, or else they couldn't afford to be here.

Between September 12 and October 5, five wine auctions will take place in New York. They're a thrilling way to shop: You don't know going in whether you'll spend more than you can afford or, just maybe, get away with a giant bargain. Everything for sale, from \$150 mixed lots of Chianti to \$15,000 imperials of Château Pétrus, will be at least a few years old—or much older—and come from collectors. Auctions offer wines that have had a chance to get some bottle age, whereas retailers focus on current issues (and when they do sell older vintages, it's often after buying them at auction themselves). The catalogues are inevitably dominated by the same famous names from Bordeaux and Northern California. Overwhelming demand ensures high bids. Yet auction prices for many Bordeaux vintages from the top-rated eighties are still cheaper than futures on the unremarkable 1997s.



Most auction-goers—even those who loudly insist they're drinkers, not collectors—see their purchases at least partly as investments. "Anyone who's really into wine is always going to be buying more than they can drink," says Brian Robinson, director of fine and rare wines at Phillips. "You know that it's going to be worth something, probably something more, down the road." In recent years, as wine prices have closely followed the Dow, many have compared wine bidding to stock picking: Buy an undervalued

wine, hold it, watch the price fluctuate, and don't wait too long before cashing in (or drinking up). Robinson, however, disagrees: "You can correlate a stock value to earnings and book value. With wine, there is no underlying value except the desirability and the taste of three quarters of a liter of a tasty beverage."

"IF THE BORDEAUX ARE THE BLUE CHIPS, THEN the California Cabernets are like tech stocks," Alan Arak, a singer from Brooklyn, tells me. He and his wife, along with

two other couples, pooled their money, forming a kind of investment club for wine. After studying the catalogue, they drew up a list of more than twenty lots (five times more than they planned to buy) that they wanted. For each lot, they calculated a price ceiling, including the auction-house premium (15 percent) and tax.

When I sat down next to Arak at the auction, he wryly pointed to his paddle, No. 13. Nonetheless, he seemed to be faring well. By midday, he'd already nabbed two large California mixed lots—that is, lots containing more than one wine—each at or below the catalogue's low estimate. Throughout the bidding, Arak kept the club's spreadsheet in front of him. For lot No. 577, twelve bottles of Forman Cabernet Sauvignon 1990, the club had agreed to bid \$350. (With the premium, plus sales tax, that's really a bid of \$436.31, or \$36.36 per bottle.) When the bidding progressed to \$400, Arak calmly put his paddle aside.

He was wise to keep his options open. It wasn't unusual to see some lots bid up to dizzying heights as comparable wines topped out below the estimate. "Like anything else in the world, it's perceived value," says Michael Kapon, CEO of Acker Merrall & Condit. "Consumers have to understand: That low-high estimate is what we're saying the value of the wine should be. Take Leonetti—you rarely see it at retail. If you say that the estimate should be \$2,000 and twelve people want it, what does it matter if it goes for 10 percent or 20 percent more than that?" To be sure, some buyers are less concerned about prices than the rest of us: "If a restaurant wants some of these wines and they'll get two or three times whatever they pay for it, it doesn't matter," says Kapon. "That's where people who are new to the game can get caught up—trying to compete with people who are professional."

Don't bid on cult California wines like Harlan and Screaming Eagle or first-growth Bordeaux vintages like 1982 and '90 unless money is no object. Consider the second-best wines—good, drinkable wines that Robert Parker or the *Wine Spectator* has rated in the eighties instead of the nineties (out of a possible 100). Fourth- and fifth-growth Bordeaux in less commodified vintages—1978, '79, '81, '83, '88—are still great wines. (Like driving a Mercedes instead of a Bentley.) Barbarescos and Barolos generally have less cachet and commodity value than French and Californian wines and are often cheaper. Some Burgundies and Alsatian wines can be found at good prices, too—in large part, believe it or not, because their names are so complicated.

Stick around till the end. "Sometimes," says Andrea Immer, head sommelier at Windows on the World and the Rainbow

Room, "you can get values on the more coveted wines just by having more stamina than anybody else." As the day wears on, people actually get bored and walk off. If an auction has several lots of the same wine, you might get one late in the day for less than you would have earlier. Mixed lots make excellent starter kits for new collectors, offering interesting combinations of different wines from the same region, or a tasting of the same wine across a number of years. And restaurants tend to avoid mixed lots in favor of complete cases.

Remember, too, that all sales are final. If you get home and discover that your hard-won 1961 Lafite has turned so bad you couldn't even put it on your salad, tough luck. Auction houses insist that since buyers can't inspect the wine prior to bidding, they take great pains to examine not only each bottle but the cellar it came from. "We don't take bad wine," says Zachys owner Don Zacharia. "We turn back hundreds and hundreds of cases that we won't put up." If the wine's condition is less than pristine, the catalogue should say so. But a little experience is required to understand what the notations mean. "Ullage"—meaning that the level of the wine in the bottle has dropped a bit—could be perfectly normal or a disaster, depending on age and grape varietal. How risky a depressed cork is depends on the size of the bottle: bigger bottle, lesser risk. "Tattered labels" and "bin soilage" don't necessarily mean bad wine; they might mean good wine, since there are entirely proper storage locations, such as an earthen cellar, that may mess up the outside of a bottle but not the contents. "If you don't see any details specified, assume none," says Immer. "A lot of times you'll see 'Property of a New England gentleman.' That doesn't tell you anything. He could have gotten it yesterday from another auction, and it could be leaking and terrible." But, she acknowledges, "they are excellent about reporting what they know."

It's not necessary to be at the auction to place a bid. Auction employees will place absentee bids on your behalf without going above your maximum. So if your highest price for six bottles of Meursault at Sotheby's is \$800 and the next-highest bid in the room is \$600, you'll get it for \$650. Morrell & Company has now started accepting e-mail bids (go to www.auctionvine.com) for a month leading up to the auction. On September 20, Acker will launch its first monthlong cyber auction, taking place entirely on the Internet.

Even if you stay home on the day of the actual auction (anyone but the most die-hard oenophile is liable to nod off after the first 950 or so lots), don't miss the tasting. If nothing else, it's a rare opportunity to swill a little '83 Margaux and ask yourself, "Is a case of this stuff really worth as much as an '88 Volvo? Or a trip to France?" ■

Toasts of The Town

This fall's New York Wine auctions:

● **Phillips International/Park Avenue Liquor Shop** (September 12; 800-825-2781). The most modestly priced lots. Emphasis on what's drinkable now.

● **Acker Merrall & Condit** (September 19; 787-1700). A fine selection of wines from all over, but it's easy to see why California fans are perhaps their most devoted customers.

● **Morrell & Company** (September 26; 307-4200). Consistently assembles dockets that are diverse in selection and price.

● **Sherry-Lehmann/Sotheby's** (September 25 and 26; 838-7500). Like Morrell, offers a tremendous range in both pricing and selection. As at Christie's, few lots are withdrawn for lack of bidding.

● **Zachys/Christie's** (October 2 and 3; 546-5830). One of the oldest, and still the highest-volume. The famous name means excellent consignments and high attendance—and equally high bidding.

Buyers' Cellars

As nice as your apartment probably is, if it isn't kept at a constant, humidity-controlled 57 degrees Fahrenheit, your purchases won't feel at home. A few local businesses that will keep your cases cool for less than it'll cost you to convert a precious closet:

● **Chelsea Wine & Storage**, 75 Ninth Avenue, near 15th Street (462-4244)

● **Morgan Manhattan**, 2100 Hunters Point Avenue, Long Island City (718-786-3304)

● **New York Fine Wine Storage**, 39 Westmoreland Avenue, White Plains (914-682-8360)

● **New York Wine Warehouse**, 8-05 43rd Avenue, Long Island City (718-784-8776)

● **Vintage Wine Warehouse**, 665 Eleventh Avenue, at 48th Street (245-4889)

● **Western Carriers**, 2220 91st Street, North Bergen, New Jersey (800-631-7776, extension 287)

● **The Wine Workshop**, 1455 Cromwell Avenue, Bronx (718-410-0690)

East Meets West

Nine West, that is: *Shoemakers team up for a group sample sale, and Mary Peng clears out her stock of Chinese antiques.*

MARY PENG KNEW THAT SHE'D found her calling when friends and architects kept trying to buy the furniture out of her apartment. Now she travels to China (where she lived for nearly a decade) twice a year and handpicks eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and accessories to ship back to the States. While she won't sell some of her personal collection—like the nearly 400-year-old wedding bed that had to be hoisted through her window or the mirror from the Imperial Summer Palace that she found in a farmer's barn—you will be able to buy beautiful cabinets and decorative items without paying full retail. And she's taking 20 percent off all her bigger items to make some room for new shipments. For example, red upright cabinets, were \$3,500, now \$2,800; altar tables, were \$3,800, now \$3,040; bedside cabinets, were \$1,500, now \$1,260. *Call Peng Village Antiques at 529-3940 for appointment; checks accepted; 9/8-10/31.*

Tread Softly

IF YOU THINK ANY OLD SHOES will do for those last few summer sojourns, we beg to disagree. Jutta Neumann's legions of fans would too—including Anna Sui, Marc Jacobs, and Jussara Lee, among others—who point to her sandals' soft durability as well as their style. At her sale, sandals that were \$215, \$180, and \$150 are now \$180, \$160, and \$70; women's large handbags, were \$365, now \$185; women's shoulder bags, were \$265, now \$180. Don't worry about buying just in time for summer's end: These

shoes last for years. *Jutta Neumann, 317 E. 9th St. (982-7048); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.-Sat. 12-8; 9/2-9/12.*

Releasing Pressure

LAYLA CHILDS GIVES THE QUINTESSENTIAL good massage—absolutely thorough, and just the right mixture of pressure with relaxation—and it's worth more dollars than she regularly charges. She gives Swedish, shiatsu, and medical massages (or a combination of all

zuaga are among the labels for sale—priced at wholesale and below. *Showroom Seven, 498 Seventh Ave., near 36th St. (643-4810); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10-7; 9/8-9/18.*

Western Wear

NINE WEST, EASY SPIRIT, PAPPAGALLO, ENZO Angiolini, Bandolino, and Evan Picone are among the designers who are teaming up for the first-ever Nine West group warehouse sale. All shoes and sandals will be \$25 a pair (originally \$60-\$90) and boots will cost \$35 a pair (originally \$80-\$110). *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 8-7, Thurs. till 8, Sat.-Sun. 11-4; through 9/4.*

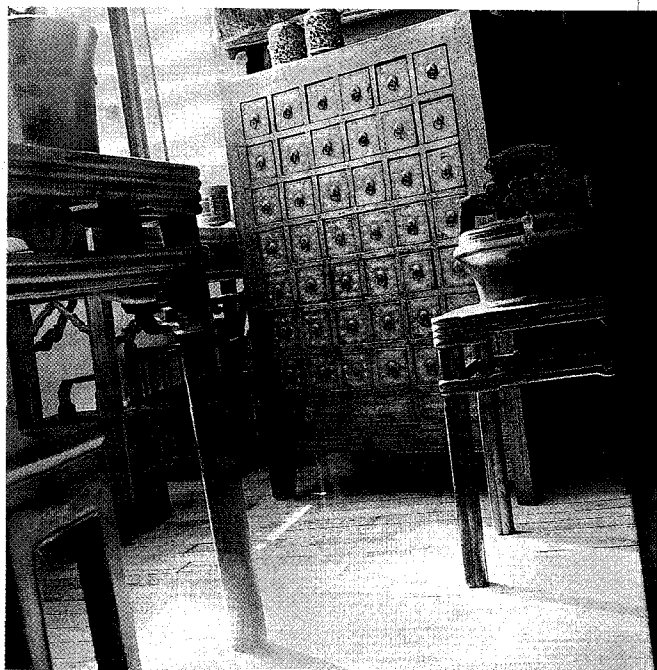
Smooth Operation

WE KNOW THE WHOLE QUESTION of hair removal is a little, shall we say, personal. That's why Lasting Image Electrolysis is so scrupulous about privacy as well as effectiveness. For the months of September and October, there will be two special packages: fifteen-minute sessions, regularly \$128 for four, now \$96; 30-minute sessions, regularly \$200 for four, now \$150. All of the salon's other sessions will be 15 percent off. *Lasting Im-*

age Electrolysis, 292 Fifth Ave., near 31st St., Suite 300; checks accepted, Tues.-Fri. 10-7, Sat. 10-2; 9/1-10/31.

Port of Call

A NEW ADDITION TO THE OUTLET WORLD: Portico, in Short Hills. All of the store's linens, accessories, furniture, and bath items will be 25 to 70 percent off regular prices. *Portico Bed, Bath, and Home, 752 Morris Turnpike, Short Hills, N.J.; call 973-564-9393 for directions; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-6.*



Dropped drawers: Prices fall 20 percent at Peng Village Antiques.

three) and usually charges \$65 for the hour; for two weeks each will be only \$55. *Call 982-4964 or 917-895-8952 to set up an appointment; checks accepted; 9/3-9/17.*

Let the Show Begin

AFTER A SUMMER HIATUS, THE FOLKS AT Showroom Seven are gearing up for their first, much anticipated designer sale of the season; they have a roster of sales throughout the year. Ghost, Erickson Beamon, Whistles, and Amaya Ar-

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Online Cohane, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Dream Date

In Bigas Luna's 'The Chambermaid on the Titanic,' an erotic fantasy about the one that got away turns into a sensuous romantic tale that takes on a life of its own.

IN **The Chambermaid on the Titanic**, HORTY (OLIVIER Martinez), a good-looking but rather depressed French foundry worker, wins a contest and receives a peculiar prize—a ticket to England to witness the departure of the *Titanic* on its maiden voyage. At Horthy's hotel in Southampton, a French-speaking woman, claiming to be a servant aboard the ship, rather improbably presents herself at his door—she needs a place to spend the night, she says, before leaving in the morning. Her silk underwear just barely restraining rich expanses of bosom and rear, Marie (Aitana Sánchez Gijón) stretches herself out on Horthy's bed, and Horthy freezes. Aitana Gijón's clothes are so easily removable that I almost reached out to the screen myself, but Horthy, in love with his wife, does nothing, and in the morning the woman is gone.

An honorable evening or a missed opportunity? When Horthy returns to France with the chambermaid's picture, his factory buddies demand to hear about his exploits, and his wife (Romane Bohringer), who may or may not have slept with Horthy's boss when he was away, turns on him in fury. Horthy becomes a storyteller, a semi-articulate man who nevertheless holds a roomful of men in rapt silence with his tales of fabulous erotic goings-on in the empty ship and the dark hotel room. The sinking of the *Titanic* and presumed drowning of the chambermaid only enhances the tales, which now take on the glamour of doomed romance and shattering catastrophe. Horthy and his chambermaid become enshrined as a myth of eros.

The Spanish-born director Bigas Luna is an imagist: He arranges sensuous palettes of color and texture—gray rain and slag for the mucky industrial scenes; white, gold, and red for the luxe hotel and shipboard episodes that Horthy concocts for his avid listeners and that we get to see. Most of the scenes are short and rather too simply conceived in terms of Luna's color-coordinated moods. Luna, who has worked extensively as a painter, doesn't seem to know how to dramatize his material. But Luna has a talent for romantic-erotic fantasy, and the movie is seductively beautiful. Onboard the docked *Titanic*, the lovers frolic under a banquet table like dirty-minded children, and Aitana Sánchez Gijón receives a prolonged dousing in foamy white champagne that must set some sort of record for giddy obscenity. The actors keep their clothes on, but this movie, dreamy and rhapsodic in tone, knowingly teases our interest in pornography. Horthy the erotic fabulist casts his spell with repetition, exaggeration, and the myth of inexhaustibility, and his audience—grimy married factory

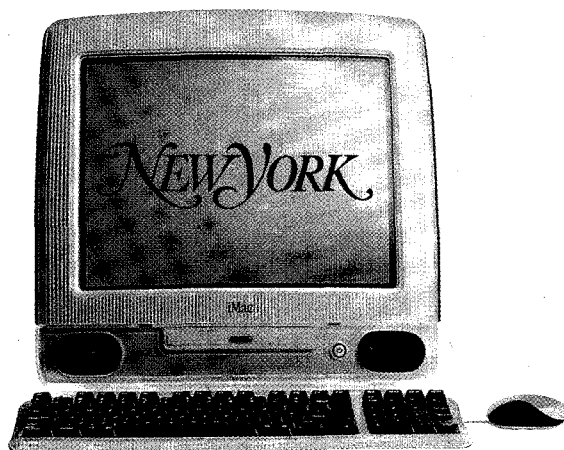
workers eventually joined by their fluttering wives—are all too willing to be fooled. It's 1912, and the movies are in their infancy. What else have the foundry workers got? Horthy is their moviemaker.

Bigas Luna feasts on the two women—not just the luscious Gijón but sad-eyed Romane Bohringer, who looks at her husband with real adoration. Unfortunately, Olivier Martinez seems to share her opinion. We know what Eurotrash is, and now we know what Euro-narcissism is: Horthy, sleek and slender with a sensual mouth and beautiful dark eyes, whispers passionately to his audience, but Martinez is completely unfocused: He never seems to make contact with anyone else; he never seems to *see* anyone else. His performance is shapeless; we never understand what he feels for his wife.

If Luna had had a great leading man, he might have made a classic fable of the late-industrial age. What the factory workers and their wives want is not so much sex as narratives about sex—they hold on to erotic fantasy as an escape from the dreary everyday. After a while, Horthy falls into the clutches of a bombastic Italian theatrical impresario, and Horthy and his wife (who tries to live up to the fantasy figure in her husband's head) take to the road and entertain both bumpkins in the fields and well-dressed bourgeois audiences. The movie turns Felliniesque—there are charming scenes of primitive theatrical effects, with Bohringer, dressed in the chambermaid's uniform, swimming among painted wooden

Love boat:
Olivier Martinez
and Aitana
Sánchez Gijón
dancing in
Chambermaid.





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waves. Horthy, we gather, is so much in love with an image that he grows fairly indifferent to the beautiful woman in front of him. The movie has a neat ironic ending, in which the story's mysteries are explained, but Horthy is not judged harshly—he's a dreamer, as much a member of the audience, hoping to be enchanted, as he is an enchanter himself.

IN **A Merry War**, RICHARD E. GRANT PLAYS Gordon Comstock, a thirtyish moth-eaten failed poet who rails against the moneyed classes and ascribes all his failings to poverty. Gordon, the hero of this Robert Bierman adaptation of the early (1936) George Orwell novel *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, could easily have become a bore or merely pitiful. The period is Depression-era London, and Gordon, of course, has a point: It is easier to become a man of letters if you have money. But it is also easier if you have talent, and Gordon obviously has neither. Grant (*Withnail & I*), a lean, vivacious actor, delivers his lines with an exuberant theatricality—Grant has no interest in realism—and his anger and outraged vanity keep the movie aloft. Too much Orwellian masochism or withering bluntness would have been a mistake—an immersion in the grinding unhappiness of the Depression itself. Grant's baleful stare and ripe, ranting style turn the movie into comedy.

This is the same Robert Bierman who made the wonderfully goofy mock-horror film *Vampire's Kiss*, with Nicolas Cage, in 1988, and the only link I can find between the movies is intelligence. Bierman slightly exaggerates the period manners—he puts everything into quotation marks so we can more easily relish the thirties as style. Gordon's upper-class socialist friend Ravelston (Julian Wadham), who publishes Gordon's poems and throws him a loan now and then, is so relaxed and debonair he seems to have been born in a dressing gown. And Ravelston's mistress, a self-consciously daring woman of the world, speaks of her orgasms with calculated naughtiness. The middle classes are stuffy and inquisitive, the working-class characters generous and honest. Orwell's socialist sentiment is all there, and also his honesty. Gordon is unspeakably lucky to have a girlfriend (Helena Bonham Carter) who, despite everything, loves him deeply. The movie's modest affirmation at the end, when a homely aspidistra plant becomes a symbol of life and continuity—the connection, for Gordon, with the vital existence that has eluded him—is surprisingly touching. *A Merry War* is a very small movie, but it gets everything right.

David Denby's 1997-98 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

By Leaps and Bounds

Alan Ayckbourn deftly sends his heroines from 2018 to 1998 to 1978 to undo multiple murders; 'Nijinsky Speaks' re-creates the drama of the dancer's life and art.

A DEVILISHLY CUNNING PRESTIDIGITATOR, THIS Alan Ayckbourn! In most of his works, he plays brain-teasing games with time, space, and personality, which dizzyingly reverse themselves in his cat's-cradling hands. In **Communicating Doors** (1994), the forty-ninth of his 53 plays, he combines three genres: the drawing-room comedy, the thriller, and the time-tripping fantasy. He manages to get them roisterously into one another's hair, exactly as entangled as he wants them at any skittish moment.

We are in the same Regal Hotel suite in 2018, 1998, and 1978. In the civil-war-torn London of the future, Poopay, a dominatrix, has been summoned to the suite, ostensibly to provide the old, dying Reece with a last thrill. Reece is terrified of his sinister business partner, Julian, and really wants Poopay only to witness his signed confession. In it, he tells how, with Julian as his executioner, he contrived the demise of his second wife, Ruella, in 1998, and how, in 1978, he married his first wife, Jessica, largely for her money, only to have Julian, in due time, dispatch her too. When Julian cottons on to Reece's game in 2018, Poopay's life also may be forfeit.

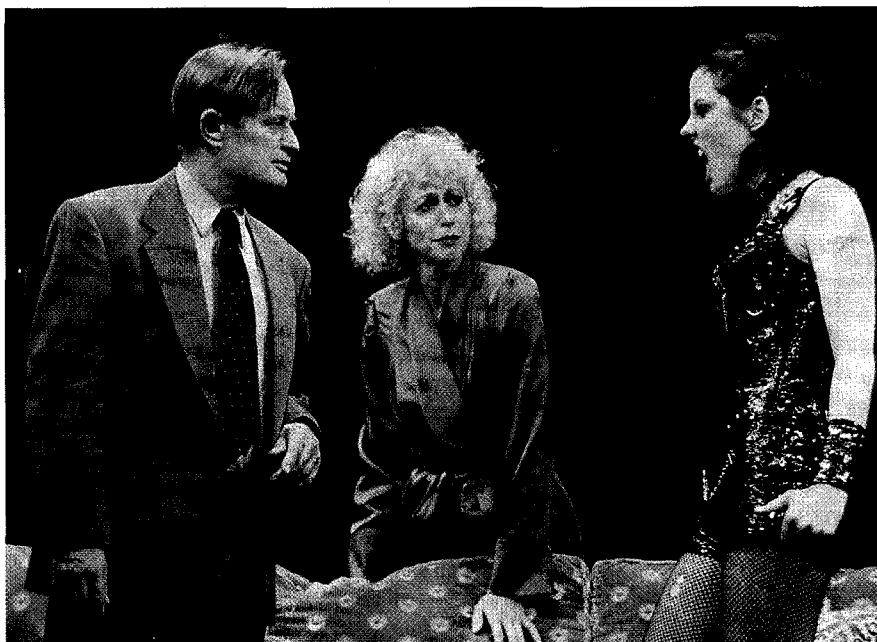
But this is no standard hotel suite. Its communicating doors to the next suite are a whirling time machine with which first Ruella, then Poopay, can time-travel, though each of them can only go twenty years back and forth. What the two women—wary a while, then chummily conspiratorial—struggle to achieve is to change history: to undo two murders, which, given Jessica's initial obtuseness, and Reece and Julian's deadly schemes, takes some doing. Not to mention that history is not overeager to turn into silly putty.

Don't expect me to go into the plot's elaborate machinery, both trippy and tricky, but know that, except for defying subsequent rational explanation, all works absorbingly while you watch. In Ian Watson's charming book, *Conversations With Ayckbourn* (revised 1988), the playwright tells his interviewer, "When you warp time on stage, you're warping time for an audience as well as for the actors." Sure enough, we get drolly and anxiously involved in the revolving doors of time. For wouldn't we all want to dip into the past to rewrite our roles in it? Is it fair that the first draft should also be the final one?

Of course, none of this would work if our author weren't as line-by-line funny as he is overarchingly clever, if David Gallo hadn't designed a titillating set that Donald Holder has bespangled with mischievous

lights, if Jess Goldstein hadn't cheekily dressed the characters to kill and be killed, and if Christopher Ashley's direction didn't so supply espouse both thrills and spills, climaxing in a balcony scene to make Romeo and Cyrano envious. And if the actors didn't connect as niftily as those communicating doors.

Mary-Louise Parker's Poopay goes well beyond the whore with the heart of gold into the dominatrix with the soul of sunshine. Poopay ("It's French for doll," she proudly lets on) comes on as a platinum-bobbed, Cockney, black-leather barbed doll. Soon, though, her wig comes off and her carapace cracks to reveal a scared little girl. But she quickly grows into a woman of action, the cracking whip dropped for crackling wit, as wry humor and daredevil resourcefulness elevate her to heroic



status. She is ably assisted by the Ruella of Patricia Hodges, a ballsy sophisticate, and the Jessica of Candy Buckley, a ditsy millionairess. They evolve into a beguilingly spunky trio, with Miss Parker rightly the mistress of revels. Few women, and no men, will leave without falling in love with her.

David McCallum provides the Regal Hotel with a house dick consistently dickheaded through five decades, and prodigally eliciting laughter. Just the knowing way in which he misreads the women's alliance as "lesbianic" is worth a good roar. Gerrit Graham is a suitably hissable Julian, and only Tom Beckett is not quite up to the many sides and ages of Reece. No matter: This canny concoction soars as Ayckbourn remains unfailingly airborne. (continued on page 54)

Grand Hotel:
David McCallum,
Patricia Hodges,
and Mary-Louise
Parker take their
sweet time in
*Communicating
Doors*.

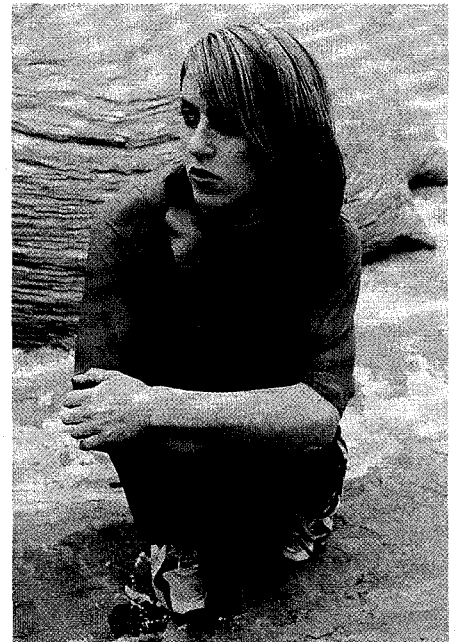
POP MUSIC ETHAN SMITH

Phair and Foul

Their influence on youth culture remains profound, but on their new CD, the Beastie Boys sound old and tired; Liz Phair, meanwhile, sounds fresh—again.



Old Boys' club: Beasties Yauch, Horowitz, and Diamond. At right, Phair.



A FEW WEEKS BEFORE THE BEASTIE BOYS' NEW album, **Hello Nasty** (Grand Royal/Capitol), arrived in stores, a half-hour infomercial hit public-access airwaves around the country, hawking the disc alongside standard late-night-TV toys like juicers, exercise equipment, and a shady-sounding moneymaking scheme. With all due respect to the Boys—Adam “Ad Rock” Horowitz, Michael “Mike D” Diamond, and Adam “MCA” Yauch—these were the 30 most creative minutes of their recent career.

Where the infomercial crackled with self-aware wit, the album it pushed is alternately stale and self-righteous. Yauch did a fine job of subtly promoting his Buddhist values when he appeared on the small screen as “Bill Swenson, the Money Man,” and announced that cash “is so . . . undervalued in our society!” He’s not quite as successful on *Nasty* when he croaks, in a truly abysmal tenor, “I’m walking through time / Deluded as the next guy / Pretending and hoping to find / That distant peace of mind.” First off, stick to rapping, dude. Second, anybody who has the hubris to announce to the world that he’s as “deluded as the next guy” is obviously far worse off than the average Joe he’s comparing himself to.

To be fair, *Nasty* isn’t simply a hodgepodge of half-baked spiritualism. It’s actually got more rap on it than the Beasties’ last two albums, 1992’s *Check Your Head* and ’94’s *Ill Communication*, both of which were heavily padded with *faux*-blaxploitation jams and hardcore-

punk workouts. The problem, though, is that the rappers now often sound as if they’re on B-Boy autopilot: “Three M.C.’s and one D.J.,” they chant in unison on the song of the same name, “We be gettin’ down with no delay”; “This is just a test,” they repeat again and again in another song; “Rockin’ y’all in ster-ee-er-ee-o,” drones “The Move.” Such pointlessness is fine (in fact, as the above-noted Buddhist number demonstrates, a heavy-handed “point” can be the death of a pop song). But with virtually none of the cleverness that pervaded the Beasties’ earlier work, the new disc too often feels like three worn-out guys in their thirties going through the motions.

The new album isn’t without its pleasures; it’s just that the tasty steel-drum loop on “Body Movin’,” the Rachmaninoff sample in “Intergalactic,” and the occasional nod to the old school (“I don’t mean to brag, I don’t mean to boast,” they sing, echoing the Sugarhill Gang, “but I’m intercontinental when I eat French toast”) aren’t enough to sustain a 22-song, 70-minute CD. And for all *Nasty*’s commercial success—it sold close to 700,000 copies its first week and has stayed at the top of the charts since—it lacks an ear-grabbing single like *Ill Communication*’s “Sabotage” or the brilliant production of 1989’s *Paul’s Boutique*. In fact, the highlight of *Nasty* is the apparently unintentional moment when dub-reggae veteran Lee “Scratch” Perry, guesting on “Dr. Lee, Ph.D.,” addresses his hosts, “the Beastly Brothers.”

The Beasties are perhaps the single most powerful musical force shaping nineties youth culture—deter-

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mining not only *what* kids listen to, wear, and watch but *how* they approach these activities. They've turned an entire generation on to the joys of cultural recycling (sporting formerly dorky duds, sampling cheesy-listening records, and restoring the reputations of long-forgotten musicians) as a semi-ironic art form. In short, they're probably the only band since the Beatles to reach No. 1 partly on the strength of their sense of humor. (Though their recent show at the Garden demonstrated the limits of their influence: Buddhist principles of nonviolence notwithstanding, many members of the nearly all-white, all-male crowd were enthusiastically brawling with security guards who were trying to quell their frattish good time.) In fact, Sean Lennon has remarked that he considers the Beasties our era's nearest equivalent to the Fab Four. He may well be right. And it may well be time for the Beastie Boys to effect one more parallel with their forebears and quit while they're ahead.

JUST LIKE *HELLO NASTY*, LIZ PHAIR'S NEW **Whitechocolatespaceegg** (Matador/Capitol) has been four nail-biting years in coming. Unlike the new Beasties disc, it represents an actual step forward for the artist. Phair's 1993 debut, *Exile in Guyville*, titillated listeners with its raw lyrics (which were both frankly sexual and hilarious—no mean feat) and tough-girl posturing. The follow-up, *Whip-Smart*, wisely avoided *Guyville*'s thematic territory but lacked an engaging hook.

Now Phair's gotten married, had a baby, and put her bad-girl-on-the-run fantasies behind her. On *Space Egg*, her trademark deadpan alto is more likely to deliver a love song to her new son ("Once I felt you, I couldn't lay you down," she sings in the title track) than to invite kinky bedroom antics.

Mercifully, though, this is not simply an album about growing up gracefully. *Space Egg* rocks when appropriate, offers its share of tongue-in-cheek moments (as on "Shitloads of Money"), and—a Phair first—might even get you dancing. It's just that there are now multiple levels of irony, nostalgia, and insight in play. "Johnny Feelgood"—which extols the virtues of a man who "knocked me down, started dragging me around in the back of his convertible"—recalls *Guyville*, but it's unclear whether she's just fondly evoking an earlier persona, singing about the man who went on to become her husband, or both. And "Love Is Nothing," far from being the jaded rant its title implies, is a rather tender and wise analysis of romance. "You gotta pick up the little pieces every day," Phair sings. The song's full punch line: "Love is nothing like they say." ■

Simon continued from page 51

AND SPEAKING OF AIRBORNE, THERE IS **Nijinsky Speaks**, about the great dancer whose unmatched *entrechat dix* propelled him into mental disequilibrium. A monodrama with music and dancing, written and performed by the actor-dancer Leonard Crofoot, it is no ordinary one-man show: It chronicles, with both imaginative and balletic leaps, the rise and fall of a supreme artist as a genius and madman. One of the great tragic themes of all times is here simply and, in both senses, movingly told. See this show; as *Hamlet* advises, "Madness in great ones should not unwatch'd go."

Crofoot has been a dancer in musicals on Broadway and off; he was a child performer with the Kirov Ballet and has studied Vaslav Nijinsky's life and works (both choreographic and literary—the *Diaries* are remarkable) with sanguine and consanguineous attention. After all, Vaslav and Leonard are of the same height and body build, and so spiritually in tune that it is hard to tell where Nijinsky the protagonist ends and Crofoot the writer and portrayer begins.

No ordinary solo show, I repeat. With the single prop of a hard-backed chair, savvy lighting by Dan Weingarten, good direction by Dom Salinaro, reasonable reproductions of Nijinsky dancing and choreographing (at 48, Crofoot still looks and dances like a much younger man—could it be his Sioux heritage?), dramatic dialogue that conjures up the dancer-sister Bronia, the lover-impresario-Svengali Diaghilev, and the wife-manipulator Romola, more goes on here than in many a populous superproduction. Especially so when you factor in Strauss and Stravinsky, Chopin and Weber and Debussy contributing their toe-pointing music.

And this is more than just the story of a meteoric genius who in a single decade reached the summit of popularity only to plummet into deep, but still eloquent, dementia. It is also a paradigmatic parable of any artist bedeviled by lovers, promoters, rivals, and parasites—a whole world bent on exploiting and destroying him. But what emerges is not so much the tragedy of madness as the triumph of ten years that shook the ballet world and left an in-eradicable imprint on the shape of dance.

IN A RECENT PRODUCTION OF **When I Was a Girl, I Used to Scream and Shout**, I was struck by a young actress, Robin Morse. Much of the time she just had to listen while the other characters talked. But Miss Morse did what few can do so well: listen attentively, expressively, committedly. She acted with her silences. ■

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Culture

Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts New York

Carnival!

Brooklyn's annual
West Indian American Day Parade
on Labor Day—plus a scaled-down
kiddie version two days earlier
(page 83)

art 66 bars 78 concerts 79 dance 79 kids 83 the mix 80 movies 56 nightlife 76 online 82 radio 80 restaurants 75 the scene 63 the written word 81

movies

Like It Is... Brazil... Firelight's Sophie Marceau

New Films

Air Bud: Golden Receiver—The continuing story of a boy and his very athletic canine. Starring Kevin Zegers, Cynthia Stevenson, Tim Conway, and Gregory Harrison. Directed by Richard Martin. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) Village East; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.

★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Billy Bob Thornton is the executive head of NASA. Here's what he says: The asteroid is coming our way at 22,000 miles an hour; we need to land on it, drill a hole 800 feet deep, plant a nuke, take off, and detonate the nuke. The only person who can do this is "the world's best deep-core driller," who turns out to be Bruce Willis. Willis demands his own raffish crew for this adventure in the skies. Ben Affleck is the young hotshot who happens to be in love with Willis's daughter (a mooney, dooney Liv Tyler). Also along for the ride are a fatty (Ken Campbell), a basso-voiced meatball (Michael Clarke Duncan), a naïve mystic (Owen Wilson), and a sardonic genius who loves whores (the invaluable sourman Steve Buscemi). The movie never lets up, and such things as the Houston control-room scenes, with everyone milling about purposefully, are done with much greater conviction and energy than usual. The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) Embassy 2-3; Sutton; Cobble Hill; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.

The Avengers—Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman are the famously low-key superagents John Steed and Emma Peel in this film version of the sixties television show. Also starring Sean Connery. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) Waverly; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Kings Plaza; Kingsway; Marboro; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.

The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) Angelika Film Center.

Blade—Wesley Snipes is an immortal warrior who must fight a nation of vampires to save the world. Also starring Stephen Dorff, Traci Lords, and Kris Kristofferson. Directed by Stephen Norrington. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.

Brazil—The European version of Terry Gilliam's 1985 surrealist classic. Starring Jonathan Pryce, Robert De Niro, Ian Holm, Bob Hoskins, and Michael Palin. (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) Film Forum.

Buffalo '66—Vincent Gallo plays Billy Brown, a jumpy young loser who leaves prison and spends a long time looking for a place to pee. Billy kidnaps a girl (Christina Ricci) so she will accompany him on a visit to his parents, who hate him and wish he did not exist. Angelica Huston and Ben Gazzara produce successful vicious carica-

tures, but in the family scenes, Gallo begins to play with trick staging and trick editing, and the movie comes grinding to a halt. From there on, it's strictly touch-and-go—some good scenes, some things that don't work at all, and a rushed, unsatisfactory ending. Here's the question for the future: Will Gallo learn to criticize his own ideas or continue to pride himself on screwing up? (Denby; 7/20/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) Angelika Film Center.

The Chambermaid on the Titanic—See Denby, page 49. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) Quad Cinema.

Concert of Wills—A documentary of the struggle to design and build the Getty Center in Brentwood, California. With architect Richard Meier. Directed by Susan Froemke, Bob Eisenhardt, and Albert Maysles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

Dance With Me—Vanessa L. Williams is a hardened salsa-dance instructor (and former champion) whose new student teaches her how to love and live again. With Chayanne and Kris Kristofferson (as the dance-studio owner). Directed by Randa Haines. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG) Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.

Dead Man on Campus—Two roommates, both failing their freshman year in college, decide to pass by using the "dead man's clause" (the urban myth that

any student whose roommate dies gets straight A's). Starring Tom Everett Scott and Mark-Paul Gosselaar. (About 2 hrs.; R) Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Embassy 1; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) Concourse Plaza; Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.

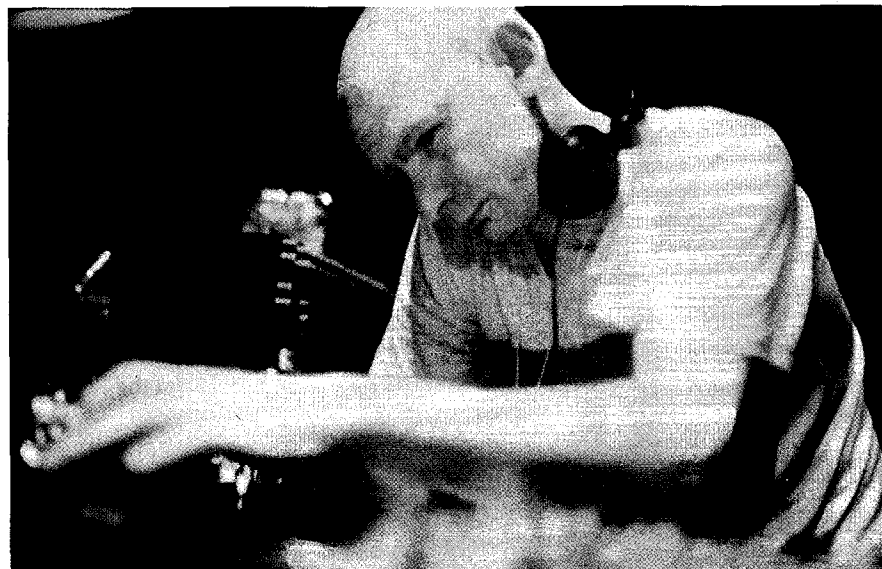
The Eel—After serving time for murdering his wife in a crime of passion, a parolee hesitantly starts a new life as a small-town barber and learns to open up to another woman. Starring Koji Yakusho and Misa Shimizu. Written and directed by Shohei Imamura. Winner of the 1997 Palme d'Or. In Japanese with subtitles. Opens 8/21 at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Ever After—Drew Barrymore stars as the plucky cinder girl in this girl-power version of the classic fairy tale. Also starring Anjelica Huston. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Beekman; 84th Street; Alpine; Marboro; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) Lincoln Square.

Documentary Sprockets

In 'Modulations,' director Iara Lee ('Synthetic Pleasures') traces the evolution of electronic music from its birth in the twenties to today and, thankfully, schools us in the differences between ambient (performed by the U.K.'s Mixmaster Morris, below) and acid house, techno and electro, and hip-hop and jungle. Starts September 4 at Quad Cinemas.



Photograph courtesy of Capirinha Productions

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COMING SOON!

54—The story of the fabled disco Studio 54. Starring Mike Myers, Neve Campbell, Selma Hayek, and Ryan Phillippe. Directed by Mark Christopher. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Fortway; Lincoln Square; 19th Street East; Village Theatre VII; Astor Square; Orpheum.*

Firelight—A young woman agrees to bear a child for a handsome stranger and, seven years later, installs herself as the child's governess. Starring Sophie Marceau, Stephen Dillane, and Kevin Anderson. Written and directed by William Nicholson. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Opens 9/4.*

Gadjo Dilo—A Parisian boy travels to Romania to find his deceased father's favorite Gypsy singer and decides to remain in the exotic community. Starring Romain Duris and Isidor Serban. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Governess—Minnie Driver is a Jewish woman who poses as a Christian to get a governess job. With Tom Wilkinson, Harriet Walter, Florence Hoath, Bruce Myers, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Written and directed by Sandra Goldbacher. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Halloween H20—Michael Myers returns after twenty years to terrorize Jamie Lee Curtis. Starring Adam Arkin, LL Cool J., Janet Leigh, and Michelle Williams. Directed by Steve Miner. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; State; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; The Movies at Sheephead Bay; Cinema City; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

How Stella Got Her Groove Back—Angela Bassett is a successful stock-broker and single mother whose life turns upside down when she visits Jamaica and falls for a handsome 20-year-old man. Also starring Whoopi Goldberg, Taye Diggs, and Regina King. Based on the novel by Terry McMillan. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheephead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

I Married a Strange Person—A new husband develops psychic powers in this animated film by Bill Plympton. (1 hr. 14 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Knock Off—Jean-Claude van Damme is a sales rep in post-handover Hong Kong who uncovers a Russian mafia conspiracy to sell bombs on the black market. With Paul Sorvino, Lela Rochon, and Rob Schneider. Directed by Tsui Hark. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens 9/4.*

Lethal Weapon 4—Danny Glover and Mel Gibson return to the roles they first played in 1987. Also starring Chris Rock, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Jet Li. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Fresh Meadows; Continental; Astoria.*

Like It Is—A young northerner moves to London's Soho and falls in love with an ambitious record executive. Roger Daltrey, Ian Rose, and Steve Bell. Directed by Paul Oremland. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Opens 9/4 at Quad Cinemas.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Gemini.*

Mafia!—A parody of the traditional organized-crime film that revolves around the bumbling Cortino family. Starring Jay Mohr, Christina Applegate, Olympia Dukakis, and Lloyd Bridges. Directed by Jim Abrahams. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2-3.*

The Mask of Zorro—Anthony Hopkins and Antonio Banderas work with professional skill in a ludicrous vehicle—a retro-style comedy-adventure with lots of explosions and fires and gold-toothed Mexicans. Zorro The best thing in the movie is the swordplay. There's lots of it, in different places and styles, and even Catherine Zeta-Jones—a young and beautiful actress of the heaving-bosom school—gets into the act. (Denby; 8/3/98) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Gemini; 84th Street; Astoria; Continental; Movieworld.*

A Merry War—See Denby, page 50. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most

popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Embassy 2-3.*

The Negotiator—Samuel L. Jackson is a Chicago police negotiator who takes prisoners when he's being framed for murder. Also starring Kevin Spacey. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Gemini; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheephead Bay; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows.*

Next Stop, Wonderland—Hope Davis is a nurse who thinks she's finished with love until she meets an aspiring marine biologist from across town. With Alan Gelfant. Directed by Brad Anderson. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Nights of Cabiria**—This remains the most perfectly beautiful and touching of Fellini's movies. One is

Opening Cool Britannia

Roger Daltrey is an aging gay music executive looking for some young fun (and finding it, with Ian Rose and Steve Bell, below) in *Like It Is*, a semi-comedic peek at the club culture in London's Soho. *Opens September 4 at Quad Cinemas.*



amazed by how close he keeps us to the moment-by-moment feelings of Giulietta Masina's aging, unhappy little prostitute. The film seems at first rather wandering and random, but Fellini quietly creates a structure that echoes and resonates. If you think of the movie as both a Christian fable and a sorrowing defense of illusion, everything in it makes sense. The movie becomes a panorama of betrayal—by art, by the church, by men. Only a silent man with a sack, walking about the outskirts of Rome and handing gifts to the broken-down old whores living in caves—a secular saint—redeems this wasteland. The film, we think, should be a tragedy. But Fellini renounces tragedy; he insists that life without illusion is not possible. He offers a Christian optimism that draws nothing from doctrine or clergy and everything from love. It would be nice to say that *Nights of Cabiria* could redeem the cinema too, but some things are not possible. Yet this 41-year-old movie provides an extraordinary contrast to the summer-season monstrosities as they blaze their way into oblivion. (Denby; 7/20/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head." Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Regency.*

The Parent Trap—The remake of the 1961 Disney classic. Starring Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson, and Lindsay Lohan. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

π—A mathematician tries to decode the numerical

pattern in the stock market. Starring Sean Gullette. Directed and written by Darren Aronofsky. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

Return to Paradise—Anne Heche injects some life into this rather square moral melodrama. In a lushly photographed prelude, three American college grads, Sheriff (Vince Vaughn), Tony (David Conrad), and Lewis (Joaquin Phoenix), vacationing in Malaysia, live on a beautiful beach near Penang and smoke a lot of hash. Two of the young men go home, leaving behind Lewis. The movie then skips ahead to New York, two years later, where Heche shows up as Beth, a lawyer working for Lewis. It seems that he was busted for possession of drugs just after Sheriff and Tony left, and will hang in eight days unless they go back to Penang, admit their responsibility, and agree to serve three years in prison each. The trouble with the story is that it's too obvious morally, and too linear as a piece of dramatic construction. Sheriff has only one way to turn; if he doesn't go in that direction, there's no movie. The only thing that saves the movie from boredom is the moment-by-moment sexual tension

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

between Heche and Vaughn. She rouses him from his self-love, and he looks at her as if he's never really taken a woman seriously before. We can hardly blame him. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Village East*; *Chelsea*; *First & 62nd St. Cinema*; *Lincoln Square*; *Pavilion Theatre*; *The Movies at Sheepshead Bay*; *Cinemart*; *The Movies at Staten Island*.

★**Saving Private Ryan**—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water. Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII*; *Chelsea West*; *Murray Hill Cinemas*; *Ziegfeld*; *New York Twin*; *Orpheum 7*; *Lincoln Square*; *Metro Cinema*; *Bay Plaza*; *Whitestone*; *Alpine*; *Kingsway*; *Linden Boulevard Multiplex*; *Pavilion Theatre*; *The Movies at Sheepshead Bay*; *Centre Sunnyside*; *Crossbay II*; *Fresh Meadows*; *Main Street Cinemas*; *Movieworld*; *Hylan Plaza*; *The Movies at Staten Island*.

See the Sea—A psychological drama about a woman on a remote island who allows a young backpacker to camp on her lawn. Starring Sasha Hails and Marina de Van. In French, with subtitles. With *A Summer Dress*. Starts 8/28 at Quad Cinemas. (1 hr. 7 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema*.

The Slums of Beverly Hills—A young girl grows up poor in a family of men in Beverly Hills. Starring Natasha Lyonne, Alan Arkin, Marisa Tomei, Carl Reiner, Kevin Corrigan, Rita Moreno, and Jessica Walter. Written and directed by Tamara Jenkins. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center*; *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*; *62nd and Broadway*; *Alpine*; *Pavilion Theatre*.

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Whitestone*; *Linden Boulevard Multiplex*.

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Village East*.

Snake Eyes—Rick Santoro (Nicolas Cage) is a crooked cop in Atlantic City on fight night. At ringside he greets an old friend, Commander Kevin Dunne (Gary Sinise), a Navy officer assigned to protect the secretary of Defense, who is also attending the fight. The bout begins, Dunne gets up to check someone out, the heavyweight

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Talent Bodice Ripper

French actress Sophie Marceau has just sighed. Not the tortured sigh she sighed for Mel Gibson in *Braveheart*, or the ardorous sigh she sighs with Stephen Dillane in her latest film, *Firelight*; this was a sigh of resignation, to being the star of another costume drama. "I've done a lot of period films, you know," she says sweetly, in accented English. Seven in a row, in fact. "They like me being in them because I don't complain about my corset, probably." Or perhaps it's because she looks like she was born to wear one. In the dreamy *Firelight*, Marceau is a nineteenth-century woman who pays off her father's debts by secretly bearing an heir for an English nobleman. She can't forget the child or the man (Dillane), so she slyly becomes the girl's governess. And, of course, ends up the man's mistress. It's a sexy adult fantasy (with a little euthanasia thrown in for good measure), intelligently written and directed by William Nicholson, of *Shadowlands* fame. It's also his directing debut. "The strength and the structure of the script was very clear," Marceau explains. "And the matter of the film was very noble. There is a lot of ingredients you cannot refuse, you know." Recently, Marceau refused



work for a year to stay home (in Warsaw, with her Polish husband and 3-year-old son) and write. One day, she hopes to develop a feature for her own directing debut. She's already completed an autobiographical novel ("I mixed the truth and the fiction together") and a short film—all part of her long-term plan to rip off the bodice and get behind the camera instead. "It's very sporadic, this work," she says of acting. "You are going to get crazy and addicted to drugs if you believe that your success is going to be 100 percent for 100 percent of the time. You have to keep a distance." She pauses before laying out a perfectly French metaphor. "You have to enjoy it," she says, "like a glass of Champagne." *Oui, bien sûr.*

PATRICIA FALVO

Bayside; Hylan Plaza; *The Movies* at Staten Island.
There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they lynch on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. Ted (Ben Stiller) is a high-school nerd with braces. By some miracle, Mary (Cameron Diaz) asks him to the prom. But when Ted arrives at Mary's house, he suffers an unspeakable entanglement of his most delicate parts in the zipper of his fly. After this catastrophe, Ted loses Mary, and thirteen years later he's still thinking about her. Ted sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on Mary. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. In order to impress Mary, he tries to pass himself off as an architect and free spirit, but everything he does is just a little off. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is on to him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. Do we have the honesty to admit that the abuse of a pesky little dog is funny? And we're tested again by Mary's brother, who is retarded. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at these other things. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. Some of the critics write as if bad taste were an actual cause—as if a blow against

champ is knocked down, and the secretary, no longer protected, takes a bullet in the throat. All of this is conveyed in a single, enormously long-lasting shot. There's nothing languorous about it: director Brian De Palma captures the ambience of a big, violent, semi-coherent event. The sequence runs along on sheer nerve, and as long as it lasts, it seems to offer everything that the cinema can offer in the way of simultaneity and excitement. But this opening sets up a peculiar problem. When the shot runs out, the movie also seems to run out—that is, it devolves into a familiar and depressingly unconvincing thriller about an assassination conspiracy and a corrupt man who has the chance to act, for once in his life, with honor. I can't think of another movie that starts so brilliantly and ends so miserably as this one. (Denby; 8/17/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin*; *Chelsea*; *Murray Hill Cinemas*; *State*; *72nd St. East*; *UA East*; *Lincoln Square*; *Olympia Theatre*; *Bay Plaza*; *Concourse Plaza*; *Whitestone*; *Alpine*; *Kent Triplex*; *Kingsway*; *Linden Boulevard Multiplex*; *Pavilion Theatre*; *The Movies* at Sheepshead Bay; *Astoria*; *Cinemart*; *Cross-bay II*; *Fresh Meadows*; *MovieWorld*; *The Movies* at

p.c. were somehow a victory in itself. But anyone who falls into that trap not only loses his judgment but congratulates himself for far too little (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East*; *34th Street Showplace*; *Chelsea*; *Criterion Center*; *First & 62nd St. Cinema*; *Orpheum 7*; *Lincoln Square*; *Bay Plaza*; *Whitestone*; *Alpine*; *Kingsway*; *Marboro*; *Pavilion Theatre*; *The Movies* at Sheepshead Bay; *Astoria*; *Continental*; *Fresh Meadows*; *Main Street Cinemas*; *MovieWorld*; *Hylan Plaza*; *The Movies* at Staten Island.

The Thief—A war widow and her little boy begin a relationship with a strange man, with profound consequences. Starring Vladimir Mashkov, Ekaterina Rednikova, and Misha Philipchuk. Directed by Pavel Chukhrai. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

★**Unmade Beds**—This is maliciously funny satire of the New York singles scene—a joke about self-delusion and unhappiness—and it hurts. The talented British writer-director Nicholas Barker has created one of the more original movies of the year. He chose four single men and women and filmed them during the summer, fall, and winter of 1996–97. First, the subjects told him about their dating experiences in that period; Barker then mixed their actual words with inventions of his own, and they act themselves (with great skill). The funniest is Brenda Monte, a former lap dancer who needs money to keep up her mortgage payments. Brenda is lewd, tough—a more vivid character than any fictional personage in recent American movies. Mikey Russo is the tough-guy-loner who lives in fear of being associated with a mutt: He carries a beeper so that a friend may summon him away from an unfortunate blind date. Aimee Copp, a young Valkyrie at 225 pounds, is the most self-aware of the four: She is desperately eager to get married, and she makes jokes out of her own misadventures. And Michael DeStefano, who is 40 and unmarried, is caught between resentment of the women who have rejected him and self-contempt. They are all caught in similar ways; it is, Barker implies, the common spiritual condition of hetero single life. But Barker allows these four the dignity of their unhappiness. They are what they are; they will hold on to their anger and resentment even though doing so dooms them to failure, and in the end we build a kind of admiration for them. (Denby; 8/24/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room*.

Western—Two men, one Spanish and one Russian, form an uneasy friendship and drive the west coast of France. Starring Sergi Lopez, Sacha Bourdo, and Elisabeth Vitali. Winner of the 1997 Grand Jury Prize at Cannes. (2 hrs. 1 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Why Do Fools Fall In Love?—Larenz Tate stars as Frankie Lydon, the singing star who died young and left three widows (Lela Rochon, Halle Barry, and Vivica Fox) to fight over his estate. Directed by Gregory Nava. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East*; *Chelsea*; *Coronet*; *Orpheum 7*; *84th Street*; *New Coliseum*; *Nova*; *Bay Plaza*; *Concourse Plaza*; *Whitestone*; *Alpine*; *Canarsie*; *Linden Boulevard Multiplex*; *Ridgewood*; *Jackson Triplex*.

Wrongfully Accused—Leslie Nielson stars in this spoof of *The Fugitive*. Directed by Pat Proft. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village East*; *Chelsea*; *State*; *Gemini*; *Lincoln Square*; *Whitestone*; *The Movies* at Staten Island.

The Young Girls of Rochefort—Catherine Deneuve and her sister Françoise Dorléac star as small-town girls (twin sisters, actually) who dream of making it big in music. With Gene Kelly, Grover Dale, George Chakiris, and Jacques Perrin. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR) *Film Forum*.

Your Friends & Neighbors—This movie is set in Woody Allen territory—educated Manhattan, art galleries, adultery—and its theme is that no one knows how to love, or even how to make love. The male characters, three friends, are a schlep (Aaron Eckhart), a worm (Ben Stiller), and a would-be stud (Jason Patric) who loathes women and is probably gay. The women are only slightly less depressing. There's a prig (Catherine Keener), a mope (Amy Brenneman), and a sweet lesbian (Nastassja Kinski). These six people manip-

ulate and betray one another in a series of short, desperate scenes that don't play—the characters stammer through sentence fragments, or engage in preposterous erotic monologues that are never mentioned again. *Your Friends & Neighbors* is both vicious and earnest, an excruciating combination. I don't ask for pleasantness, but there has to be some way of making us care about the people in a movie, or else we are wasting our time with stumblers and schmucks. Neil LaBute obliterates his characters, his scenes, and, ultimately, himself. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Beyond*; *Buffalo '66*; *I Married a Strange Person*; *Next Stop, Wonderland*; *The Opposite of Sex*; *The Slums of Beverly Hills*.

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Dead Man on Campus*; *Snake Eyes*.

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) Closed for renovations.

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Brazil*; *Concert of Wills*; *The Young Girls of Rochefort*.

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Chambermaid on the Titanic*; *The Eel*; *Nights of Cabiria*; *See the Sea*.

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Unmade Beds*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver*; *Halloween H20*; *The Negotiator*; *Return to Paradise*; *Smoke Signals*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*; *Wrongfully Accused*.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Saving Private Ryan*; 54.

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Avengers*; *Ever After*.

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-

8000) *Dance With Me*; *Ever After*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Your Friends & Neighbors*; 54.

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Negotiator*; *There's Something About Mary*.

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Blade*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Halloween H20*; *The Negotiator*; *Return to Paradise*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*; *Wrongfully Accused*.

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *The Avengers*; *Saving Private Ryan*.

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The Avengers*; *Blade*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*.

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Gone With the Wind*.

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) 54.

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Halloween H20*; *Next Stop, Wonderland*; *The Parent Trap*; *The Slums of Beverly Hills*.

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Avengers*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *The Avengers*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Ever After*; *The Negotiator*; *There's Something About Mary*.

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) 54.

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Henry Fool*; *The Spanish Prisoner*.

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Dead Man on Campus*.

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon*; *Mafial*; *Mulan*.

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Parent Trap*.

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Government*.

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Snake Eyes*; *Wrongfully Accused*.

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Armageddon*; *Blade*.

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-

CINE#610) *Deep Impact*; *Godzilla*; *Out of Sight*; *A Perfect Murder*; *Six Days, Seven Nights*; *The Truman Show*.

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Saving Private Ryan*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Snake Eyes*.

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Avengers*; *The Negotiator*.

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) Closed for renovations.

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Ever After*.

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dance With Me*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *A Merry War*; *Return to Paradise*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Your Friends & Neighbors*.

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Madeline*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *The Negotiator*; *Wrongfully Accused*.

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Saving Private Ryan*.

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Blade*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*; 54.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Snake Eyes*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Slums of Beverly Hills*.

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Ever After*; *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *The Negotiator*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Eel*; *Gadjo Dilo*; *A Merry War*; *Nights of Cabiria*; *The Thief*; *Western*; *Your Friends & Neighbors*.

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *The Avengers*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Next Stop, Wonderland*; *The Parent Trap*; *Return to Paradise*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Wrongfully Accused*; 54.

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Saving Private Ryan*.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Dead Man on Campus*; *Snake Eyes*.

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *The Avengers*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Negotiator*; *The Parent Trap*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Parent Trap*; *Snake Eyes*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Negotiator*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Small Soldiers*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*; *Wrongfully Accused*.



Photograph by Todd Verow.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Blade*; *Ever After*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *The Slums of Beverly Hills*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Blade*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Dance With Me*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *54*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Wrongfully Accused*.
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Blade*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Snake Eyes*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Blade*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Snake Eyes*.
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *The Avengers*; *Blade*; *Dance*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *The Avengers*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Ever After*; *There's Something About Mary*.
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Blade*; *The Parent Trap*; *Return to Paradise*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *The Slums of Beverly Hills*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*.
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy. off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Armageddon*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Negotiator*; *Return to Paradise*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*.
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *The Negotiator*; *The Parent Trap*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*; *Wrongfully Accused*.
Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *The Parent Trap*; *Saving Private Ryan*.
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*.
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Blade*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Ever After*; *Return to Paradise*; *Snake Eyes*.
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *There's Something About Mary*.
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Dance With Me*; *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*.
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Air Bud*; *Golden Receiver*; *Armageddon*; *The Avengers*; *Blade*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *The Negotiator*; *The Parent Trap*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*.
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Blade*; *Halloween H20*; *The Parent Trap*; *Snake Eyes*.
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Dance With Me*; *The Negotiator*.
Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *The Avengers*; *Ever After*; *The Negotiator*; *The Parent Trap*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*.
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Blade*; *Halloween H20*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Blade*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*.
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) Closed for renovations.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Avengers*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Halloween H20*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *The Parent Trap*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*.
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Mask of Zorro*.
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Blade*; *Dance With Me*.
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dance With Me*; *Ever After*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *Snake Eyes*.
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Saving Private Ryan*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Bud*; *Golden Receiver*; *Blade*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Ever After*; *Halloween H20*; *The Parent Trap*; *Return to Paradise*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*.
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Blade*; *Halloween H20*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*.
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Air Bud*; *Golden Receiver*; *Armageddon*; *The Avengers*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Ever After*; *Halloween H20*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Parent Trap*; *Return to Paradise*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Wrongfully Accused*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—9/6: *In This Our Life* (1942); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.
American Museum of the Moving Image—"A Spielberg Summer." 9/5: *Amistad* (1997) and *Twister* (1996). 9/6: *Schindler's List* (1993). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets \$4.50-\$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.
Anthology Film Archives—"New Filmmakers." 9/2: *Little Shots of Happiness* (1997). "Essential Cinema: Belson/Baillie/Crockwell." 9/3: Various shorts (1949-69). "From the Archives." 9/3-9/4: *Go, Johnny, Go!* (1958) and *Cry Danger* (1951). 9/5: *Alice in Wonderland* (1933). 9/5-9/6: *The Third Man* (1949). 9/8: *Open City* (1945). "Essential Cinema: Stan Brakhage." 9/4: Various shorts (1954-1959). "Essential Cinema: Carl Th. Dreyer." 9/5: *Prastankan* (1921). 9/6: *Michael* (1924). "Essential Cinema: Kenneth Anger." 9/5-9/6: Various shorts (1947-1970). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); \$7.
Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theatre)—"A Salute to Frank Sinatra." 9/2-9/3: *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962) and *Von Ryan's Express* (1965). 9/4-9/6: *Young at Heart* (1954) and *The Man With the Golden Arm* (1955). 9/7: *Lady in Cement* (1968) and *The Detective* (1968). 9/8: *Come Blow Your Horn* (1963) and *Ocean's 11* (1960). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings \$8.50-\$15.
Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View From the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 9/1 and 9/3: *Riders of the Purple Cows* (1924), *Riders of the Purple Sage* (1925), and *The Big Trail* (1930). 9/4 and 9/8: *Hail the Woman* (1921). 9/4 and 9/6: *The Race to Save 100 Years* (1998), *Sherlock, Jr.* (1924), and *Peeping Tom* (1960). 9/5 and 9/7: *The Projectionist* (1970) and *The Purple Rose of Cairo* (1985). 9/8 and 9/12: *Daughters of the Dust* (1991). 9/10: *The Bed You Sleep In* (1993) and *Underground* (1928). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with \$9.50 admission.
The Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).



Revival Daydream Believer

The European version of Terry Gilliam's futuristic nightmare 'Brazil'—which includes the intended ending and eleven minutes that Universal made him cut—plays at Film Forum through September 10. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

With *Me*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Negotiator*; *The Parent Trap*.
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *The Avengers*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Snake Eyes*; *There's Something About Mary*.
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Blade*; *Dance With Me*; *Dead Man on Campus*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*; *The Negotiator*; *The Parent Trap*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Small Soldiers*; *Snake Eyes*; *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

theater

Bogart on Warhol... En Garde Arts

Broadway

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc, who fancies Flemish painting, considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. Yvan, an overemotional and insecure young man, seems to go along with Marc's tirades. But confronted with Serge and the painting, he does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98.) Now starring Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig. \$45-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St.* (239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kim Huber plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St.* (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award-winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. \$20-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St.* (239-6200).

Bring in 'da Noise, Bring in 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-



Previews Baby Anger

Give Robert Clyman points for courage and originality for *When the Bough Breaks*, his play about a yuppie couple's response to the birth of their dangerously premature son. Previews begin September 3 at Synchronicity Space; call 539-4525 for details.

creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. \$50-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquet seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St.* (719-1300).

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean

Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Tom McGowan. (Simon: 12/2/96.) \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story*. Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St.* (239-6200).

An Irish Wake—The odds were against poor Colin Quinn, the sap recruited to follow in Norm MacDonald's large, indelible footsteps. But he has steadily endeared himself to *Saturday Night Live* viewers, mostly through a combination of wit and unfussiness, and he will likely do the

same to Broadwaygoers in this, his densely populated one-man show about the denizens of his old Brooklyn neighborhood. \$35-\$50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. Through 9/19. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St.* (239-6200)

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.* (239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre, 249 W. 45th St.* (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. First, the animals, large and small, re-created with unparalleled imagination, underpinned by costumes that artfully blend realism and fantasy: The prancing giraffes and leaping antelopes, the nodding elephant and barreling warthog, keep you marveling even during the story's stodgiest galumphing. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theatre, 214 W. 42nd St.* (307-4100).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg;

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Scott Winn.

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lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, \$357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one WASP—and an assortment of historical characters. \$31-\$125. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts*, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$35-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theater*, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 9/6. *Roundabout's Stage Right*, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65-\$75. At the *Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St.



Previews Beyond the Brillo Box

Anne Bogart, who transforms ideas into images and actors into abstractions, has found her ideal subject—Andy Warhol—in 'Culture of Desire,' now previewing at New York Theatre Workshop. The show is a nonlinear chronicle of the artist's life after his attempted assassination—and under her direction, who knows? Edie, Ultraviolet, et al., might actually make some sense. Opens September 16.

(239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat*, plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. \$50-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theater*, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theater*, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Candida—Pearl Theatre Company presents Shaw's cheeky 1897 play about a woman who chooses between two men. \$20-\$33. Tues. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 9/1 for a 9/14 opening. Through 10/11. *Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl.* (598-9802).

Culture of Desire—Anne Bogart brings her eccentric energies to bear on the perfect subject: Andy Warhol. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 9/16 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop*, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$39-\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434

Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. \$25-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre*, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse*, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$45-\$47.50. Mon., Wed.-Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre*, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre*, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert-cum-musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. \$45. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom*, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).

Lafayette St. (254-4370).

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre*, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. \$42.50-\$47.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre*, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

Communicating Doors—Alan Ayckbourn's suspense thriller about a pair of unlikely heroines who travel through time and space to alter the course of their lives. The London critics loved it; the American cast (Mary-Louise Parker, Patricia Hodges, David McCallum) and director (Christopher Ashley) are first-rate. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$47.50–\$50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. \$30–\$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre*, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex*, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Nijinski Speaks—Leonard Crofoot retells the story of the renegade dancer-choreographer who was institutionalized for madness at the pinnacle of his career. \$35. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/18. *Harold Clurman Theatre*, 412 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. \$30–\$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre*, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre*, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. \$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre*, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. \$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. \$60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante*, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Asif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. \$30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre*, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from *Private Lives* with its ex-spouses honeymooning with new partners on adjoining Riviera terraces to Montezuma's revenge on unsuspecting gringo bowels. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the *Cahtilian lithp geth* a tuneless *thong* tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$42.50–\$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre*, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. \$35–\$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lamb's Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. \$24.50–\$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum*, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).

Stupid Kids—A comedy-ethnography about the mysterious folkways of teens from the suburbs. Written by John C. Russell, who died of AIDS shortly after completing the script; directed by Michael Mayer. \$15–\$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Theatre*, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).

Symphonic Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. \$25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE*, 145 Ave. of the Americas, at Dominick. (647-0202).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church*, 308 W. 46th St., then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room*, *Hotel Edison*, 221 W. 46th St., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$65–\$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (239-6200).

Unzippin' My Doodah and Other National Priorities—The latest, Monica-driven installment from the Capitol Steps, Washington's popular political-comedy troupe. \$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. *John Houseman Theater*, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. \$35–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre*, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).

Off-Off Broadway

The Black Marble Shoe Shine Stand—Louis LaRusso II's new drama about a day in the life of four men living in Hoboken in 1908—a new Italian immi-

grant, an Irish cop, a Jewish merchant, and an enigmatic stranger. \$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/3. *ATA Chernuchin Theatre*, 314 W. 54th St. (581-3044).

Boys' Life—Howard Korder's Pulitzer-nominated play, resurrected. Return to the eighties and enjoy Aqua Net, spiked heels, and unpromiscuous sex. \$12. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Judith Anderson Theatre*, 422 W. 42nd St. (896-8390).

Butterflies and Tigers—A revival of John Glines's stories from the Chinese cultural revolution. \$20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/6. *Orenda Theatre*, 432 W. 42nd St. (330-7200).

Damfino—A work adapted from the letters of amateur astronomers to the Mount Wilson Observatory in the twenties. \$10. Wed.–Sat. at 9. *Performing Garage*, 33 Wooster St. (598-5806).

Deep Down—A black ex-convict and his white employer play out a whole region and era's worth of tensions in this new play by Doug Grissom. Starring Ruben Santiago-Hudson, who won a Tony for his performance in August Wilson's *Seven Guitars*. \$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 9/12. *Intar*, 420 W. 42nd St. (935-9430).

Henry V—Expanded Arts's gritty-gummy summer tradition of Shakespeare in the Parking Lot continues. Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Municipal parking lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts.* (253-1813).

If I Were You—A king-size, multimedia farce about mistaken identity from 3-Legged Dog, a group that specializes in this sort of thing. \$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 9/12. *The Kitchen*, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).

A Midsummer Night's Dream/The Cherry Orchard—Performed in rotating rep by Gorrilla Rep. Free. *Midsummer*: Thurs. and Sat. at 8 through 9/26. *Orchard*: Fri. and Sun. at 8 through 9/27. *Washington Square Park*. (330-8086).

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. \$20–\$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse*, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).

No Exit—Hell is other people—though the prospect of spending all eternity in a Second Empire drawing room is pretty awful, too. Performed by the Cocteau Rep.; translation of Sartre's play by Paul Bowles. \$24–\$30. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, though showtimes may occasionally vary. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre*, 330 Bouwerie (677-0060).

Nooses, Knives, & Lovers—A comedy-thriller by Robert Joseph about a man who has his wallet stolen by a hitchhiker, gets it back, and agrees to take him in. \$20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Grove Street Playhouse*, 39 Grove St. (330-7200).

Notes: A Lovestory at www.com—A modern epistolary love story by British actor-writer Tony Tanner. \$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Producer's Club*, 358 W. 44th St. (717-8521).

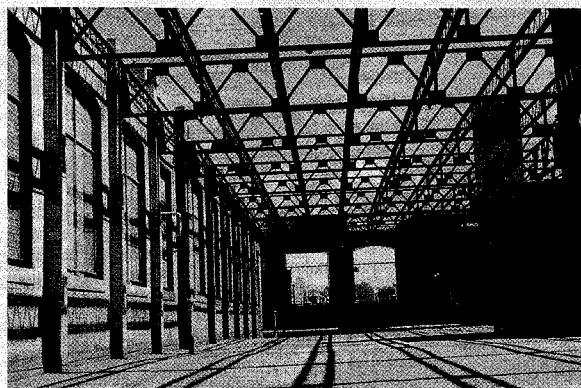
Taxi Taxi! The Equality of Life—A touring musical comedy about a rock-and-roll angel who's sent to earth to see why New Yorkers are so distressed. (Before he died, this guy must have lived in Cleveland.) Call 254-1109 for showtimes and locations; shows will be traveling to various parks and playgrounds in all five boroughs. Through 9/20.

The Tramway End—Another play from a young Irish laddie (this time Dermot Bolger, who writes novels and poems too). After watching his favorite soccer team lose to Holland, an Irishman living in Germany contemplates his proper place in the world. \$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/6. *Chelsea Playhouse*, 125 W. 22nd St. (388-2806).

W-Wow! Radio—A stage revival, complete with sound effects and vintage jingles, of two classic radio thrillers: *The Blood Money Caper* and *The Man Who Was Death*. \$28. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Martin R. Kaufman Theater*, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Previews Joys in the Hood

En Garde Arts, which never met a site it couldn't adapt to its eccentric, theatrical purposes, hauls its troops to the roof of Seward Park High School (350 Grand Street) for *The Secret History of the Lower East Side*, an evening of one-acts about the discrete immigrant cultures crisscrossing Delancey. Audience members are separated into groups and led by mock tour guides through the three productions and en-tr'actes; real Seward students and neighborhood residents help round out the cast. Previews begin September 8. Call 279-4200 for details.



ART

New British Craft and Design

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Drawings from the estate of the artist ranging in date from 1895 to 1945, many of them not previously exhibited; through 10/10. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Carol Rowan—Graphite drawings of architecture in England, Italy, New York City, and New Mexico; through 9/12. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000).

57th Street Area

Ward Davenny—Monumental charcoal drawings of landscapes; through 9/19. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by an artist (1925-1980) who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaiclike patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Tony Smith—The artist's drawings and photographs of his working models and mock-ups, on loan from the Tony Smith Estate; through 9/30. Seagram, 375 Park Ave. (572-7000), Mon.-Thurs. 9-5, Fri. 9-1.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Gaye Chan—A window installation incorporating maps, plastic, fast-food-restaurant toys, a ceramic female head, and a time line; through 9/5. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Brian Clarke—A stained-glass wall dedicated to Linda McCartney; through 9/12. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Paul Dickerson—Objects and drawings by an artist (1961-1997) who combined traditional art techniques with industrial materials; through 9/3. American Fine Arts, Co., 22 Wooster St. (941-0401).

Yayoi Kusama—Works on paper from the fifties by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at MOMA; through 9/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Chelsea

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977-1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Other

Lillian Ball—*Support Systems*, a sculpture project for which the artist has molded silicone forms from the negative spaces of a wide array of objects, from plumbing fixtures to flotation devices; through 10/4. Queens Museum of Art satellite gallery at

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Queens (718-899-0700), Mon.-Fri. 7-7, Sat. 10-4.

Group Shows

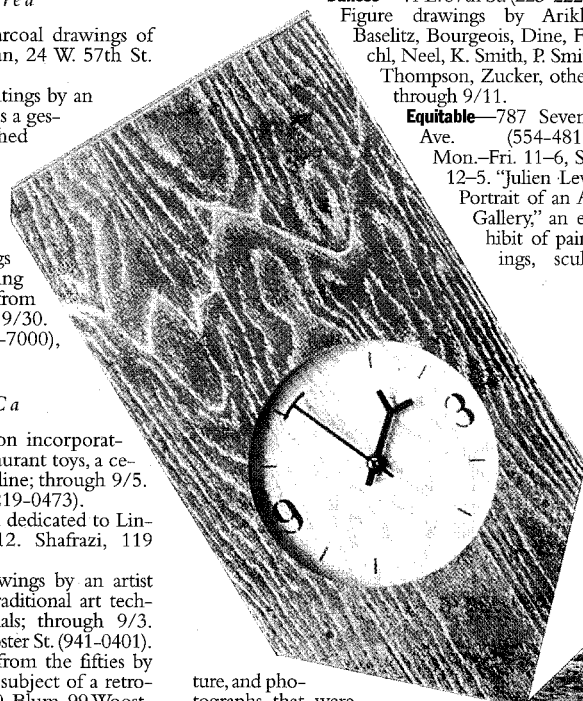
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). "NO! art," with a wall-size mural by Lurie, a video and still photographs by Patterson, and conceptual cryptography by Kirves; through 9/30.

57th Street Area

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Figure drawings by Arikha, Baselitz, Bourgeois, Dine, Fischl, Neel, K. Smith, P. Smith, Thompson, Zucker, others; through 9/11.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 12-5. "Julien Levy: Portrait of an Art Gallery," an exhibit of paintings, sculpture,



ture, and photographs that were shown by the art dealer Julien Levy (1906-1981) in his legendary 57th Street gallery, including works on loan from museum and private collections and works and ephemera from Levy's own collection; through 10/31.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Sculpture by Amato, Graham, Karella, Twombly; paintings by Caracciolo, Fendrich, Meyer, Trujillo, others; through 9/5.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Histories (Re)membered: Selections from the Permanent Collection of the Bronx Museum of the Arts," including works by Bearden, Kim, Saar, Weems, Yamamoto; through 9/11.

Chelsea

Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). Works by J. Beckley, Bellan-Gillen, Maier, Olds, Slavick, Weidner; through 9/4.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695). Works by Amer, Bellavista, Elizondo, Galliano, Hasper, Siquier; 9/3-26.

Other

Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park—New Dock St. at the East River, Brooklyn. (718-596-2507). "Between the Bridges," waterfront outdoor sculpture show with works by Beall, Brown, Burke, Carroll, Culhane, Jean-Marie, Koole, Kovel, Lipman, Martens, Merrick, Murphy, Orlinsky, Sperber, Ursachi, Yeo, others; through 9/7.

Photography

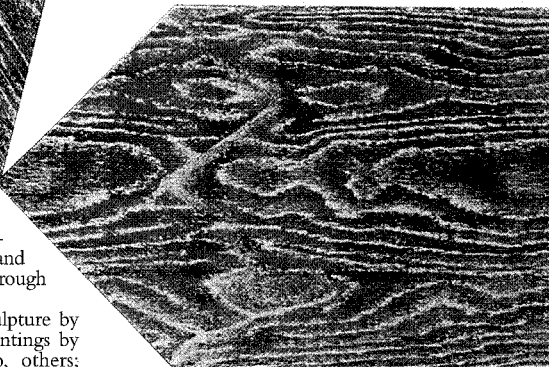
Arsenal—64th St. and Fifth Ave., in Central Park (360-3410). "Stepping Out: A Century of Dance in New York City Parks," dance photographs from the city's Parks Photo Archive; through 9/10.

Matt Gray/Cosimo Di Leo Ricatto—Images of solitary costumed figures in dramatic landscapes/Large-scale black-and-white photographs in which images of the female human form are juxtaposed with antlers and horns from animals; through 9/12. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11-8 (6-8 voluntary contribution), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$5.50, \$4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher"; through 9/13.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11-8 (6-8 voluntary contribution), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$5.50, \$4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823?-1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596). "Flash! The Associated Press Covers the World." A cele-



bration of AP's 150th anniversary through its most famous photographs; through 9/26.

Jock Sturges—Photographs of his longtime female subjects taken over the past several years and recent work depicting the naturist beach colonies of Montalivet, France, and communes in Northern California; through 9/4. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts,

Photograph courtesy of the American Craft Museum.

and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife, Katherine Westphal, spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10-6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6-8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. . . . "Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine; through 10/4. . . . "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"1898: Rican/Struction, Multi-Layered Impressions." A multimedia installation by Juan Sanchez; through 9/27. . . . "Artist in the Marketplace: Eighteenth Annual Exhibition"; through 9/27. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$3 suggested donation; \$2 students; \$1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Dark World of Martin Lewis in Prints and Photographs." A selection of works from the years 1916 to 1962 by the American artist (1881-1962), known for his depictions of New York in the thirties; through 10/25. . . . "Sally Victor, Mad Hatter: 1935-1965." Twenty-five hats designed by the legendary American milliner; through 8/23. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-9, Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (free admission 5-9); \$5, \$3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Image and Text: Orientalist

1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895-1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 9/6. . . . "Claude Monet's *Vétheuil in Summer* From the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto"; through 10/4. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Art of the Motorcycle." An exhibition chronicling the evolution of motorcycle technology and design, featuring more than 100 motorcycles dating from 1894 to the present; through 9/20. . . . "Vilhelm Hammershøi (1864-1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by the Danish artist known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; through 9/7. . . . "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize: 1998." Works by the award finalists Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/20. . . . "Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; through 9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8 (6-8 pay what you wish); \$8, \$5 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Shiko Munakata, the Modern Master of Woodblock Art." A retrospective of prints by Japan's greatest modern woodblock artist (1903-1975); through 9/25. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$3 suggested contribution.

On View Craft Warning

The first week of September is, unfortunately, the final week for "Objects of Our Time," an exhibition of recent works by England's leading craft artists and designers (pictured, Daniel Weil's "Timber Clock"). At the American Craft Museum, 40 West 53rd Street; through September 6.



Works on Paper From the Permanent Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, prints, photographs, and illustrated books depicting the Middle East and Africa, by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Wilhelm Gentz, David Roberts, and others; through 9/5. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606); Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965-1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion." An exhibition exploring the persistence of eighteenth-century style in clothing, featuring garments from the 1700s and their nineteenth- and twentieth-century revivals; 9/9-11/29. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the muse-

um's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31/99. . . . "Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833-1898), who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . .

"The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500-1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "The Unicorn Tapestries." A short-term exhibit of the renowned tapestries while renovations are being made to their permanent display area at the Cloisters; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "Modern Times: Photography Between the Two World Wars"; through 10/4. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921-1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour, and others; through 9/7. . . . Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800); Sun.-Wed. and Fri. 9-5, Thurs. 9-8, eve of Jewish holidays 9-2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958-1968." The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; through 9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A retrospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "David Goldblatt: Photographs From South Africa." Photographs of houses, churches, public buildings, and other structures in South Africa; through 10/6. . . . "More Pieces for the Puzzle: Recent Additions to the Collection"; through 9/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 10:30-6, Thurs. 10:30-6, Fri. 10:30-8:30 (4:30-8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$9.50, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Pho-

NEW YORK ON THE AIR

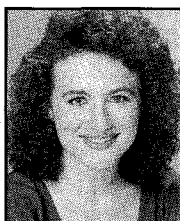
Join writer

PETER NOEL
as he discusses this
week's cover story on the
Million Youth March.
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SEPTEMBER 3,
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BRIAN LEHRER

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Noel continued from page 26

tious Khallid ally and the "religious coordinator" of the event, "what will?"

The NYPD has gone into "full mobilization" in preparation for the march, and organizers are bracing for the worst: Erica Ford, the New York coordinator of the march, called on the black community to drop off medical supplies at churches and other designated points in Harlem. Organizers have also formed a private security force that will supplement the 3,000 cops expected to ring the crowd.

IT IS THREE HOURS AFTER THE MAN KHALLID later called "a Jew judge" inadvertently increased the minister's power in the city by giving him the green light to protest. As the Giuliani administration prepared to appeal, a jubilant Khallid raced to Harlem to attend a rally by the United African Movement. His audience of black ultranationalists gave him a hero's welcome.

"The youth chose me by a mandate," he shouted from the stage. "Why? Because this is not a generation of Uncle Toms. . . . This is a rebellious generation! . . . Some silly Negroes say, 'We don't want it to be a Tiananmen Square.' When you don't know what to say, goddamit, just shut up! . . . When are we ever gonna fight? You're not gon' vote your way outta this one! You're not gonna boycott your way outta this one! Somewhere down the line, there must be direct confrontation with the enemy!"

But Khallid was preaching to the converted. What he plans to say to the youth who may mass along Malcolm X Boulevard Saturday worries both critics and supporters alike. Some fear Khallid will blow it: that his combustible rhetoric will get their sons and daughters killed—if not on that day, some other day when an angry young blood with the words THUG LIFE tattooed across his chest feels inspired to take a stand against the oppressor.

Ultimately it will be up to Khallid to determine whether his "Million Truth March" will be remembered as New York's version of Tiananmen Square. What will he do? As I watched Khallid prowl across the stage, I remembered something he told me after he and Farrakhan bumped into each other at Chicago's O'Hare Airport shortly after Farrakhan had sent him the chiding letter. "He had a big smile when he saw me," Khallid remembers. "We hugged for a long time. He had tears in his eyes. Tears ran down my face. He kept saying to me, 'Brother Khallid, it's all right.' I didn't know what he meant. What was all right? He told me, 'You know what to do out there. If anybody knows what to do, it's you.'"

tographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.—Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Urban Encounters." An exhibition tracing the political activism and artistic production of the artists' collectives ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War III Illustrated; through 9/20. . . . "Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco-based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon, Brazil, and Cuba; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); \$5, \$3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Historical Society—"William Sidney Mount: Painter of American Life." The first major loan exhibition of paintings by the Long Island native (1807–1868) often credited as the founder of American genre painting; through 10/25. . . . "Fading Ad Campaign: Vintage Painted Signs." Photographs of painted advertisements on buildings in New York City by Frank H. Jump; through 11/1. . . . "Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 10/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 9/27. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 9/27. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; \$3, \$1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977." An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in more than 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including twenty paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Liisa Roberts: Blind Side." An installation in which a 16-mm. film operates as a sculptural element; through 10/4. . . . "Good Times, Hard Times, War Times: American Prints From the 1920s to the 1940s." Prints from the museum's permanent collection by Howard Cook, Mabel Dwight, Louis Lozowick, Benton Spruance, and others; through 11/15. . . . "Janine Antoni: Swoon." The first major video-installation piece by the artist Janine Antoni; through 11/15. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; \$8, \$7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Hope Sandrow: Water Life." An installation that consists of underwater photographs of human figures, arrangements of seashells, and the sound of running water; through 10/9. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Brenna *continued from page 43*

girls have the better part of the game," Natalie Meltzer adds, finishing her friend's thought, "because they're the ones dodging the balls."

Campers share grape juice and challah and perform biblically inspired skits each Friday. They made name bracelets from Hebrew letters this summer and scavenged the grounds for what might have been in Eve's garden. Plants, not snakes.

USDAN CENTER FOR THE CREATIVE AND PERFORMING ARTS

Huntington, Long Island 1,400 campers, ages 6 to 18. Seven-week session: \$1,700; *Manhattan transportation*, \$650.

Following several years of piano lessons, Daniel Stoltz, now entering eighth grade at Hunter High School, had a year when it all came together. He was practicing more and enjoying it more. It was the path into a summer at Usdan, which, although a specialty camp, features the sylvan setting, the swimming instruction and the low-key sports program many city parents desire in a day camp. "I like it. It's not too competitive, but it's not silly," Stoltz said. "It's a mix between serious and relaxed."

This nonprofit camp, an agency of the United Jewish Appeal, is where students who have a strong interest in music, dance, drama, or the fine arts can meet other kids who get what they're about. It's a safe space to be artsy, which is why some campers commute more than 90 minutes by bus from the five boroughs, Westchester, Long Island and New Jersey. Noting that the piano can be a lonely instrument, Daniel's mother, Marlene Nadel, says, "It's been very nice for him to take something he loves and share it with other kids who love it."

For two hours a day, campers have lessons with professional artists in their major areas of study. These include concert or jazz band, orchestra, ballet, musical theater, sculpture, photography, video arts, chess, and computer graphics. They also spend an hour in a minor subject, so a camper might mix flute and chess, or video arts and sports. There is a daily show by professional or student artists. Parents caution that there's little baby-sitting and that it takes maturity to handle instructors' expectations. Downtown mother Judy Zaruski says her 10-year-old, Jennifer, got bored with her ceramics major, but that camp "is paradise" for her 13-year-old would-be actress, Sheri.

The studios open into courtyards for painting and sculpting. Tucked into the woods are shingled practice huts, each large enough for a dozen oboe players or nine pianists. Striding the grounds, director Dale Lewis comes across only the occasional monster talent. "We are really for kids who have a strong interest, but not necessarily a huge talent," Lewis says. A nursery program and a four-week option are available.

SOUNDVIEW SPORTS CAMP

Purchase, Westchester County

300 campers, ages 6 to 14. Eight-week session: \$3,250; *Manhattan transportation*, \$550.

In a grassy valley between a Japanese boarding school and the classical gray stone buildings of Manhattanville College is a sweat-inducing sight: an unbroken line of sun-drenched fields and tennis courts covered with kids diving for balls, throwing their bodies across goal cages, and whooshing lacrosse sticks. There's a tent where they repair for water breaks, and that's the camp's setup, along with a gym, an indoor pool, and an air-conditioned computer lab.

"These are high-energy kids," says Barry Perlow, a former accountant and founding partner of the camp with Steve Moynahan, a former adman and longtime Westchester youth coach. "They don't want to hear Mr. B. play guitar; they don't want to play spud; they don't want to make pot-holders. They just love sports."

"And everyone gets into great shape," Moynahan adds. "In fact, that's the goal of some parents: run 'em."

What sets this apart from some sports camps, say parents who have been around, is its intimate size and the unvarying quality of instruction. There are several prep- and suburban-high-school coaches on staff, and counselors are mostly college athletes who have grown up in the seasonal sports clinics the partners have run for years around Rye.

This is camp as imagined not by camp professionals but by two nice dads with marketing skills and a relaxed confidence in their singular mission. Campers jump off their buses with lacrosse sticks over one shoulder, a soccer ball under one arm, and a racket dangling from the other hand. The partners' approach to bedeviling social situations—like who's grouped with which friend—is relaxed. "You get a little kid walking up to you looking sad, and he says, 'I want to be a Jaguar.' Why? 'Because Teddy's a Jaguar.' That's it, he's in the Jaguars if we can possibly accommodate

him," Perlow says.

A strong sales point for parents is that the camp runs in two-week cycles, with each child choosing four sports per cycle (from the ten available). A child can go to one or every cycle, and switch sports each time. Such favorites as basketball and golf tend to fill up early. "The important thing is that (kids) have no opportunity to fail," says Moynahan.

"One of our pet peeves are these travel leagues who, in third grade, will tell your kid he's not good enough to make the team. They're the lunatics, the parents running the asylum." Competition is part of camp, "because you can't learn without having games," Moynahan says. "But we have no MVPs, no trophies for the best. Everyone gets four gold pins in each cycle, one for each of their sports, and most of them are happy wearing them on their caps."

DAY CAMP IN THE PARK

Lake Tiorati, Rockland County

400 campers, ages 4 to 15. Eight-week session: \$2,495, *transportation included*.

Don't look for air-conditioned gyms, aerobics instructors, or a complex of heated pools at this lower-priced alternative. The rough cabins on rocky hills are no more plush than what you might find at a scouting camp, and old iron swing sets still stand. The only charms are what nature provides in the camp's lush backwoods setting on the bank of a three-mile lake in Harriman State Park.

Some 40 minutes north of the George Washington Bridge, it is miles from the nearest suburban ranch house. Frog-, snake-, and turtle-catching expeditions are popular pastimes, and in August campers pick buckets of wild blueberries.

There is a single pool, which director Ken Glotzer, who runs a lean programming staff, felt compelled to build for city kids chary of lakes. "It's just to get them started," he says. Down the hill from the pool, two-, three-, and four-foot-deep planked poollike "cribs" have been built off the docks right into the lake. At the boating beach, campers who have passed two deep-water-swimming tests can master canoeing, kayaking, and sailing.

The camp does not customize campers' days with electives, but Glotzer says he leaves time open so campers, grouped by sex and age, can collectively choose to do more bass-fishing with their homemade poles, play sports or relax in the computer lab. Monday-to-Friday-night sleepovers are offered twice during the summer, and there is a day-trip program for older kids

restaurants

P u p p y C h o w . . . G r u b M e d . . . C o r n F e e d i n g

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. 80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) (\$).

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candleabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. 341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. 179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zepole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broad-



Opening The New David

Midtown's venerable Le Chantilly has long received mixed reviews, its inspired French cooking competing with stodgy, outdated décor. For symmetry's sake, chef-owner David Ruggerio has given the room a facelift and a new name—his own. He's also grafted some of his Italian culinary heritage, in the form of robiola ravioli and a trio of grilled pizzas, onto the modern French-American menu. (106 East 57th Street; 751-2931.)

way, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. 90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out

of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. 223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring

St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. 107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. 38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M-E) AE.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millennium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for \$45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. 55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted blue-point oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open ravioli of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Havell—Havell distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Oso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. 83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. 28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, fritattas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post-Film Forum noshing. 220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I-M) (S).

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like

poulet grand mère, saumon en croûte, and cassoulette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Robiola—Everyone comes for the focaccia robiola, but you wouldn't go wrong with roasted baby chicken, pasta, or anything from the wood-burning oven. This is the second venture by the folks behind midtown's popular Da Ciro. 535 Hudson St. (620-3838). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. 36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks al fresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangria. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Campagna—The Letterman crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union

Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mad 28—This stylishly streamlined restaurant serves homemade pasta, risotti, and thin-crust pizzas that emerge from a wood-burning oven built into a spectacular flagstone wall. The soaring space's other focal point is the large-screen TV, which is regularly tuned to European soccer broadcasts. 72 Madison Ave., nr. 28th St. (689-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. 239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-



Shopping Hound of the Berry Baskets

Sugar fiends can rejoice over this week's relocation of the closet-size confectionery Black Hound New York to much roomier quarters at 170 Second Avenue, at 11th Street (979-9505). At last, there's refrigerator space for the whole line of lush chocolate truffles (in flavors like bourbon and sherried raisin), triple mousse cakes, and large fruit pies. And to wash down all those candy crumbs, a beverage bar dispenses espresso drinks, lemonade, and, come winter, spiced apple cider.

1500). (M) AE, MC, V

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Novità—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Ribollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. 260 Park Ave. S., nr 20th St. (982-0975). (I-M) AE, TM

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I-M) (\$).

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparrata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. 358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Data Ear Full

Like tomatoes, lobster, Good Humor, and lemonade, corn is a summer necessity. It is also a dental nightmare. Floss—or its pre-plastic forebear—was most likely a consequence of the first Thanksgiving. Of course, we'll occasionally engage in the sort of oral calisthenics required to circumnavigate a cob—especially when it's as artfully presented as the locally grown specimens at the City Bakery (at right), where chef Ilene Rosen stocks her self-service counter with sea salt and, in place of butter, oils infused with cilantro, lime, ancho chili, and pumpkin seed. But in general, we'd rather let the professionals inspect the husks, strip the silks, and concoct easy-to-eat dishes that resonate with corn's pungent sweetness. Soups and puddings, in particular, convey corn essence in delectable doses. The local crop should last for at least another two weeks—and if we're lucky, into an Indian summer.



RESTAURANT	CORNUCOPIA
TROPICA 200 Park Avenue, at 45th Street; 867-6767	Chilled yellow-corn soup flavored with turmeric and curry powder, surrounding an island of lobster meat, soybeans, and tomatoes.
MAYA 1191 First Avenue, near 64th Street; 585-1818	Sopa de elote: roasted-yellow-corn soup, with a dumpling of huitlacoche (a smoky-sweet fungus that grows on corn), onions, chili, and cilantro.
AQUAVIT 13 West 54th Street; 307-7311	Purée of white corn, lobster stock, and white port, with toasted corn bread and a crab-and-lobster roll steamed in rice paper.
DROVERS TAP ROOM 9 Jones Street; 627-1233	Pan-roasted cod and lobster with a summer-vegetable hash of sweet corn, tomatoes, Yukon Gold potatoes, and zucchini in a sweet corn sauce.
GOTHAM BAR AND GRILL 12 East 12th Street; 620-4020	Wild striped bass with local corn, fava beans, and fingerling potatoes in a champagne vinaigrette, served with corn custard.
CENA 12 East 22nd Street; 505-1222	In the café: smoked-salmon corn chowder with basil oil.
JUDSON GRILL 152 West 52nd Street; 582-5252	Roasted monkfish with lobster-corn sauce, braised Savoy cabbage, and potato purée.

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Diners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The

chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. 570

Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. 109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. 987 Second Ave., nr 52nd St. (223-4224). (I-M) AE, MC, V

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A \$55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. 321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. 123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some New York advertisers among them.

The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Paramount Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. 235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. 35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the \$19.98 prix fixe. 342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the Royaltown (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. 142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous mural bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. 151 W. 51st St. (245-

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4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. 950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchothikes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. 121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paeon to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. 16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—The feng shui design contributes to the feeling of serenity at this midtown Indian restaurant, where subtle spicing and pungent flavors show up in dishes like chicken breast stuffed with tikka-and-pomegranate confit, and lamb with sunflower seeds, saffron, and cloves. Vegetables like mustard greens slow-cooked over charcoal make it easy to forgo meat. 475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under \$10. 201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Contraphanto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.



ASK GAEL

Where can I take pals that is strictly kosher?

If you haven't already cracked the code of India's vegetarian cooking and become addicted, give yourself a sensory treat at Pongal, where the kitchen, conveniently, is also certified kosher. We took a klezmer master and his wife for dinner and rediscovered the nutty pleasure of the fabulous dosai—giant crêpes, crunchy and thin as paper, rolled around various fillings, mostly spicy onions and potatoes. Not everyone liked the fried lentil donuts or the steamed idly as much as the fritters. But the bhel puri tidbits in a sweet-and-sour sauce was a hit. And at \$3.95 each, why not try a sampling of starters? We shared four or five small oval dishes of pleasant vegetable stews from Gujarat and Punjab—I especially liked the savory chickpeas (chana masala). When the breads arrived—deep-fried poori puffs and pea-stuffed paratha—our guests jumped up to wash their hands (as tradition requires). After the usual odd desserts, they asked the waiter for Hebrew prayer books and chanted the traditional verse of thanks. Amen. (110 Lexington Avenue, near 27th Street; 696-9458.)

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. 155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) (\$).

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. 26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Coco Pazzo—Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like potato ravioli with sautéed leeks and truffle oil, and breaded pork chop with mizuna

salad and red onion—not to mention an award-winning wine list, definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. 23 E. 74th St. (794-0205). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Jolo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Oriente—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. 205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). Also, 470 Sixth Ave., nr. 11th St. (243-2222). (M) AE, DS, V.

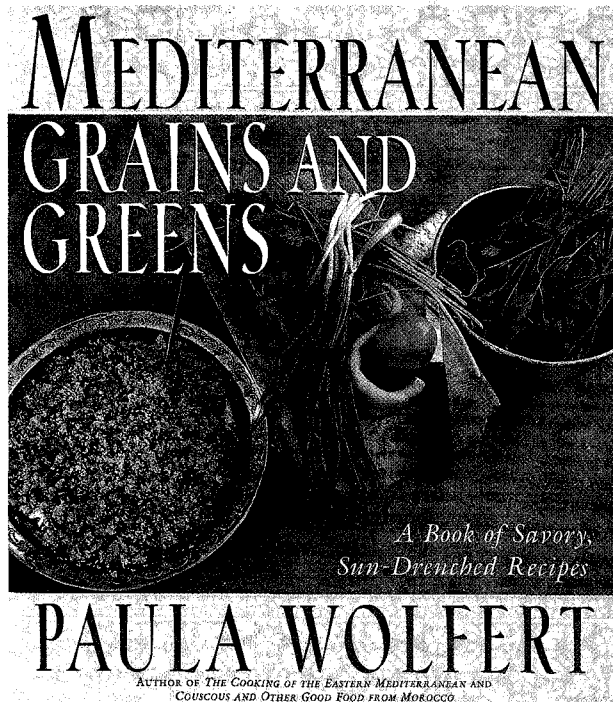
Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr.*

In Print

In the quarter-century since Paula Wolfert published her seminal *Couscous and Other Good Food From Morocco*, she's become our undisputed authority on that region's diverse cuisines. Now she emerges from a far-flung four-year sojourn in to the kitchens of traditional cooks from Spain to Syria with *Mediterranean Grains and Greens* (HarperCollins; \$27.50), a thorough exploration of those most celebrated segments of the food pyramid. Her title is a slight misnomer, since meat's not banned outright but simply relegated to a supporting role in recipes like Black Sea-style lamb smothered with leeks and nettles, one of the wild edible greens that Wolfert encountered along her travels. And in case your habitat isn't suitable for foraging—the author's newest obsession—she's thoughtfully provided alternative ingredients that may be hunted and gathered right off your grocery shelf. **GILLIAN DUFFY**



83rd St. (585-3838). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Silver Star—Open around the clock for seafood and hearty American fare, including fresh pasta and grilled chicken platters. Spacious surroundings in the recently expanded dining room and sidewalk café. *1238 Second Ave., at 65th St. (249-4250). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Opera—This West Side branch of Pino Luongo's national chain of Tuscan restaurants is perfectly situated for a meal before or after a Lincoln Center performance. House specials include sautéed veal chop with chickpeas and fried sage, and rigatoni with sun-dried tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili peppers. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) (\$).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) (\$).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke

the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The \$42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) (\$).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (\$).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) (\$).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

Suffragette Sessions... Hanson

Concerts

Backstreet Boys—The umpteenth local stop by these Floridians this year. Do they ever take a break? 9/2 at 7:30 P.M. Nassau Coliseum, Marshall Field Complex, Uniondale, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$26-\$36.

"Blues Cruise"—A weekly spin through the muddy waters of, uh, New York Harbor. 9/1: The Holmes Brothers. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. Pier 16, South Street Seaport. (630-8888). \$25.

Joe Cocker—The original rock-and-roll fit thrower keeps on keeping on. So who's laughing now, John Belushi? With Marc Cohn. 9/1 at 8 P.M. Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (496-7070). \$35-\$50.

Celine Dion—She scored Oscars; she raised the Titanic with her north-of-the-border crooning; she's a genuine pop sensation steamrolling the New York area with a seemingly endless series of concert dates. 9/3-9/4 at 8 P.M. Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). \$29.40.

Hanson—The three towheaded Oklahoma brothers sing pop with nearly the same fervor the Jacksons once had. And there's still plenty of time for these as-yet-normal young men to get just as kooky too. With Admiral Twin. 9/2 and 9/5 at 7:30 P.M. Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$15-\$40.

"Hudson River Festival"—9/1: Kimson Plaut and Friends; Johnny Pacheco con los Soneros. 9/15: Ismael Miranda y Su Orquesta. All shows at 6 P.M. Battery Park City, Wagner Park (945-0505). Free.

Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds—Singing about romance and murder, spewing punk rock, and publishing novels, Australia's Cave is a literary rocker par excellence. He's just released a greatest-hits compilation, so get ready to ride the rock-and-roll time machine. 9/8 at 8 P.M. Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (496-7070). \$25-\$35.

Pearl Jam—Yield, indeed: Vedder & Co. have finally caved on the Ticketmaster brouhaha and agreed to play mainstream houses. Whether that's a boon or a curse for fans, of course, remains to be seen. 9/8 at 8 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171); sold out. 9/10-9/11 at 8 P.M., Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171); sold out.

"Smooth Jazz Cruise"—A weekly trawl leaving from the Seaport. 9/3: Marion Meadows. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). \$30.

"Suffragette Sessions Tour"—Amy Ray, Emily Saliers, Ann Wilson, Gail Ann Dorsey, Lisa Germano, Lourdes Perez, Kate Schellenbach, Josephine Wiggs, Thalia Zedek, Jane Siberry, and Jean Smith in a big, all-female hootenanny. (See page 77.) 9/3 at 7:30 P.M. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$25.

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 9/2: House Jacks. 9/3: "Klezmer on the Edge." Hasidic New Wave; Klezmokum. 9/4: Cliff Eberhardt; Cheryl Wheeler. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 9/2: Eagle



Performance Son of Grunge

Seattle swingers Pearl Jam haven't hit a local venue in years, due mainly to singer Eddie Vedder's well-documented beef with Ticketmaster. But now that Vedder & Co. have accepted their status as cogs in the machine, they roll into Continental Airlines Arena September 8 for the first of three fun-filled nights. (And yes, before the show sold out, tickets were available through Ticketmaster; see "Concerts.")

Eye Cherry; Morley. 6 Delancey St. (533-2111).

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 9/2: Babe the Blue Ox; Beekeeper. 9/3: Julia Greenberg. 9/5: Lubricated Goat. 9/7: Action Slacks. 161 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscurry basement lounge. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 9/1: Martin Wright. 9/2: David Eddy. 9/3: Earl King. 9/4: Danny Draher. 9/5: Jon Paris. 9/7: Killer Blues Band. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swanky restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. 268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now re-

flects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

Continental—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridor home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 9/2: Alex Gifford; Touché. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodge-podge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). \$.

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. *Time Cafe*, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 9/1: Swirlies. 9/2: The Du-Tels—a duo of ex-Captain Beefheart guitarist Gary Lucas and Holy Modal Rounder Peter Stempfel—reunite for a night of nitro-burning bluegrass-psychedelia. A *Teletubbies* cover is promised. With Drazy Hoops. 9/3: Spinanes; the Lonesome Organist. 9/4: Magnetic Fields. 9/5: sixties psychedelic supergroup Brainville, which features Soft Machine vets Hugh Hopper and David Allen. 9/6: Roy Harper. 9/7: Breadvan. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Life—At the only hip place on Bleecker Street Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. 158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).

Louisiana Community Bar and Grill—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. Saturdays, octogenarian swing survivors the Harlem Jazz Legends play sets at 8 and 9:45 P.M. 622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker Sts. (460-9633).

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormant period, New Jersey's (and perhaps the Tri-State area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 9/2: The Spinanes. 9/5: El Vez. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 9/1: Plastic Army; Little Shining Man. 9/2: Little House; Bender. 9/3: Asylum Street Spankers. 9/4: Atom Smasher; Ari Vais; Too Cynical to Cry. 9/6: Collider. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. 515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). \$.

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

Shine—Open only since December, Shine's already attracting crowds, and the usual celebrity suspects, like John-John, Wesley Snipes, megacool old-timers like Jimmy Plant and Robert Page, and Leo, Leo! 9/14: Gillian Welch. 9/24: Bloque. 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon, followed by small neo-swingers that have got the kids hopping. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-cranning mid-stage column by arriving early. 9/5: Groove Collective. 9/6: El Vez. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 9/2: The Flower Kings; Swedish Prog-Rock Comets. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244). \$.

Windows on the World—At Tuesday night's "Sway," D.J.s Angola and Conrad get the party people jumping to hip-hop sounds from yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail-nation freak-fest. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays in August, Charli Persip & Supersound. 9/1: Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. 9/2: Brian Lynch Quintet. 9/3-9/6: Cedar Walton Trio. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. \$10-\$30 cover; \$10 minimum. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 9/1-9/6: Spyro Gyra. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall-style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist

to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazz-land, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Quintet. 9/1-9/6: Freddie Cole. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., Irish guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Sun., Tues.-Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; \$10-\$15 cover on weekdays, \$15-\$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. \$10 minimum all nights. 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays,

Performance Suffragette City

The Suffragette Sessions Tour—which stars Indigo Girls Emily Saliers and Amy Ray (pictured), Luscious Jackson's Kate Schellenbach, Come's Thalia Zadek, and a half-dozen other performers—hits Roseland on September 3. But if a tour featuring nine woman artists of wildly diverse stylistic leanings sounds reminiscent of a certain two-year-old roving Fair, think again. Unlike Lilith—essentially a gender-specific Lollapalooza—this new tour, says co-organizer Saliers, "is a socialist experiment." That means that, in addition to lacking corporate sponsorship, the Suffragette show comprises one 90-minute set by all nine artists, leading three songs apiece. "When you put something like this together," says Saliers, "it's really a leap of faith. You don't know if everybody's gonna get along and jibe musically, and if the audience is going to get it." The inspiration for the tour actually struck five years ago—in the pre-Lilith dark ages—after the Indigos had brought eighties icon Siouxsie Sioux onstage for an impromptu rendition of "Strange Fruit." After that show, says Saliers, "we were sitting around playing poker, and we just thought, 'Man, we should really do this on a big scale!'" Sarah McLachlan's *femmefest* may not have directly inspired its socialist sister, but it did create a context in which promoters were willing to take a chance on the tour. So, will Suffragette, like Lilith before it, become an annual event, complete with a tie-in album, sponsorship from cosmetics companies, etc.? Don't count on it: "I'd do it again in a heartbeat, but sometimes you can have too much of a good thing," says Saliers. "Actually, to tell the truth, we haven't discussed it yet."

ETHAN SMITH



Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory demographic. (So far, indications are good: A recent night was so packed, even local luminary John Lurie got turned away at the door.) All summer, John Zorn brings in assorted players to make the scene. 9/2: Drew Gress's Jagged Sky. 9/3: Ned Rothenberg, Bobby Previte, and Marc Ribot. 9/4: Loren Mazzacane Connors, Kato Hideki, Chris Cochrane, Elliott Sharp. 9/6 John Zorn & Fred Frith. 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). \$.

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 9/1-9/6: Barry Harris Trio. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Wilson's Bar & Grill—The Upper West Side's finest jazz- and torch-singer bar. Wednesdays and Fridays: The Stingers. Thursdays: Eric. Saturdays: The Judy Barnett Quartet. Sundays: Jazz brunch with Gerard Carelli. 201 W. 79th St. (769-0100).

Zinc Bar—A tiny subterranean hideout, sheltered from bustling Houston Street by heavy red drapes. Weeknights, sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M.; weekends at 11 P.M., 12:30, and 2 A.M. Mondays, the Ron Affit Trio. Fridays: Raf Astor's flamenco band. Saturdays: Marianne Ebert's Brazilian-jazz quartet. 90 W. Houston St. (477-8337). \$.

Zimmo—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tuesday-Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-\$18.50, two-drink minimum.

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showcase offers sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old Late Night With David Letterman set. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).

Chicago City Limits—The long-running and much-ballyhooed troupe, performing their latest, "@ChicagoCityLimits.comedy." Wed.-Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri.-Sat. at 8 and 10:30 P.M. \$20 cover. Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (888-LAFF).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun.-Thurs. at 9 P.M. 117



Performance Boys on the Side

Last time Hanson played New York, they very nearly got upstaged. Twice. Before the boys took the stage, then-new MTV V.J. Jesse Camp entered Hammerstein Ballroom to an arena-size chorus of *We love you, Jesse!* Then, midway through their set, the teenage band's own fortyish dad headed into the orchestra seats to film his boys in action—touching off an odd frenzy of grabbing and squealing in the pubescent audience. You can bet that when they hit Jones Beach, September 2 and 5, the blond brothers will keep Jesse—and Dad—well away from the fans.

MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.-Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 9/4-9/5: Todd Barry; Eddie Brill; Mike Royce. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," members of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn up regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots of personal monologues, of a post-Spalding Gray variety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costumes and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbers from the Krofft Superstars show. Some of it is successful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Leno warmed over. \$5 cover. 171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Cover is \$7-\$12. Shows: Sun.-Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.-Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

"We Rule The Planet"—A collection of comedy routines by Eric Slovin and Leo Allen. Every Thursday through 9/3 at 10:30 P.M. Here, 145 6th Ave., at Spring St. (647-0202). \$10.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Kazan. 9/8-10/10: Mary Cleere Haran with Richard Rodney Bennett. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Cafe Pierre—Joining the ever-growing list of performers to offer such "tributes," singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." \$12 minimum; jacket and tie required. Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 9/1: Steven Brinberg is *Simply Barbra*. \$10-\$15 cover, two-drink minimum. 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). \$.

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. \$15, with a two-drink minimum. 9/1: Barbara Brussell. 9/3: Barbara Fasano. Show starts at 8 P.M. 9/4: Ruby Rims with "Le Drag Hot." Shows at 8 P.M. 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). \$12 minimum. 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).

Bars

9C—The unassuming neighborhood hang has buckled under the weight of Alphabet City saloon practice, changing its name from "Barcode" to the more efficient, if less imaginative, intersection-handle. Fortunately all its charms are still intact: Firebreathing bartenders, bluegrass, tipsy Pratt students, and—Monday nights—a bluegrass jam hosted by local star Greg Garing. 700 E. 9th St. (No Phone). \$.

b0b—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. 235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor, and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass an evening. Getting stuck standing at the tiny bar, though, can be a bringdown. 176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).

Dive Bar—Neither ultraglamorous nor off-puttingly grim, this most neighborly of Upper West Side pubs caters to regular, working folks who want to drink some fine beer, eat some greasy grub, and generally avoid hipsters, yuppies, and all other species of New York exotica. 732 Amsterdam Ave., at 96th St. (749-4658).

Idlewild—For mile-high-clubbers without a destination, this East Village lounge brings all the plasticity internationalism of its namesake airport right to Houston Street. The owner aren't kidding around, either: spend too long in this dead-on replica of a commercial airliner and major claustrophobia starts to set in. 145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).

The Room—This candlelit SoHo joint suffers from a perpetual, if mild, identity crisis—it can't decide whether it's a lounge, an indie-rock hang, a reclaimed industrial space, or just a regular neighborhood bar. But the unimpeachable crowd, generally good music, and truly eclectic beer selection make the Room an oasis of normalcy. 144 Sullivan St., bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (477-2102).

in concert

Tango at the 92nd Street Y

Classical Music

Thursday, September 3

Bargemusic—Performances of Haydn's String Quartet in D Major, Stravinsky's Concertino for String Quartet and Three Pieces for String Quartet, and Brahms's String Quartet in C minor. With violinists Carmit Zori and Calvin Wiersma, violist Robert Rinehart, and cellist Fred Sherry. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn* (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$25.

Sunday, September 6

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Performs *Messe Solennelle*, by Louis Vierne, conducted by Danielle Moriarty. The piece's two organ parts will be played by

Previews: Psycho Analysis

Writer, choreographer, director, and highly respected female impersonator Mark Dendy brings his dance and theater troupe to Dance Theater Workshop to perform *Dream Analysis*, in which a young man recounts a recurring dream involving his mother, his aunt, two Martha Grahams, two Vaslav Nijinskys, and one very confused Judy Garland. The show was a surprise hit at the Joyce Theater last January, and features several new numbers and cast members. Dendy, who dances the parts of Nijinsky and Graham, claims the action is based on his personal experiences. Talk about split personalities.



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Steven Tharp, on the church's Aeolian/Skinner organ. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. and 51st St.* (378-0200), at 11 A.M.; free.

Desiree Halak, Mezzo-soprano—Performs an arrangement by Ilan Rechtman of Richard Strauss's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. Also, cellist Wolfram Keessel performs Bach's Sonata No. 3 with Rechtman on piano. *Hotel Wales, 1295 Madison Ave., at 92nd St.* (876-6000), at 6 and 8; free.

Bargemusic—See 9/3, at 4.

Monday, September 7

Chin Kim, Violin and Yuri Kim, Piano—Perform Schubert's *Rondo* and *Sonatina* and selected works by Fritz Kreisler and others. *The Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St.* (944-6050), at 8; free.

Jazz

Tuesday, September 1

Hudson River Festival—An evening of jazz-inspired samba and bossa nova by Kimson Plaut and Friends, and salsa by "El Maestro" Johnny Pacheco con los Soneros. *Wagner Park, Battery Place and Little West St.* (945-0505), at 6; free.

Opera

Cultice Summer Opera—Performs *The Telephone* and *The Medium*, by Gian Carlo Menotti, with piano accompaniment, 9/3 at 8. *Robert Wagner School, 220 E. 76th St.* (861-0334); \$5.

Dance

Mark Dendy Dance and Theater—Dendy's company of "actors, drag queens, and kick-ass dancers" performs *Dream Analysis*, in which a young man and his therapist attempt to interpret a recurring dream, 9/1-9/5 at 8, 9/6 at 3. *Dance Theater Workshop, Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St.* (924-0077); \$20.

Saturday Dance Party—An evening of Argentine tangos, milongas, vales, and Latin Musica Tropical. An hour of instruction by Danel and Maria Bastone will be followed by live music by Raul Jaurena and the New York Tango Trio, 9/5 at 8. *Buttenwieser Hall, 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.* (996-1100); \$15.

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the mix

Wigstock... The West Indian Labor Day Parade

Radio Highlights

City Folk—Weekdays at 6 A.M. 9/1: Madeline Peyroux, Dan Bern, Beth Orton, Chris Stills, Susan Tedeschi, Alana Davis. 9/2: Bob Marley. 9/4: Train songs. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Poetry in Motion—9/8 at 11:45 A.M.: Spiritual poems from *The Bible According to Einstein*, read by physics professor Stuart Samuel of Columbia and CCNY. WNYE, 91.5

Mountain Stage—9/6 at 6 P.M.: Live performances by Arlo Guthrie, June Tabor, Jonathan Brooke, Paul Thorn, Christine Lavin. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 9/5: Martin Garbus, First Amendment attorney, discusses his lifelong defense of free speech in his new book, *Tough Talk*; David Levin, executive director of Prisoner's Legal Services, discusses the possible implications of budget cuts and the tough-on-crime image presented by the State Legislature and the governor; Carl Zimmer, senior editor at *Discover*, on his investigative report on the resurgence of sleeping sickness in Africa. WOR, 710 AM.

Max Schmid's Golden Age of Radio—Sundays at 7:30 P.M. 9/6: "The Man Who Was Thursday," from Orson Welles's classic "Mercury Theatre on the Air." WBAI, 99.5 FM.

New York & Company—Weekdays at noon. 9/2: Helen Gurley Brown on *The Writer's Rules*, Richard North Patterson and his novel *No Safe Place*, Katherine Arnoldi on *The Amazing "True" Story of a Teenage Single Mom*. 9/3: Journalist John Hess and five-term U.S. congressman Cecil Hefel on *End Legalized Bribery*, David Jasen and Gene Jones on *Spreadin' Rhythm Around*. 9/4: Nina Mehta, Malcolm Gladwell, and Claudine Chiawei O'Hearn on editing *Half+Half: Growing Up Bicultural and Bicultural*; Jerry Lembcke on *The Spitting Image*. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Infinite Mind—Sundays at 3 P.M. 9/6: A discussion of the "body clock." WNYC, 820 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 9/6: Helen Fielding, author of *Bridget Jones' Diary*. WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

Reflections of the Game: Lives in Baseball—9/3 at 12:30 P.M.: Goose Gossage, Don Mattingly, and Keith Hernandez join photographer Ronald Modra to sign and celebrate their new book of photographs and recollections. Barnes & Noble Rockefeller Center, 600 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (765-0590); free.

The KGB Bar Reader—9/3 at 7:30 P.M.: Jennifer Egan, Maggie Estep, Steven Rinehart, and Ben Schrank read from their contributions to the new anthology. Barnes & Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1672); free.

Gisele Isaac—9/2 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Considering Venus. A Different Light*, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Helen Schulman—9/3 at 6:30 P.M.: The author of *Not a Free Show*

and *Out of Time* reads from her latest, *The Revisionist*. Rizzoli, 454 West Broadway (674-1616); free.

"Dorothy Parker: An Icon of Wit"—Through 9/5 at 9 P.M.: Eight actors bring her stories, poems, and reviews to life at her famous onetime haunt, the Oak Room of the Algonquin Hotel. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); \$35-\$40.

Christine Moriarty—9/2 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Kids Take New York*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Ann Warren—9/8 at 7 P.M.: Sample the delectables featured in the *Cupcake Cafe Cookbook*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

WNBA & NBA Stars—9/8 at 1 P.M.: WNBA Most Valuable Player Cynthia Cooper, A. C. Green of the *Dallas Mavericks*, and Tammi Reiss of the *Utah Starzz* introducing the "Roooster Roux" books. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Dr. Ruth Westheimer—9/8 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *Grandparenthood*. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3211); free.

Ellen Miller—9/10 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from her new book, *Like Being Killed*. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Alice James Books' Benefit Reading—9/14 at 7:30 P.M.: Olga

Broumas, Deborah Digges, Donald Hall, Richard Howard, Timothy Liu, Richard McCann, Grace Paley, and Jean Valentine give a twenty-fifth-anniversary reading. Buitenvoer Hall, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$10.

Happening Join baseball big boys Goose Gossage, Don Mattingly, and Keith Hernandez for a look at *Reflections of the Game: Lives in Baseball*, with their recollections and Ronald Modra's photographs. See "The Written Word."

Jackson Heights Poets—9/12 at 2:30 P.M.: Reading at the Jackson Heights Branch of the Queens Borough Public Library, 35-51 81 St. (718-899-2500); free.

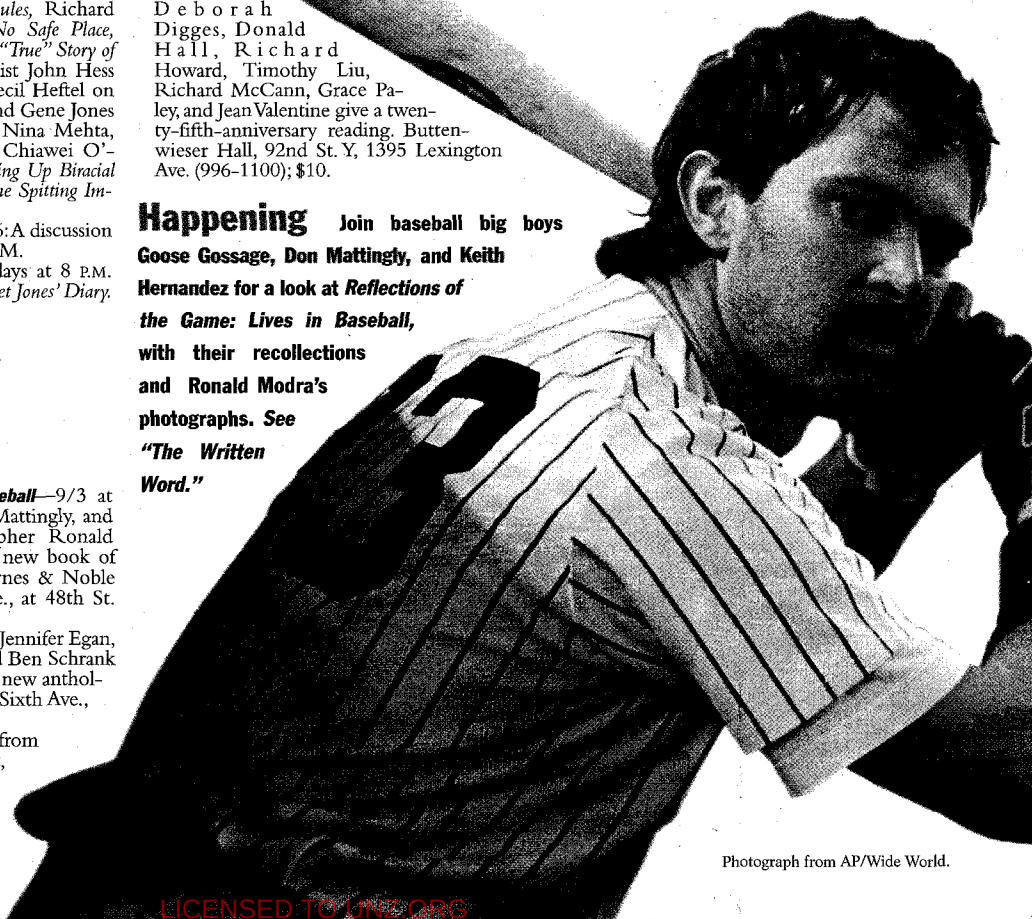
Lectures and Panels

"Women Wear the Pants in Hollywood"—9/1 at 6 P.M.: Actress Famke Janssen hosts a panel discussion with five New York-area filmmakers on the impact of women on the film industry. Macy's Herald Square, 151 W. 34th St., fourth floor (494-4624); free.

"Love Translates"—9/8 at 6 P.M.: Scholar Leonard Barkan explores the connections between antiquity and the Renaissance, through a love story involving a Roman poet and an American professor. The New York Public Library's Center for the Humanities, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (930-0654); \$7-\$8.

Peter Brook—9/8 at 7 P.M.: The world-renowned theater director will discuss his recent memoir, *Threads of Time*, and his life and work. French Institute Alliance Française's Tinker Auditorium, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100); \$12.

Seminar for Tenants and Homeowners—9/2 at 11 A.M.: Midwood Development Corporation and the



Photograph from AP/Wide World.

In Print Read Scare

While there are plenty of places to go for a beer or a book or both in this town, the Kraine Gallery Bar, with its musty red walls and peculiar Soviet fetish, has long been a favorite with writers, drinkers, and Commies alike. The KGB "may have been the meeting place of the Ukrainian Club or a cover for the American Communist party, though the details of its past are a little sketchy—just like everyone else's," writes Ken Foster in his introduction to *The KGB Bar Reader*. (William Morrow, \$14), a new anthology of works that have been presented in readings at the bar. Foster, who curates the readings and edited the book, says a major challenge was including enough work by men. "Guys tend to read from stuff they're trying to sell, whereas women are more apt to take a chance and read something unrelated to a publication date."

"It's a kind of liberating place because it's so deeply funky," says novelist A. M. Homes of the East Village's headquarters of literature and inebriation. But funkiness has its hazards: "One time, A.M. was going to read, and right as she started, the whole back of the room cleared out," Foster recalls. "Afterwards, somebody said to her, 'You know it wasn't you—somebody just vomited back there.' So odd little things like that often happen." Kathryn Harrison, Ben Schrank, Helen Schulman, and others will give readings from the anthology throughout the month; see "The Written Word" for details. **ARIEL LEVY**

LYDIA DAVIS MEGHAN DAUM V
ELIZABETH GILBERT KEN FOSTER
JUNOT DIAZ MAGGIE ESTEP JE
LUCY GREALLY JOANNA GREENFIE
KATHRYN HARRISON A.M. HOMES
DIANE LEFER JAN MEISSNER T
RICK MOODY TOM PAINE STEV
STEVEN RINEHART LUC SANTE
ELISSA SCHAPPELL BEN SCHRANK
HELEN SCHULMAN CHRISTINE
MATTHEW SHARPE DAVID MEAN
RANDALL KENAN SHEILA KOHLER
JACQUELINE WOODSON TOM PAI

Brooklyn Public Library offer an information session on mortgages, loans, income eligibility, closing costs, and more. 2115 Ocean Ave., bet. Kings Highway and Quentin Rd., Brooklyn (718-376-0999); free.

Introduction to Talmud—9/6: A beginner's look at both the literary and logical constructions of the Talmud, taught by Dr. Joel Roth. The Jewish Theological Seminary, 3080 Broadway, at 122nd St. (678-8897); \$36.

"The Battle of Chile"—9/8 at 6:30 P.M.: Filmmaker Patricio Guzman will introduce the first U.S. screening of the prize-winning documentary and respond to audience questions. NYU's King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center, 53 Washington Sq. S. (998-3759); free.

"Planning Your Child's Early School Years"—9/8 at 8 P.M.: Beth Teitelman, director of the 92nd St. Y Parenting Center, and Barbara Katz lead this seminar on planning for your child's education. 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$15.

Breakfast With Democratic Primary Candidates for State Attorney General—9/9 at 8:30 A.M.: The audience will be invited to submit written questions for candidates Evan A. Davis, G. Oliver Koppell, Eliot Spitzer, and State Senator Catherine Abate. Light refreshments will be served. The Association of the Bar, 42 W. 44th St. (382-6653); free.

"Blazing Star: The Way We Were"—9/10 at 2:30 P.M.: A slide lecture on the historic Blazing Star cemetery located in Rossville, on the south shore of Staten Island, exploring the art and symbolism of gravestone designs. Staten Island Institute of Arts & Sciences, 75 Stuyvesant Pl., St. George (718-727-1135); free.

"Chinese Chef's Spicy Specialties"—9/12 at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.: You'll never need take-out again after you learn the art of Chinese cooking. 70 Mulberry St., fifth floor (718-468-4586); \$35.

Benefits

Wigstock '98—9/6: A very good hair day indeed, at the thirteenth annual festival of drag to benefit Gay Men's Health Crisis and Beauty Cares. Performances by Obie-award-winning Joni Mitchell impersonator John Kelly, Candis Cayne, Varla Jean Merman, and Debbie Harry. 12th St. Piers. (774-7470); \$15-\$20.

Events

West Indian Labor Day Carnival and Parade—9/3-9/7 from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.: Live Calypso and Reggae music and dance performances, a costume com-

petition, D.J.'s, and plenty of food and shopping throughout the holiday weekend will help get people whipped up for the thirty-first annual parade on Monday. Four million people from around the world—including the mayor and the governor—are expected to converge on Crown Heights for the event. Festivities take place at Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, entrance on Washington Ave.; the parade starts at Utica Ave. and Eastern Parkway at around 10 A.M. (718-638-5000, ext. 481); free.

Na Zdoroye L'Chaim To Life Festival '98—9/6-9/8 at 11 A.M.: This festival of Russian Jewish culture hosts the Children's Ballet of Russia, the New American Chamber Orchestra, the Moscow Circus, films, food, and vendors. Battery Park (898-7827); free.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration with dance, music, theater, film screenings, and art in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, the Morgan Scott Ballet Company, and the Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 for additional information; free.

Richmond County Fair—9/5-9/7: For the nineteenth

Happening Get your falsies out of storage.

It's that time again: the thirteenth annual Wigstock festival of divine drag takes place September 6 at the 12th Street Piers, featuring performances by Lady Bunny, female impersonator, and Deborah Harry, female frequently impersonated. See "Benefits."



year in a row, the largest special event in Staten Island offers pie-eating, hula-hoop twists, handicrafts, photography, food, music, and more. Historic Richmond Town, 441 Clarke Ave. (718-351-1611); \$3-\$6.

Tours

Immigrant Labor, Immigrant Triumph—9/7 at 1 P.M.:

A special holiday tour featuring the role of immigrants and the labor movement in the growth of New York City. Stops include the Labor Lyceum, the site of the first Communist International, the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory, and the homes of Emma Goldman and Victoria Woodhull. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (439-1090); \$10.

SoHo—9/5 at 2 P.M.: Explore this neighborhood collection of cast-iron buildings built during the second half of the nineteenth century, when the heart of New York City moved uptown; and discover the "ghost" of St. John's Park. Meet at the corner of Prince and Mott Sts. in front of Old St. Patrick's Cathedral (969-8262); \$10.

Rabid Radicals Ramble—9/7 at 2 P.M.: A walking tour of the East Village, which will pass the homes of Emma Goldman, Leon Trotsky, and Alexander Berkman. For meeting place and reservations, call 265-2663; \$5.

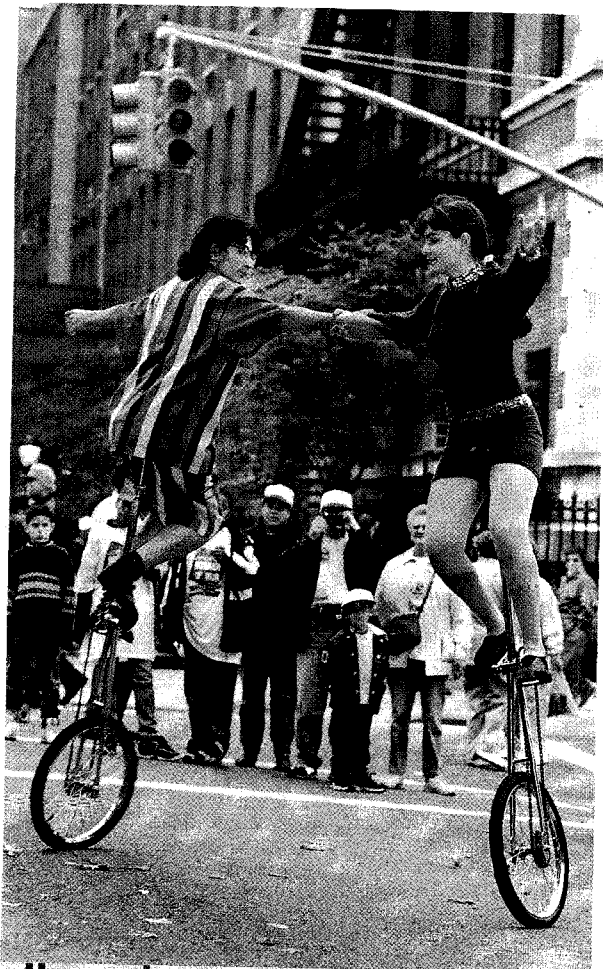
The Colonial Settlers of Wall Street—9/5 at 1 P.M.: Old New Amsterdam, then British New York, was the frontier town where people came to buy low and sell high. Investigate Federal Hall, Battery Park, Trinity Church, Fraunces Tavern, and the New York Stock Exchange. Meet at Trinity Church, Wall St. and Broadway (242-5762); \$12.

Central Park: East and West—9/5 and 9/6 at 2:30 P.M.: Two tours exploring the park's hidden places and early history. The first stops on the western side at Strawberry Fields and various literary sites; the second stops on the eastern side at the Dairy and the Arsenal. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting places; \$12.

Greenwich Village—9/5 at 1 P.M.: Investigate the history and architecture of the neighborhood that was home to artists, writers, and radicals such as Aaron Burr, Edith Wharton, e.e. cummings. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (439-1090); \$10.

Manhattan Treasure Hunt—9/6 at 2 P.M.: Teams of players search for "treasure" hidden around the city. The winning team members are given a \$110 certificate from the Sun Spa, and everyone gets free Heinekens at a party after the hunt. Meet at Amici Mie at 475 W. Broadway (613-6313); \$15.

Upper West Side—9/6 at 2 P.M.: Explore the beauty of this charming residential neighborhood. Stops include a landmark example of a 1904 "Control



Happening Ruble Rave

Three days of films, foods, and spectacles—including the Moscow Circus—to celebrate Russian Jewish cultural history at the Na Zdorovye L'Chaim To Life Festival, and it's all free. See "Events."

House," the Ansonia Hotel, Dorothy Parker's childhood home, and the largest mansion ever built in Manhattan. Meet at the southeast corner of 70th St. and Broadway (979-2388); \$10.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing: The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour"—9/12 at 1: Featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); \$13.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights—9/12 at 1 P.M.: A walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church and Walt Whitman's childhood home. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call 439-1090 for more information; \$10.

Greenwich Village Pub Crawl—Saturdays at 2 P.M.: A tour of the historical literary bars of Greenwich Village. Meet at the White Horse Tavern, 567 Hudson St. Call 613-5769 for further information.

The Insider's Hour—Ongoing: To make the cultural wonders of New York City more accessible and easier to enjoy, institutions like the New York Botanical Garden, Lincoln Center, the Bronx

Zoo, the Guggenheim, and dozens more offer these guided tours. Call 800-915-9931 for more information; free with admission.

Celebrities of New York—Saturdays and Sundays at 10:30 A.M. on the West Side, and 2 P.M. on the East Side: Discover the homes of the stars and the countless cinematic sites of the city. Call 683-4133 for more information and meeting places; \$15.

Foods of New York—Saturdays at 12 P.M., Sundays at 11:30 A.M. and 12 P.M. A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo. Call 732-636-4650 for additional information and dates; \$20.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 872-4790 for further information; \$25.

Exhibitions

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George will be on display along with props and costumes. The American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); \$4.50-\$8.50.

"Laurence Olivier: Four Crowning Achievements"—9/1-11/29: A unique opportunity to better understand one of the most acclaimed actors of his era, this series features some of Olivier's best television work: *A Voyage Round My Father*, *The Collection*, *Love Among the Ruins*, *King Lear*. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); \$10.

"Las Twines"—Through 9/19: A media installation about twin girls by Pepon Osorio. Osorio will be on hand to discuss the work, which will be shown in a storefront in the Hunts Point section of the South Bronx. 858 Southern Blvd. (718-588-1936); free.

"Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea"—Through 12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is \$3-\$6.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); \$10.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at

103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; \$5 suggested contribution.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898-1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); \$5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); \$8 suggested contribution.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; \$5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from the links in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to visit a new Website each weekday. This week: IBM serves over a different net with the official 1998 U.S. Open site; *Razorfish* aims to take another slice of the Web—'zine style; TheStreet.com keeps Webbies market wise; Art and Essence invites you to create (online) and find balance (inside); and the Burrito Page predicts your fortune according to whether or not you prefer guacamole. And hey, while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, see our other fabulous Web exclusives, like daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, and daily New York trivia, plus we've got selected articles from the current issue and an expanded, searchable "Cue" section.

Sports

1998 U.S. Open Tennis Championships—Through 9/13: Day sessions begin at 11 A.M., night sessions at 7:30 P.M. Ferry service to the USTA National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park is available from Wall St., E. 34th St., and E. 62nd St. For ferry reservations and information, call 800-53-FERRY. For U.S. Open info and ticket purchases, call 888-OPENTIX.

New York Road Runners Club—9/6 at 11:30 A.M.: Trot through Van Cortlandt Park in the Boogie Down Bronx during the Henry Isola 4M. Race-day registration only. Sign in at "The Flats" in Van Cortlandt (252nd Street and Broadway). Call 860-4455 for more information.

Five Borough Biking Club—9/4-9/7: Grab your bikes and hop on a van with the 5BBC to go down to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, for the weekend. Dorm with fellow riders, bike upwards of 30 miles a day, reenact Pickett's Charge on ten-speed. \$280 includes transportation, lodging, and meals. Call 932-2300, ext. 138.

GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
VANKEES		OAK MSG 7pm	OAK MSG 7pm		CHI WB 8pm	CHI WB 7pm	CHI MSG 1:30am
METS	LA FSNY 10pm	SD UPN 10pm	SD FSNY 10:30pm		ATL FSNY 7pm	ATL FOX 1pm	ATL UPN 1:30pm
METROSTARS			NE FSNY 7:30pm				COL UNI 3pm
	8/31	9/1	9/2	9/3	9/4	9/5	9/6

kids

Calypso Dancing... Pie Eating

Children's Events

Island Breezes—Kids can play a steel pan in the Music Mix Studio, dance, and make costumes in *Our Jump Up!* festival of Caribbean culture at the **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**—which complements both the Labor Day West Indian American Day Parade (see "The Mix") and the kids' version the Saturday before (see below). If you want to join the parade, arrive in colorful duds promptly at 10 A.M. to walk under the BCM banner. Carnival workshops in the museums are offered 9/5 and 9/6 from noon to five. New Generation Pan Vibes—a calypso steel band with a repertoire ranging from Beethoven to Stevie Wonder—performs 9/6 at 2:30. Weather-permitting, the concert will take place on the

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

rooftop theater, where there's ample room for dancing. 145 Brooklyn Ave., at St. Mark's Pl., Brooklyn (718-735-4400). Suggested admission is \$3.●

All's Fair—Kids can see who's best at pie eating or hula-hoop wiggling and who has a frog that can out-jump the others at **RICHMOND COUNTY FAIR**. Mixed in with novelty acts like Robinson's Racing Pigs are calmer ways to learn something about farm life: riding a pony, churning butter, and petting calves. 9/5, 9/6, and 9/7, opening at 11 A.M. and closing at 7 P.M. (5 P.M. on the final

Happening Of a Feather

Randy Brewster has seen to it that the 200 or so kids he'll escort through Brooklyn on September 5 will be covered from head to toe in tinfoil and brilliantly colored feather plumage. Brewster, assistant cultural director of the Crown Heights-based West Indian Cultural Association, has spent much of the summer helping children come up with stand-out costumes for **The Kiddie Carnival Parade**—a scaled-down, no-floats version of the Labor Day West Indian American Day Parade two days later. This year, the kids have chosen to walk under a banner which reads "THE CULTURE OF BLACK CREATION." Abstract themes are somewhat in vogue right now among marchers—after many years during which Bible stories were routinely ransacked for costume inspiration. Leaving from St. John's Place at 10 A.M., the children's parade follows its own route, proceeding north on Kingston Avenue and gaining hundreds more kids along the way as it snakes west on St. Mark's Place and Franklin Avenue, south onto President Street, and then up the slope toward the Brooklyn Museum. As the throng reaches the familiar smells of Caribbean cooking in the parking lot between the museum and the Botanic Gardens at about 2 P.M., attention shifts to onstage performances where kids vie for the title of Junior Carnival King and Queen. Jackie Clavery—an electrician who emigrated from Trinidad twenty years ago—explains that the event is only a parade out of sheer necessity: "We are here in this country and so we have to abide by your laws, and take a route." But the fact that the carnival is surrounded by a continent of *non*-carnival seems absurd to Clavery. "In Trinidad," he shrugs, "we just take over the whole island."

BARBARA ENSOR

day). General admission is \$6, \$3 for children ages 6 to 16. ●

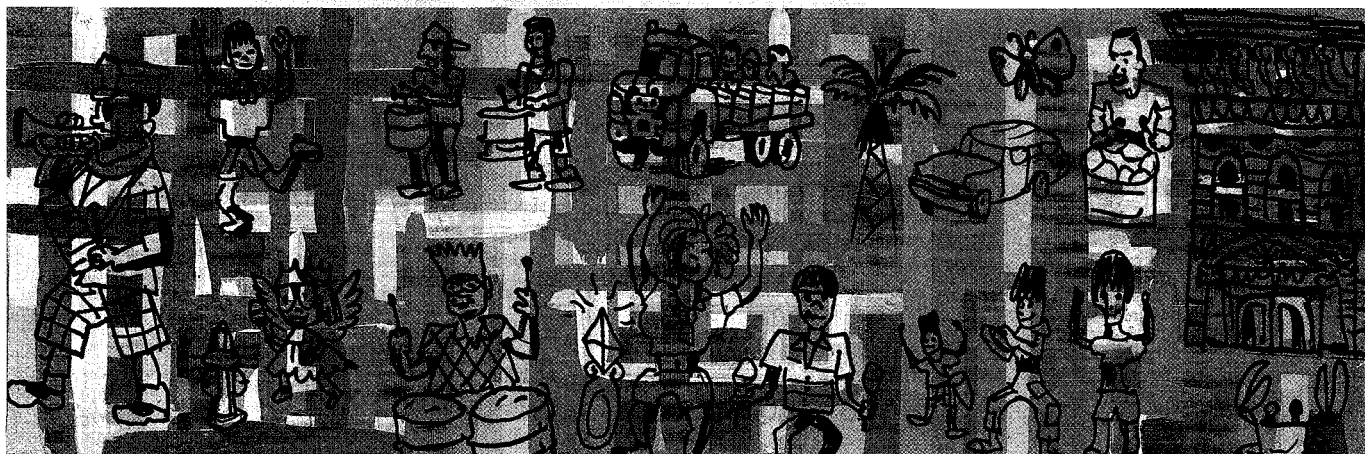
Tugboat Challenge—Tugboats race, push one another nose-to-nose (to see which is strongest), and parade (to see which is most beautiful). A best tattoo on a crew member will be selected by judges, and kids can compete in a spinach-consumption contest (yuck). Events can be viewed for free from the deck of the **INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM**. 9/6 from noon to 3. Pier 86, 46th St. and 12th Ave. (245-0072). ●●

On Top—Been to the **TOP OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER** lately? Tourists all know that the 107th floor is now a kind of theme park with a very real, but not too scary, simulated helicopter ride; a scale model of the city; and kiosks that inform (in the language you choose) on the view below. For the week of Labor Day (7/31 through 9/7), members of any union get half-price admission. Beginning 9/1, open daily from 9:30 to 9:30. 2 World Trade Center (323-2340; www.wtc-top.com). General admission is \$12, \$9 seniors, \$6 children 6 through 12, free to kids 5 and under.

Animal Magnetism—The "Big Cats weekend" (9/5-9/7) at the **BRONX ZOO** includes roaring contests (call for a schedule of which-age kids will be roaring at which times), puppet-making, and opportunities to have one's face painted to look like a cat's. Meanwhile, over at the **PROSPECT PARK ZOO**, keepers will talk about the care and feeding of monkeys as part of a "Primarily Primates" Labor Day weekend, which invites kids to catch balls and button their shirts primate-style, without thumbs. The Bronx Zoo is at Bronx River Parkway and Fordham Rd. (718-367-1010; www.bronxzoo.com). Admission is \$7.75, \$4 for children and seniors, free admission 9/5 with the donation of an unopened Maxwell House coffee can (which will be donated to Homes for Homelessness). The Prospect Park Zoo is located at 450 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-399-7399). General admission is \$2.50 for adults, \$1.25 for seniors, and 50 cents for children ages 3 to 12. ●

Chasing Baseballs—Before **THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** closes 9/8 for a monthlong "fall spruce-up," it hosts a "Babe Ruth and Friends" weekend devoted to the wonders of baseball. Kids can produce their own television show on the subject—with plenty of comments on their favorite players—design baseball cards in the art studio, and sing "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). General admission is \$5, \$2.50 for seniors and children. ●

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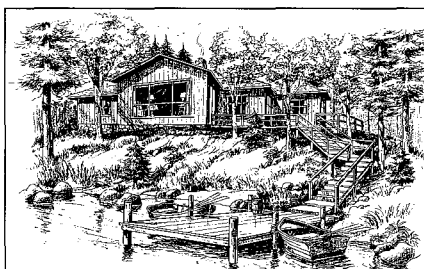
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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
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Kind, Secure, Handsome—Doctor/athlete seeks "looker" - in-shape and mentally sound, late 30s-40s. Will respond to letter with photo. 4894 ☐

Head For Surgery, Heart For Romance—A communicative, down-to-earth, handsome, sincere, affectionate, old-fashioned Renaissance man with great sense of humor, passion for the arts, fitness, travel... 5'10", lean, 43, fun. Seeks refined, kind woman under 37, marriage-minded. Phone/photo necessary. 5028 ☐

Don't Bother Responding—To this slim, smiling, spirited, sensual, savvy, secure 50ish lady if you aren't an attractive man who loves living, is financially secure, knows how to laugh at himself and with others, loves the arts, dancing, great conversation, who wants to find a solid and caring relationship. Photo a must. 4884 ☐

Gay White Male—61, attractive, fit, healthy, secure. Seeks same, 55-72. Note/recent photo. 5020 ☐

Honest, Handsome, Educated—Successful white male, 49 years, 6'3", 225 lbs, sincere, healthy mentally and physically. Seek nice, tall beautiful woman, 35-45, for serious relationship. Note/photo. 5004 ☐

"AAA"-Rated—Attractive, athletic, adventurous...and "authentic". 38-year-old Jewish woman with big heart, strong mind, interesting personality and old-fashioned values. I'm easygoing, have a great job and am desirous of meeting an all-around nice guy. Looking for smart, fun-loving, secure, athletic Jewish male. Please send note and photo. 5007 ☐

Wanted: Partner For Parenthood—Sincere, attractive, fit, financially secure older gentleman seeks bright, healthy, sincere woman, 30-40, to have, keep and nurture a child with his assistance. Please include photo, age, relevant information. POB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

Handsome, Single White Male—44, intelligent, successful, values honesty and openness, has heart of gold, sidelined by herpes. Believes in loving and respecting someone for who they are as a person and how they are inside. Hopes to find an attractive, understanding female, 25-39, to love, respect and make feel special, to share friendship, life, fun and future in a growing relationship leading to marriage and family. If good things have depth to you and you can see beyond the rough edges, please reply. Note/photo. 5013 ☐

NJ, Divorced Jewish Professional—47 years old (looks 37), very handsome, 5'10", 175 lbs, upbeat, fit, brown hair, hazel-eyes. Cuddler, warm, caring, affectionate, emotionally and financially secure, romantic and monogamous. Loves to travel and spend time in NYC. Seeks single/divorced Jewish goddess, 30-45, very pretty, fit, down-to-earth, with heart of gold, who enjoys giving as much as receiving. Must love kids. Nonsmoker. Letter/phone appreciated. 5003 ☐

Northwestern New Jersey—Business owner, 47, Italian-born, 5'7", good-looking, fun-loving, financially secure, ready to settle down with the right woman. I enjoy travel, fine restaurants, movies, canoeing... Seeking smart, caring, attractive, active, family-oriented, independent yet traditional woman, 30-40, ready to start a family - but let's talk first! Note/photo, please. 4881 ☐

Exotic Woman—Seeks meaningful relationship with professional man, 45-55, for theater, dancing, travel. Photo a must. 4883 ☐

Happiness Non-Negotiable—Handsome, accomplished man, early 30s, (212) based, emotionally enabled, seeks wonderful, brainy woman, 25-35, for an alliance of the heart. Note/photo/photo. 4896 ☐

Natalie Wood Looke-Alike—Illustrator, 37, enjoys dancing and independent films, seeks good-looking counterpart. 5032 ☐

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As Good As It Gets—Charming, humorous, intelligent, handsome, trim/fit (5'8"), extremely wealthy (self-made) but unpretentious, Jewish, divorced (no kids yet) and in my prime. Moving back to NY, where hopefully I'll find my match and my partner, who will soon become my wife. For starters, this woman has to be extremely intelligent, dynamic, accomplished (profession or business), attractive, petite, thin (size 2 or 4), Jewish, witty, no kids yet, and really under 38. Bonus points for nonsmoker/no pets. Photo helps. 5006 ☐

I Can't Help It—If I'm a pretty, sophisticated, well-traveled female seeking a romantic male counterpart who is interested in the arts and the world, 45-55. Photos, please. Westchester. 4880 ☐

Theater Producer—35, very handsome, 6', 170, athletic, fun, adventurous, seeks similar female. Photo. 4889 ☐

Extraordinary Woman—Seeks extraordinary man. Successful investment banker seeks that one-in-a-million man who enjoys the best that life has to offer. I am a single white female with shoulder-length red hair, 5'8", who is fit (fly-fish and ski in Wyoming, tennis and ride horses) and a great cook and companion. If you are a leader in your field, financially and personally secure, 5'10" plus, over 40, and are searching for an exceptionally attractive, well-bred and well-educated woman who is your equal, to also be your partner in life, send a note with photo, please. 4857 ☐

Don't Go Any Further—You've just met your match! Intriguing, slim female, 40, 5'2", blue eyes, long auburn hair, honest and sincere, with a good sense of humor, is looking for you: that special man who still believes in romance, to share all that life has to offer. Note/photo. 4877 ☐

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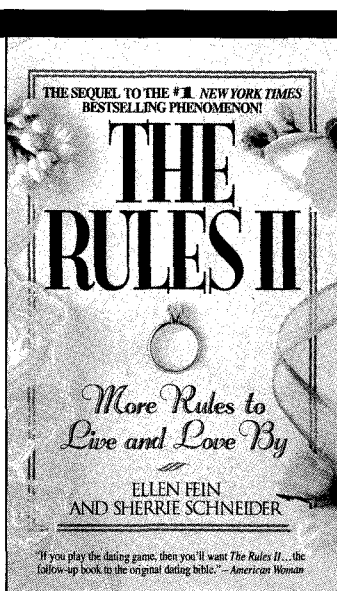
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Come Fly With Me—Divorced white male, 61, 5'10", 175 lbs, money manager, skier, loves to dance after midnight... active man looking for flexible, attractive, health-conscious woman. Must be able to join me for three-month adventures - Colorado, Alps, Caribbean. 4891 ☒ ☎

Single White Male, 31—Seeking any female (21-30) who enjoys working out and going out, and is open-minded. 4899 ☒

Universal Appeal—Accomplished, blond/blue, pretty, sexy, slim, trim, 5'6", nice legs. Warm, loving, easygoing. Youthful 50. Passion for travel, nature, dining, the arts, you. Seek affectionate, "cut-above" counterpart. Photo. 5023 ☒

NYC Brunette—Ali MacGraw-type, 5'8", slim, successful fashion exec, seeks gentleman, 40-50, with integrity, sense of humor and joie de vivre. Photo/note. 5025 ☒ ☎

Vibrant Jewish Woman—Mid 30s, non-smoker, spiritually inclined more towards kabbalah than crystals, emotionally and financially stable, looking for same in man, 5'7" or taller, 35-50, with zest for living. Ballet and opera not required. Note or e-mail: atzmi@banet.net 4874 ☒ ☎

Well-Bred, Pretty MD—Caucasian, 37, 5'5", 105, sexy shape, traditional values, no kids, glamorous, warm. Seeks well-educated, well-bred, attractive, kind, romantic white man, 30s-40s, for a monogamous relationship. Photo. 5019 ☒ ☎

PhD Philosopher—Sci-fi film buff, classical music lover, seeks female, 30s, for weekly movies in Manhattan. POB 539, NYC 10101

Elegant Jewish Woman—Seeks meaningful relationship with sophisticated Jewish man, 50-60. Photo a must. 4882 ☒

What To Do Today?—Sailing, skiing, travel and more. Single white male, 30, seeks like female to share all there is to do 365 days a year and beyond. Photo. 5024 ☒

Sporty CEO Sought—By tall lady, sensuous, 51. Caribbean passions. 4893 ☒ ☎

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Here's How:

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Playful, Smart, Pretty—(Blond/blue), spiritual woman, 35, Jewish, seeks open-minded, big-hearted, bright, secure man who knows the joys of sharing life's journey are worth some road work along the way (I do paving!) - for romance, commitment and tons of fun! 5005 ☒

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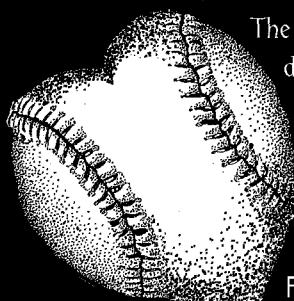
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Romantic In Black Tie—Rugged in jeans. Successful, handsome, great shape, white male, 41. Enjoy traveling, skiing, cultural arts. Seeking very slim Asian or white professional lady for friendship with an open mind to marriage. Photo/phone. 4887 ☒

Woody Allen Think-Alike—Wanted by very attractive, professional woman for friendship, et. al. 45-65. 5031 ☒

I'm Viagra-Free - Call Me—52, in-shape, sincere, funny. Wants lady with the same, 35-48. Best Kodaks get prompt reply. 4876 ☒ ☎

Fall Is In The Air—39-year-old surgeon specialist, Jewish, 5'11", athletic, vibrant, tennis, golf, film enthusiast, with warmest heart, smile... Seeks upbeat, energetic, thin, attractive woman, 20s-early 30s, to simply share life. Bio/phone/photo. 5021 ☒

Good Heart Sought—Handsome, accessible, atypical, professional, single Jewish male, 30, with heart, verve and vision, in search of genuinely kind, positive, single Jewish female darling for contagious laughter, certifiable silliness and mutual admiration. Note/photo/phone. 4875 ☒ ☎

Handsome, Sweet, Ivy—6', 33, slim, fit, white computer professional, seeks attractive, nice, slim, under-36, over-5'3" woman for romance. I enjoy music, movies, museums. Photo. 4879 ☒

Wanted: Snowbird!—You: youthful, active, quality male. Me: selective, lovable, pretty, "almost perfect" pixie. Free-spirited with traditional values! 4878 ☒

European Multimillionaire—Visiting NY 9/1-9/20, very successful entrepreneur, retired at 38, University-educated, sophisticated, reliable, excellent appearance and very presentable - but not your average nonadventurous conformist. Looking for a beautiful companion of about 18-28, with style and charm, for a relaxed life together of luxurious traveling, wining and dining, top entertainment, etc. Interested? Then write with two different recent photos and a telephone number to: 4885 ☒

Hoping To Find—A sincere and honest female, 35-43, for dating and possible long-term relationship. Me: 41, professional, never married, with a big heart and a fantastic sense of humor. 5008 ☒ ☎

KAB—Congrats on your leap into the unknown. I just hope you'll still have time for endless e-mailing! xxx. AMS

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European Male—Attractive, 35 years old, successful professional, 6', athletic, is looking for a nice, attractive female to enjoy this wonderful city with. Photo/note. 5014 ☒

Attractive And Caring—34-year-old Asian-American woman, looking for professional male who is 32-38 years old, successful, attractive and fit, for long-term relationship. Photo/note a must. 5011 ☒

Huggable Great Catch—Handsome, successful Jewish professional, athletic, fit, playful, adventurous, with good sense of humor. Seeks classy, attractive lady under 45. Photo/note/phone. 4892 ☎

Tired Of Riding Solo?—If you know one end of a horse from the other, are at least 5'9", 40-plus, and are financially secure, I am looking for a partner for rides in the woods, polo matches and tailgate parties. I am a 5'9", reddish-blond, single white female who is very attractive and a successful entrepreneur. Photo and note, please. 4858 ☒

Attractive Woman, 50s—Partial to Irishmen, seeks a unique man: earthy and intellectual, with good values, a sense of humor, diverse interests and a love of the arts. 5027 ☒

Forever Young Together—Successful, creative, handsome man/boy VP seeks exciting, curious, very pretty, trim woman/girl, 40 plus. Photo, please. 5002 ☒ ☎

Come Schmooze With Me—And be my love. College professor, PhD male, 60s, funny, good-looking, seeks bright, attractive, down-to-earth, early-50s woman, to conjugate: to schmooze, smooch, schmoov with me. Photo appreciated. 4886 ☒

Brooklyn - Asian—Professional lady, 50s, seeks nice gentleman, white/Latino, non-smoker, educated, financially secure, 48-56, to share life's interests/beauty. 4890 ☒

Jewish Doctor—Mid 40s, with heart of gold, seeks sensitive soul mate for lasting relationship. Interest in theater, opera and long walks in Central Park a plus. Please include photo with short letter. 5010 ☒

One-Stop Shopping—Find all you need in one place. Male shopaholic seeks (total) female, 40-50, lifetime guarantee. Photo, please. 4895 ☒ ☎

Handsome, Romantic, Caring Male—MSW, 60, and a passionate artist. I treasure intimate conversations with good food, flowers and romance. I fall asleep after two hours at the opera, but I want a forever love affair with a warm, caring, interesting and attractive woman. 5026☐

Waiting For Godot—Do you exist: desirable, free Jewish gentleman, late 60s, healthy, intelligent, educated, with enough spirit and intuition to want to save a petite, attractive Manhattanite Jewish lady, same age and qualities, from loneliness? Note/photo. 5022 ☐

Fall Preview

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Above, a blowup of Michael Jackson's face. Competitors are invited to devise a viable plan for its beautification.

Above, an ancient parable. Competitors are invited to compose an ABAB-AABB quatrain on this topic, to include the words *juniper*, *Fred*, *dyslexia*, *potash*, and *rubric*.

Above, the contents of the queen's purse. Competitors are invited to provide clues to the identity of a famous person by inventing an inventory of items from her/his handbag, pocket, satchel, wallet, or pessary.

Above, hideous competition ideas. Competitors are invited to invent one set of "Above" instructions for a repellent challenge. Spelling and kindness will not count.

Results of Competition 918, in which you were asked for *original* oxymorons.

Report: To designate a familiar phrase an oxymoron, one has to distinguish between intentional hyperbole, a.k.a. style (instant classic, for example) and ironic serendipity (civil service, say). A list of the duplicated, including repeats from past oxycomps and the older, almost public domain: Guest host. Legal brief. Athletic scholarship. Professional sports. Advanced BASIC. Fast food. Jumbo shrimp. New Age. Senate Ethics Committee. Managed health care. Long Island Expressway. Pleasingly plump. Short-sleeved dress shirts. Military intelligence. Rap music. Tax return. Secret Service. Politically correct. CompuServe address, and Santa Monica. Thanks for these. You are all under arrest. House arrest.

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Cooper continued from page 37

ly. A band that I was also in. I remember how that word just stunned me, because I had never in my life looked at it as a 'failed' band. But of course it wasn't 'successful' because it never sold a million records, and we were never on MTV. I suddenly saw how outsiders—well, businesspeople, at any rate—saw the band. But from my point of view, I felt nothing close to failure. The band had just run its course. We had accomplished something."

New York's underground scene sprouts like weeds in the most unlikely spaces. Used to be you had to perform in illegal booze cans in Williamsburg—the Bog, Quiet Life—but things progressed. Lianne Smith went on to host a monthly hootenanny—"Leenie's Hoot Night"—at a decrepit but legitimate bar, the Charleston, where she brought together acts she particularly liked.

Now she has crossed the East River. She has hooked up with a powerful bass player, Neill Furio, and together they make a tight pop duo: Smith herself has a serious relationship with the electric guitar, in contrast to the current crop of chick singers strumming away dutifully like Girl Scouts; before coming to New York ten years ago, Smith was in a rockabilly band in Minneapolis. While she does the occasional cover, including a fine postmodern version of the sixties classic "Downtown," she and Furio play mostly their own compositions. Their act can be seen regularly in Manhattan, where they gig at least twice a month and sometimes as often as five times. They have been playing at the Living Room, on Stanton Street. CB's 313 Gallery is another favorite place at the moment. Smith marvels: "You can actually make money at that place! You come away and you think, *God, I've paid for rehearsals. I've paid my mailing costs. And I still have money!*"

Is Lianne Smith likely to be signed in the near future? Hard to predict, given that she has so actively stood in the way of her own career. Luckily, there are signs that this is beginning to change: She seems almost willing to record if the right conditions present themselves. She doesn't mind having waited. "Sometimes it takes people longer to grow up," she says. "And maybe that's a good thing. If I'd done it a long time ago, maybe I would have fucked it up. I think I have the songs now. I feel I've found myself a good partner to play with, and I just feel a certain amount of strength, which comes from having been on this planet more than twenty years. I'm ready." ■

Lianne Smith performs next Thursday, September 10, at CB's 313 Gallery, 313 Bowery (677-0455).

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

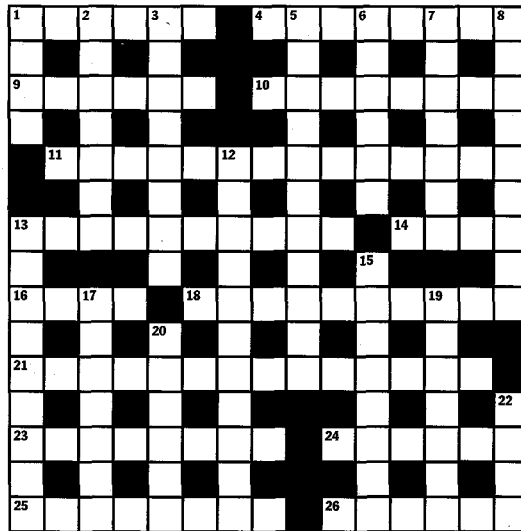
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The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 Two men to beware? (6)
- 4 Goes with husbands or wives. (8)
- 9,5 Hardy oyster back on the menu? (6,2,3,6)
- 10 Point time-server put on garden implement. (8)
- 11 Plead guilty, as Harrods doorman may do on sales day? (5,3,6)
- 13 Unreasonable share in rail deployment. (10)
- 14 Make a new part for an actor. (4)
- 16 Uniform for night before first night. (4)
- 18 Road with sinister associations for governments. (10)
- 21 Packed or unpacked, whichever is applicable. (2,3,4,3,2)
- 23 One that says little about very quiet artist? (8)
- 24 Determined old soldier should be taken in. (6)
- 25 Study forepart of beard. (6)
- 26 Writer who liked to maintain high temperature? (6)



DOWN

- 1 Kind of cakes or tarts. (4)
- 2 Does he turn to drama in the ring? (7)
- 3 Answer to blockades if trials turn out. (8)
- 5 See 9 Across.
- 6 Trifling show of neglect (6)
- 7 Compunction concerning detective. (7)
- 8 Striped cloth-workers. (9)
- 12 It could inflict a severe tanning on a culprit's form. (8,3)
- 13 A client is somewhat inflexible. (9)
- 15 Horizontal upright. (8)
- 17 Become a rail passenger in violent rainstorm. (7)
- 19 Violent irruption during tea interval. (7)
- 20 Moderate fit of anger. (6)
- 22 Coloured ring round flower. (4)

'Why They Got the Job': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Be a pool nuisance
- 7 Passover feasts
- 13 He was hospitable
- 20 Spanish rice dish
- 21 Iago's wife
- 22 He was classy
- 23 He was sharp
- 25 He was invaluable
- 26 Castle's surround
- 27 Informal shirt
- 28 Aide: abbr.
- 29 Docs
- 30 Eye fringe
- 34 Inventor's start
- 36 Sitarist Shankar
- 38 Caesar's bad day
- 40 Resigned Veep
- 42 Oscar — Renta
- 44 Mayors' jurisdictions
- 46 They were playful
- 48 Shade of green
- 49 He was of good stock
- 53 — Bingle (Crosby)
- 54 Ballerina's pivot
- 55 Type of table
- 58 Hindus worship him
- 59 Pick out
- 61 Spinks or Urin
- 62 Diana of "The Avengers"
- 64 Sinbad's bird
- 65 Mets' turf
- 67 Before, to Byron
- 68 Pep
- 69 Came to
- 71 He was intense
- 75 He was fair-minded
- 77 "I — Parade"
- 78 Gremlin
- 79 Oohs' companions
- 80 Koppel and Kennedy
- 81 Yoko's maiden name
- 82 Half-moon tide
- 84 Fail to include
- 85 Not a light meal
- 89 Chief Norse deity
- 91 — the hills
- 93 D.C. legislator
- 94 Harper Valley gp.
- 95 They were imposing
- 97 Fishing pole
- 98 He was well-balanced
- 102 Reaches
- 104 Toiletries kit
- 105 Illuminated anew
- 106 Forgo food
- 108 Holland, for short

DOWN

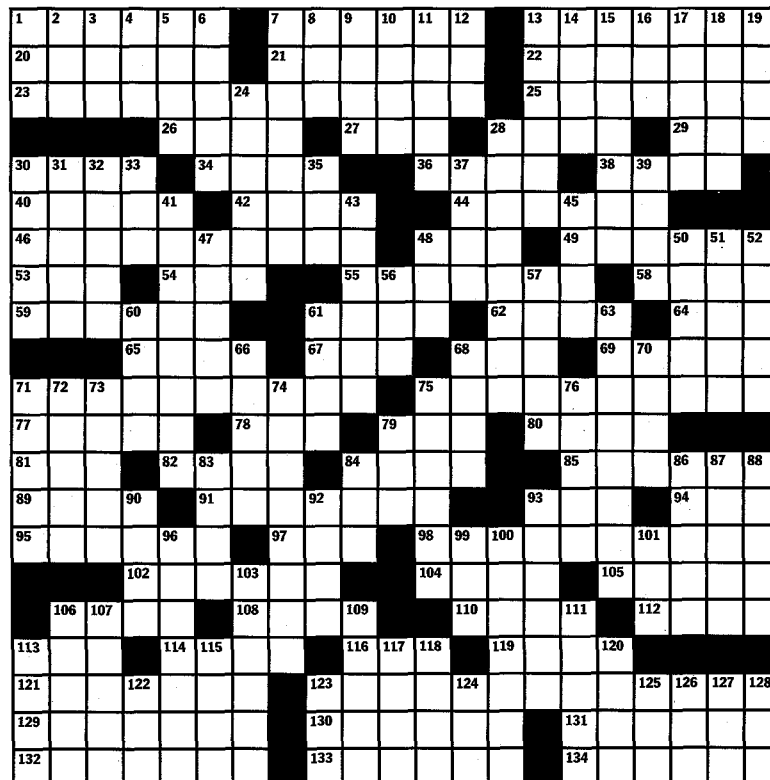
- 110 Big name in elevators
- 112 Bifocal, e.g.
- 113 Droop
- 114 "Young Frankenstein" flunky
- 116 Tree that sounds like you
- 119 Take a photo
- 121 He was impressive
- 123 He was well-meaning
- 129 He was flexible
- 130 Nail polish
- 131 Mourn
- 132 They were accountable
- 133 Patted down tightly
- 134 Think highly of.

DOWN

- 1 Health resort
- 2 Ocean abbr.
- 3 Romanian unit of currency
- 4 Matterhorn, for one
- 5 Tenement area
- 6 Vietnamese capital
- 7 Parlor pieces
- 8 Ostrich's kin
- 9 Gossips dish it
- 10 Peace Nobelst Wiesel
- 11 Step part
- 12 Got lucky on the subway
- 13 Take — comes
- 14 "Untouchables" role

- 15 More flavorsome
- 16 Marshall Plan agcy.
- 17 Nursery verse
- 18 Necessities
- 19 Muffs it
- 24 He was clubby
- 28 She was high-minded
- 30 "Shane" star's family
- 31 Have the same opinion
- 32 Traffic tie-up
- 33 Partner of haw
- 35 Ht. above sea level
- 37 Top poker pair
- 39 Brit. awards
- 41 He was protective
- 43 Aft

- 45 "— your pardon"
- 47 "When I take my sugar —"
- 48 Ballpoint
- 50 St. Petersburg's ballet company
- 51 Elicit
- 52 He was dashing
- 56 Wade's opponent, in a legal case
- 57 Draw the line
- 60 J. D. Salinger juvenile
- 61 Quadrennial year
- 63 He was earthy
- 66 Operatic soliloquies
- 68 Far-reaching
- 70 Straggly bit of hair
- 71 Murk
- 72 Sonata movement
- 73 Steer clear of
- 74 He was of foreign extraction
- 75 "Can — Love?" (1930 song)
- 76 Jeter of the Yankees
- 79 Org. for 29-Across
- 83 Eden-to-Nod direction
- 84 Like Simon's couple
- 86 Cider source
- 87 Beer mug
- 88 What the Knave of Hearts stole
- 90 Darkroom items: abbr.
- 92 Hood's goods
- 93 Vail activity
- 96 1970 Beatles film
- 99 Pawnee's neighbor
- 100 Had more buyers
- 101 Elongated fish
- 103 Inhales a drug
- 106 Exaggerated comedy
- 107 "There's — in My Soup"
- 109 "Laughing" scavenger
- 111 N.C.O., familiarly
- 113 Tiff
- 115 Shifter's concern
- 117 Quiz
- 118 Sad sack
- 120 Golf norms
- 122 Cambodian surname
- 123 Tennis do-over
- 124 Charlie, in code
- 125 Orchestra's place
- 126 Partner of haw
- 127 'Tis the night before Christmas
- 128 Dream phase: abbr.



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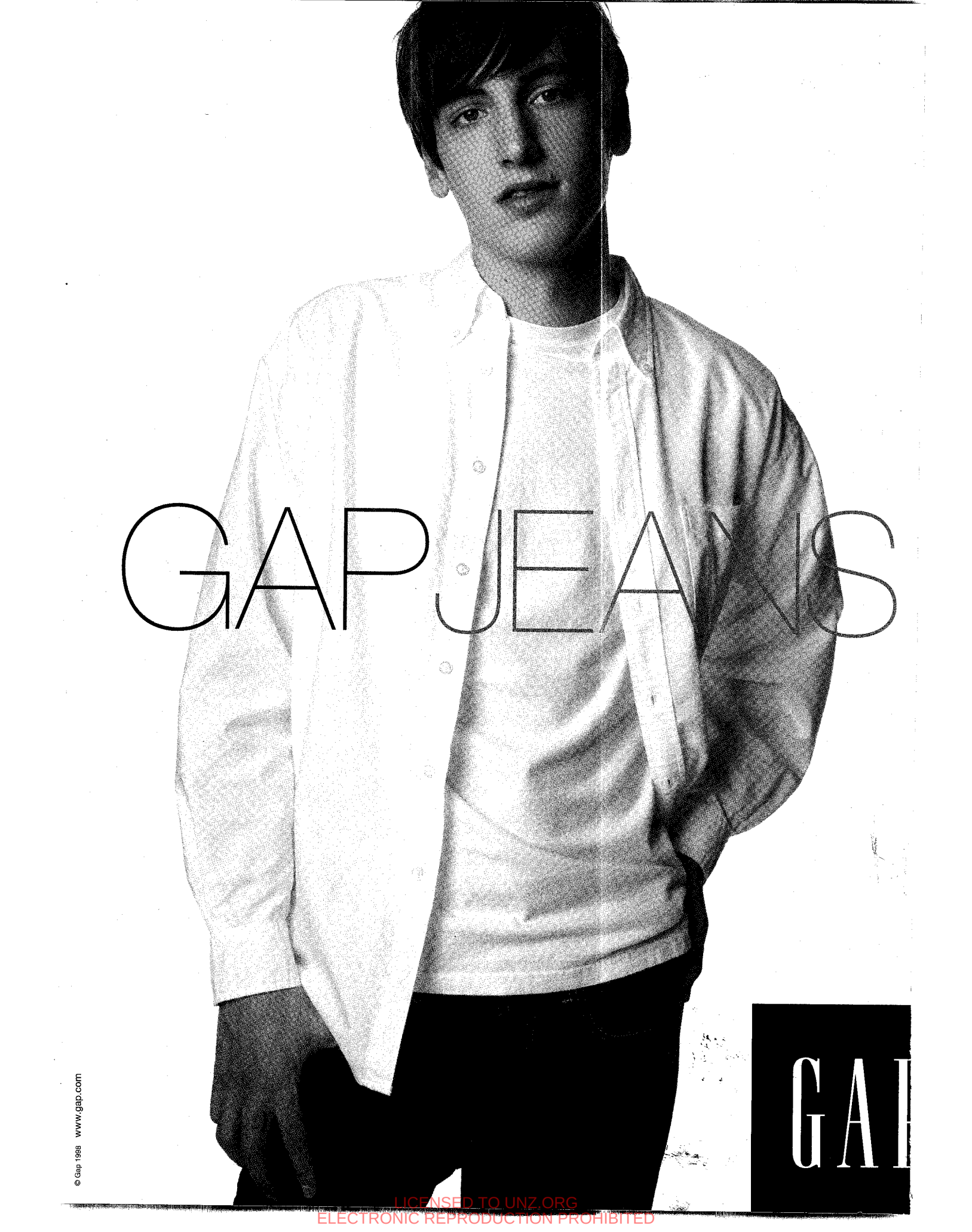


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